

SCREENLAND

A full-page photograph of a woman, Alice White, in a white, sequined leotard. She is posing with her arms raised and hands near her head, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark with abstract, colorful splatters in yellow, purple, and orange.

DECEMBER

25c

Alice
White

America's
Smart
Screen
Magazine

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MARCEL SILVER



NOV -5 1929

SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

December, 1929

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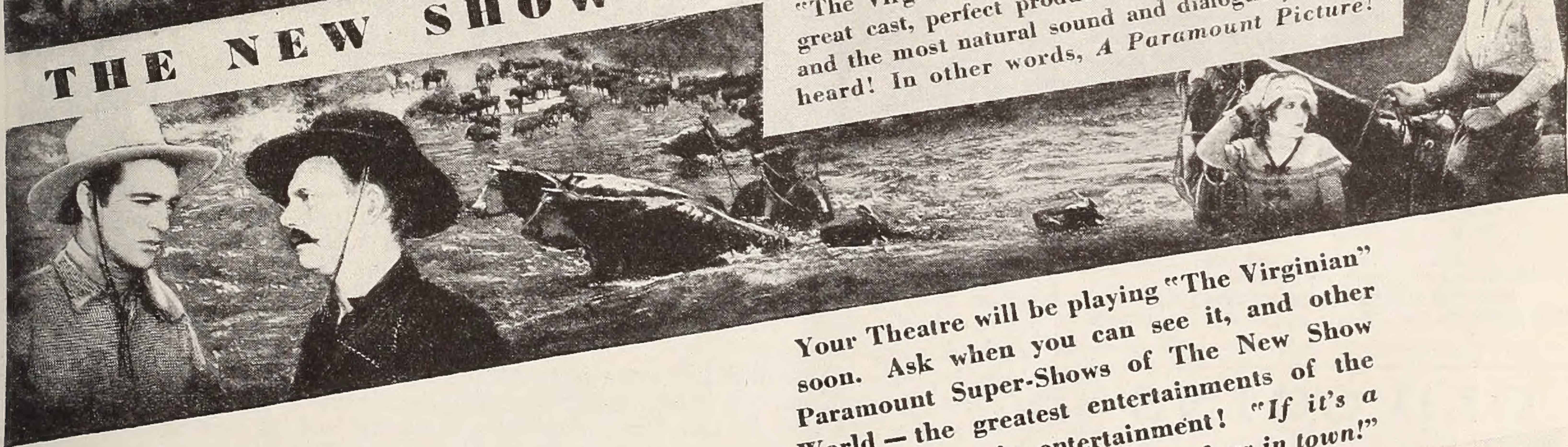
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*Looking Over the
Future Films*

By Evelyn Ballarine

*She sees and hears
the coming picture
program and
tells it to you.*

WHOOPEE! Yip-ee! We're wild, we're western! Paging Tom Mix and, of course, Tony, too.

This outburst is due to the fact that we are going to have a few western soundies. George O'Brien and Sue Carol have 'gone western' in the interests of "The Lone Star Ranger." Won't little Sue look cute as a cowgirl—and as for Georgie, well, as a two-fisted he-man he's great; so imagine, if you can, what he'll be as a two-gun man! And that's not all. Mrs. Wallace Reid is producing a western, too, "The Dude Wrangler." George Duryea, Lina Basquette, Raymond Hatton, Francis X. Bushman and Sojin are among those present. And "The Virginian" with Gary Cooper, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Walter Huston, is with us right now.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will still continue to be screen lovers even though Janet is now Mrs. Lydell Peck. Janet and her new husband are honeymooning in the Hawaiian Islands and Charlie is making personal appearances with "Sunnyside Up." When they get back to Hollywood they are to begin work on "Budapest" with Frank Borzage directing.

Ex-Governor Al Smith's life story is to be made by Fox Films. It is reported that he may play the lead in this film. And that gets our vote. The producers won't have to worry about a theme song for this talkie—East Side, West Side will do very nicely, thank you.

Greta Garbo's next and last silent film is called "The Kiss." Lew Ayres, a newcomer, has the male lead opposite La Garbo. Watch him! You won't mind—he's extremely easy on the eyes.

They've put William Boyd into another uniform. This time he's a United States cavalryman in "His First Command." Boyd has glorified every sort of uniform; in fact, he's been everything from a prince to a policeman. Dorothy Sebastian has the

femme lead opposite him in this colorful story of cavalry life.

James Murray pulled one of the prize rôles of the season. He is to play the lead in the screen version of "All Quiet on the Western Front." Louis Wolheim and Edward Robinson are slated for important character rôles. This is to be a womanless picture. Lewis Milestone is to direct it.

Here's something to cheer about. Harry Langdon has made friends with the 'mike.' He's at the Hal Roach Studio making two-reelers. "Hotter Than Hot" is his next, with Thelma Todd as his film girl-friend.

D. W. Griffith is preparing an all-talking epic screen romance around the character of Abraham Lincoln. Also, he will present in parallel action an interesting story built around the career of the eccentric John Wilkes Booth, the actor who assassinated the President. No cast has been selected as yet.

Things the stars are doing all for art: Mary Brian bobbed her lovely hair for her rôle in "The Children."

Richard Barthelmess has taken up Chinese, the most difficult of all languages, in connection with his rôle in "The Son of the Gods."

Blanche Sweet is learning to tap-dance. She is coming back in a picture for Metro-Goldwyn, with Tom Moore playing opposite her. An original story of New York night life is the theme of the picture.

Colleen Moore learned to play the harmonica. Her next picture is "Footlights and Fools," with back-stage atmosphere.

Silent pictures that are being re-made into talkies: "Lilies of the Field" with Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith also played in the silent version of this picture a few years ago. Marion Davies is giving us "Dulcy" as her next. Constance Talmadge played in the silent "Dulcy." Metro-Goldwyn are to re-make "Tin Hats." This time it's to be a singie-dancie.

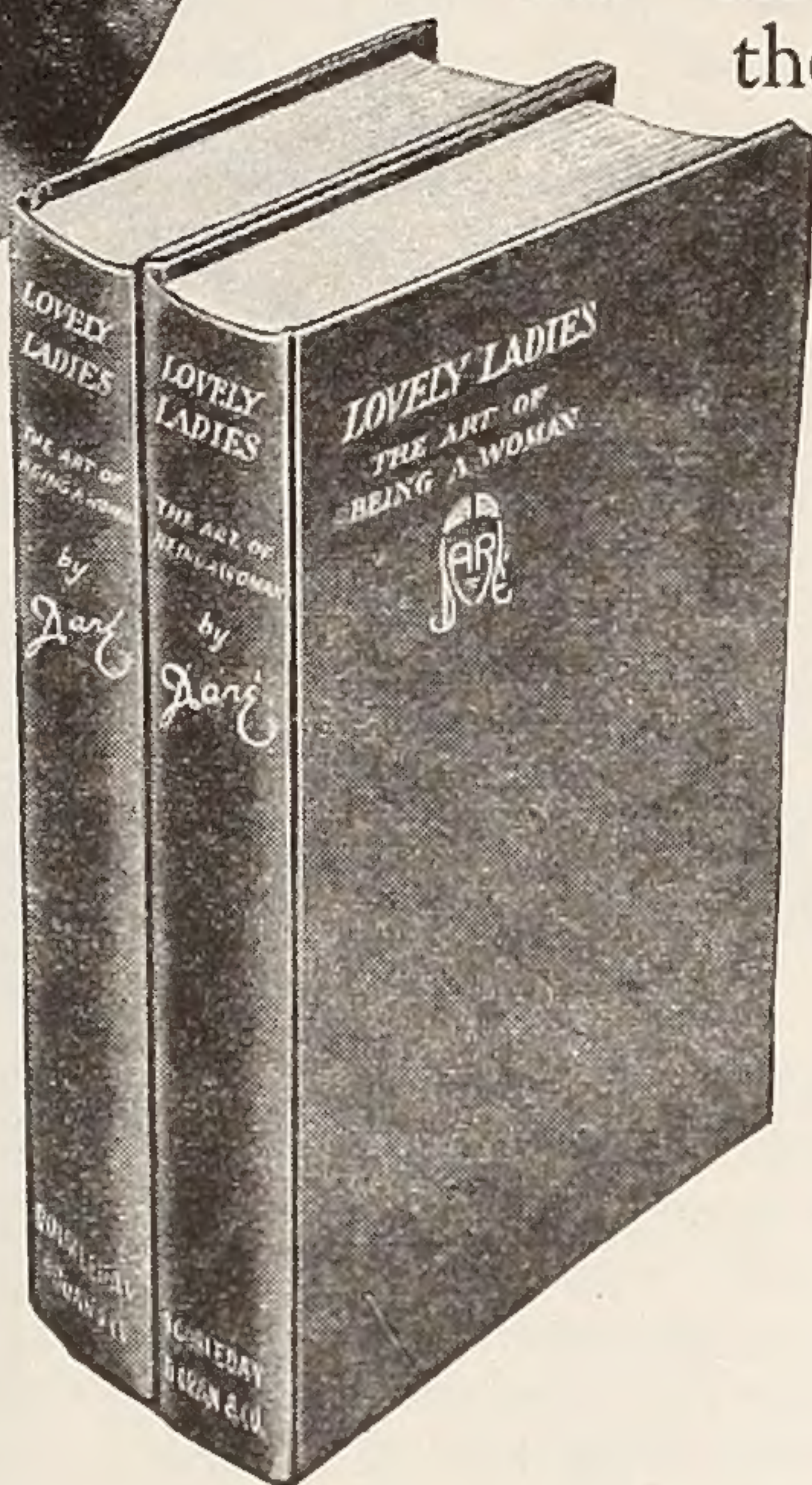
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it would mean if you were able to decide, in a few moments, with the aid of an amazingly clever chart, just which type of woman you definitely represent—and were given the most complete and accurate suggestions on how to achieve the greatest originality and individuality in expressing your type! In dress! In manner! In physique! In mentality! In soul! The incomparable Daré tells you all these things—and more—in her two new books, *Lovely Ladies*, *The Art of Being a Woman*!

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MOVIES *in the* AIR

Motion Pictures and Radio — Two Great Industries Allied. Latest Developments of Interest Reported

By Julia Sharwell

MOVIE fans who have been waiting for Greta Garbo to walk into their living rooms by way of wireless, flappers who have anticipated the sudden and realistic apparition of a smiling John Gilbert on their boudoir walls some rainy night, must hold their hopes longer. Television, in spite of optimistic reports to the contrary, is still in its elementary stage and is due for a long period of experimentation before it is commercially marketable. That much was indicated at the Radio World's Fair held in Madison Square Garden, New York, recently.

THE intense interest of the public in Television and the extreme optimism, partially warranted by glowing accounts of new discoveries, was emphasized at the radio show. Many new devices and improvements in the industry were slighted by visitors in favor of the radio television demonstrations. Announcement that Bebe Daniels, Irene Bordoni, Estelle Taylor and others were actually to record visibly as well as vocally on the new invention drew thousands to the exhibit. These stars did appear and their appearance was interesting but the recording was not what might have been expected.



Leo Reisman, whose syncopating rhythms are the rage now, broadcasts for the RKO hour on the National Broadcasting Chain.

WHAT the public supposed it would view was suggested by the inquiries and comments. People interested had been led to believe that Miss Daniels and her associates would be seen in life-size moving figures projected by radio on a screen that might be installed in theaters or in any home.

THAT is the ultimate aim of television but the present condition in this new link between moving pictures and radio is far from its intended purpose. The idea of having Richard Dix obtrude his athletic form into a Kansas parlor some harvest night is a swell idea for the Kansas farms. And a lumber camp in Oregon might be considerably cheered by the sudden appearance of Clara Bow in one of her hula-hula moments.

But right now, the unsatisfactory substitute is a foot-square likeness which can be broadcast from especially equipped wireless stations and received on rare and highly expensive contraptions. These pictures are being sent out frequently from Schenectady and Pittsburgh but they are quite like the television broadcasts which were tried out during 1927 and 1928.

IF the demonstration at the Radio World's Fair represents the latest phase of the television, then few or no strides have been made in the past year. There has been the intimation that recent progress in both size of the picture which may be sent and the clarity and range of the broadcast were not shown at the Fair but may be expected at a later special demonstration.

STILL on the subject of television, it is just as well that ardent radio and movie fans may not see some of the singers who croon their favorite theme songs over some of the most popular wavelengths. The idea of getting the combination of a microphone voice and a camera face is going to present some problems when visual radio finally arrives. In one of the big Manhattan studios the other night a divine voice was lilting lyrics of *The Pagan Love Song* and it was fortunate the enthralled listeners didn't see the fat Don Juan who was broadcasting. *The Pagan Love Song*, by the way, which Ramon Novarro so romantically sang in his picture, "The Pagan," topped all other sellers among the music publishers a month ago. A good song injected in an entertaining picture became such a favorite radio number that every set owner knew the tune by heart before Novarro's vehicle had reached his town.



Bebe Daniels' voice, broadcast from California, was a major attraction at the Radio World's Fair in New York. Bebe sang three songs from "Rio Rita."

FOR the first time a motion picture producing company with air affiliations has had an official radio orchestra to interpret its own music on a national hook-up. Leo Reisman, whose syncopating rhythms are the rage in New York, moves over from the exclusive Central Park Casino every Tuesday night for the RKO hour on the National Broadcasting Company chain. Reisman, who introduced a new note in dance music, provides a musical background for the broadcast presentations, and gives his own renditions of the songs sung by Radio Pictures stars in their screen productions.

THIS is the year when the union of radio and the cinema is proving almost a monopoly in the entertainment world.



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CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

For three years I lived the life of a hermit, content to stay at home, care for my boy, my mother, and then my father who became suddenly ill and passed on. I shall not go into details as to what happened before that period except to say that to be shut in from the outside world with many arduous duties to perform was heaven in comparison.

However, I emerged from this state by slow degrees and one day I went to see Janet Gaynor in "Sunrise." It woke me up, and the following week I went to see "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." I cried more than I laughed at that picture. My next attempt was to see "Street Angel," and I was completely won over. In other words, the characters in these three plays have stirred in me the desire not only to live again, but to sympathize with those who suffer, those who laugh when their hearts ache, and those who still have faith when they have become utterly disillusioned. Needless to say, I am now a movie fan.

Ida Freyman,
2315 N. 33rd St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

Only in fairy tales does the ugly duckling turn out to be a beautiful swan or the words:

"Mirror, mirror upon the wall
Who is the fairest, fairest of all?"

Bring the answer:

'You are fairer, by far, my queen
Than any woman the world has seen.'

When as a child I first noticed my lack of beauty, I was transported into a glorious dream-life as I lived the life of the little children of those first crude but inspiring movies.

Then, as I grew older, the pictures became more and more a part of my existence. Possessing an imaginative mind and a love for beauty, I soon found that each beautiful woman in that silent dream-world was myself!

And now, with my own dull, flat voice I speak vibrantly and sing. I am something more than a lovely shadow drawn across my hungry vision. I have color, tone and life.

Alone? Not I! I am courted and beloved of the world's most famous lovers. My children live and roam through beautiful homes. My heart beats triumphant through a thousand vanquished hardships.

This is the fairy tale I live in my imagination. In reality, I am a rather forlorn old maid.

Hortense Lloyd,
Holbrook Hall,
Long Island City.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes December 10, 1929. Address Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

What a wonderful stride the motion picture industry has taken. Talking pictures are the most interesting and unique form of entertainment in the world today.

For instance, take that record-breaking picture, "In Old Arizona." Without sound it would have been just another western. With sound, it took the audience from their everyday surroundings and made them feel that they were actually unseen participants in the dramatic tale of Tonia and her two lovers.

Many of us have dreamed of the day when we might see the actual spots where so many famous events occurred. Now, we sit in a vast theater and see the presidential inauguration; a Japanese orchestra playing in a far-east garden; the changing

of the old guard at Buckingham Palace; the slow mournful rhythm of the drums; Italian peasants dancing their native dances to the tune of an accordion; the King of Spain sending his greetings to America; a Yale football game. Many other wonderful things.

Automobiles have been driven more than a hundred miles an hour. The Graf Zeppelin has gone round the world in twelve and a half days. We have radios and talking pictures. What next?

H. Hope Leonard,
6257 Lankershim Blvd.
North Hollywood, Cal.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

Why should there be any objection to doubles for stunts, acrobatic feats, long shots, or to trick photography in pictures? Our screen players possess charming personalities, pleasing voices and histrionic ability. Must they also be opera singers, ballet dancers, and flag-pole sitters? Must the leading man know how to build bridges and churches just because he played the rôle of an architect in his latest picture?

Even the most realistic motion picture comes to the audience through a glamorous haze of unreality and illusory grandeur—bringing a fascinating release from a humdrum, every-day existence. If the powers that furnish this entertainment and relaxation can make their picture program more effective by means of voice or personal doubles, or by any illusion so perfect the spectator himself cannot detect the substitution, where lies the fault, the criticism?

More power to the powers that are able to produce such legitimate, enjoyable delusions.

Mrs. Berniece Jackson,
520 West Elm St.,
Ludlow, Ky.



According to our fans' confessions,
Anita Page is one of their pets.
We approve!

Even Grandmothers!

Sex appeal seems to be stirring up much controversy at present, and in my estimation it is so one-sided it's pathetic. And before I say any more about it, I want to state that I think some one should hand Mr. Gilbert Seldes a great big lemon, or should it be a present of IT?

I think Mr. Seldes has a very wrong impression of what sex appeal or IT stands for. Don't we all go to see our favorites—the persons who particularly appeal to us? What screen star is popular who has no sex appeal, or IT? What would the picture business come to if the players were drab and sexless? We would all stop seeing pictures.

For me, the more IT they have, the better I like them. Give me Madge Bellamy, Clara Bow, Betty Compson, Joan Crawford and that gorgeous French lady, Lily Damita. Why, even my grandmother who is very reserved and sedate just craves

For the Screen Stars, a Genius Developed this New Kind of Make-Up

Under Blazing Studio Lights, Filmland's Make-Up King Discovered a Magic Way to Enhance Personality, to Double Beauty

Now This Make-Up Secret, the Sensation of of Hollywood, is Offered to You...to Every Woman...by Max Factor

IN the magic land of pictures, there's a magic way to beauty...and its known to every star in Hollywood. A new kind of Make-Up...conceived by imagination and produced by genius...by Max Factor, wizard of make-up in Filmland.

And now you may share this wonder beauty discovery...you may share Hollywood's Make-Up Secret.

"New beauty for every woman lies in the discovery of cosmetic color harmony. It is the secret of perfect make-up," says Max Factor.

"If powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials are in perfect color harmony with the individual complexion, beauty is magnified. If not, the effect is off-color and grotesque, and beauty is marred. This we proved in tests under the glare of studio lights.

"And, to vividly emphasize personality, make-up must be individualized...the color harmony must be perfect for every type, for every variation in blonde, brunette, or red-head. Then, of course, there are tricks of make-up, too, which not every one knows."

On the screen, before your very eyes...in feature pictures starring Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, and the host of stars in Hollywood...has flashed the faultless beauty of make-up by Max Factor. Beauty that thrills...fascinates...holds, and remember, that in every feature picture released from Hollywood, Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively.

And now you, as in a wonderful dream, will play the part of a screen star, and receive from Hollywood's Make-Up King...your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up, in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials created by Max Factor for the stars, for you, for every woman, for every day.

You'll at last discover the one way to vividly emphasize the allure and magnetism of your personality; to give to your own natural beauty a charm and fascination which until now has remained hidden. Simply mail the coupon to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion, chart your own make-up color harmony and send you his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars"...HOLLYWOOD



Janet Gaynor

Fox Film Star

Who received the merit award offered by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her outstanding performance in "7th Heaven", says in a note to Max Factor:

"There is a delicate beauty about my color harmony in your Society Make-Up that blends perfectly with my complexion."

Olive Borden, R-K-O Star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, approving an alluring color harmony shade in rouge.

*Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
Recognition of Valuable Service*

*By resolution adopted April thirtieth nineteen twenty eight
the Academy expresses its high appreciation of
the aid and cooperation rendered by
Max Factor
in contributing to the success of the
Incandescent Illumination Researches
conducted by the Academy from
January to April nineteen twenty eight*

ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES
FRANK WOODS SECRETARY DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS PRESIDENT FRED NIBLO VICE PRESIDENT

Photographic reproduction of certificate of award presented to Max Factor by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for notable research and discovery in the Art of Make-Up.



Courtesy Coupon for Screenland Readers

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 4-12-21

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		
Olive		

Answer in spaces with check mark

'Buddy' Rogers! Isn't that another victory for sex appeal?

Adrian Mortimer Marshall,
1209 West Second St.,
Dayton, Ohio

A Hand for Alice White

I cannot understand why the fans are so meager with their support for that cute little damsel, Alice White. To me, Alice is a regular girl who has the will to win and although perhaps moving slowly, she is nevertheless getting there—box office receipts have proven that.

I have tried to find the reason why more fans do not express their appreciation for Alice, and all I get in response are a few remarks about her personality. To me, Alice is just as beautiful as they make them, and even though she doesn't come up to this ideal in the eyes of some fans, it is poor sportsmanship for them to ignore that fact that Alice is a clever actress. She started at the bottom and has worked her way to the top sheerly on her own merit. So let's not forget, fans, it is up to us to keep her there. Let's give the little girl a hand.

William Donnachie,
1530 North St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Slam for Talkies

I've strained my ears long enough. One never knows when some of this talkie machinery will go wrong.

It's not only been in one theater; it's been in several. In "Syncopation" a huge crowd had the pleasure of hearing Barbara Bennett and Bobby Watson gradually lose their words until they were speaking each other's lines! I lived through that, but revived in time to get to "Broadway Melody" wherein Charles King laughed and went out, slamming the door behind him. We heard the chuckle when he had had time to cross the street, and as some one else opened the door, we heard it bang shut. This thing of having to fit the right



*Alice White's fan mail is increasing.
That spells success.*

noises to the right actions is wearing on our so-called aesthetic souls and is a strain on our intellects. And I'm tired of hearing noises like the flick of a cigarette lighter sound like the wrecking of the Town Hall.

All this was bad enough, but the blow came in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" when a sound like a fast express train three inches away cut out all conversation for half the play.

So I cry to high heaven for silent pictures again. Talkies are too uncertain!
Rebecca Whittington,
711 South Washington,
Crawfordsville,
Indiana

The Debonair Menjou

What a relief the talkies are proving, culling out those voices and personalities which do not register, bringing to light many of our old favorites and oodles of new, clever players. I notice that practically every fan letter is for talkies. If any thing is printed against them, one usually can tell from the letter that it was written by a proverbial grouch!

For instance, Adolphe Menjou—regardless of the number of good silents he has made, which one of them compares with his first talkie, "Fashions in Love?" Adolphe, the delightfully debonair Menjou, is a hundred-fold more Adolphe-y in this all-dialog picture than anything in which he ever has appeared. His accent is perfect.

We are all anxiously waiting to hear Ina Claire, Lew Cody, (where is Lew?) Claire Windsor, William Farnum, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and William S. Hart. Please page these favorites.

Mrs. C. R. Deweye,
33 West Third St.,
Jacksonville, Fla.

"Drummonditis"

Never has the individuality of Ronald Colman been so vividly personified as in "Bulldog Drummond." The magnetism of his voice is compelling, and that devil-may-care twinkle in his eyes reveals his sense

of humor heretofore concealed behind a serious countenance. Who can deny that the talkies are not an advantage to the players as well as the audience?

Mr. Colman's mother, just before her death, heard his voice for the first time in several years when she saw "Bulldog Drummond." We know that his voice thrilled us, but we can have no possible conception of what it meant to her.

Let us extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Colman for the loss of his mother, and may her memory inspire him to even greater success.

Mrs. Mildred M. Benson,
1927 West Tusc.,
Canton, Ohio.

Just Home Girls!

Methinks Alice White and Anita Page, glorified screen children, owe David Strong quite a few kisses for his write-up in October Screenland about their home ties and parent love. He turned the trick without bringing to the fore their enticing physical attributes!

It registered one hundred per cent with me because up to then I had a sneaking suspicion that ladies with IT temperaments were always too sophisticated to be capable of any deep-rooted love except for bank notes of robust dimensions, peacock feathers and Pomeranians. How wonderfully refreshing to know that in this age of emancipated Eves and things synthetic and jazzy, our Alice and Anita remain loyal to their kinsfolk. My Borsalino off to them. Only, I'm not so sure about Alice's cute observation to the effect that men are vain and resent women with intelligence. My little missus has her quota of gray matter and we are great pals, even if she has had but twenty-three birthdays while I, the cradle-robber, have marathoned past forty-eight milestones.

Albert S. Howard
551 West 148th St.
New York City



Adolphe Menjou, now in Paris, inspires letters to this department for his first talkie, "Fashions in Love."



Ronald Colman's stock has risen since "Bulldog Drummond." We predict a complete sell-out for "Condemned."

Do you want the Truth about NIGHT CLUB HOSTESSES?

Are they as bad as they're painted—or are they Painted Angels? Are they on the square when they play around? Does turning night into day turn their hearts into cash registers?—Come to Billie Dove's own night club and find out!

"The Painted Angel" will show you a new and more exciting Billie Dove, in show-off costumes, doing song and dance numbers that are just as clever as she is beautiful. You'll see and hear an honest-to-Broadway night club show—with the cover charge "on the house." And you'll see what goes on when the lights go off, and sham turns to sorrow, and a world-famous beauty finds that love has made her the biggest "sucker" of all!

BILLIE DOVE Singing, Dancing, for the First Time in The PAINTED ANGEL

100% TALKING... SINGING
with **EDMUND LOWE**
from the story, "Give this Little Girl a Hand"
by **FANNIE HURST**
A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Directed by Millard Webb. With 5 new song hits you'll want to learn, including "Only the Girl," "That Thing," and "Everybody's Darling."



"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of the Vitaphone Corporation

SCREENLAND

Welcome Back, Gloria! "The Trespasser" is a Shining Testimony to Your Splendid Talents

SHE has always been a commanding figure, for all her dainty stature. Gloria Swanson began as a bathing girl and worked her way up to DeMille drama, in which she became world-famous for her exotic personality and her ability to wear weird clothes in striking fashion. Some stars would have let it go at that, content to remain a lovely mannequin. Not Gloria! She kept on climbing. She developed her versatile talents as dramatic actress and comedienne, until she ranked as one of the leading stars of the screen.



Stars may come and stars may go—and don't they!—but Gloria remains an outstanding and impressive personage. She is in a class by herself. Her unusual features and enigmatic eyes gives her rare and lasting charm. One is never bored by Swanson!



"The Trespasser" presents Gloria with a real rôle—that of a very modern girl who dares to find happiness in her own emancipated way. Gloria, herself a young mother, is particularly appealing in scenes with her screen baby.

HONOR PAGE



Did you know that when Gloria first started out in pictures her nose was regarded as detrimental to her success? Now that pert and characteristic feature is admired by poets and envied by other women, because it belongs to Gloria!

You will not be disappointed in the Swanson voice. It sounds as interesting as she looks! Somehow it matches Gloria's unique appeal. She sings a pretty little song called "Love" with real distinction; while her speaking voice is admirable.

Thank Talking Pictures for
Revealing a New and More
Glorious Gloria, with a
Vibrant Voice

THE Swanson prestige was sufficient to warrant her embarking on her own, with her own company. It was then that her career wound into uncertain paths. Few stars have been able to go it alone. "Queen Kelly" has never been released. Came the talkies—to give fresh inspiration to the gifted girl. She had a voice, and used it. She studied singing and the happy results are apparent in "The Trespasser," establishing Gloria Swanson once more as a czarina of the screen. Long may she reign! Our best wishes!





Janet Greets You

The Holly and Mistletoe are but Symbols. They Stand for sincere Good Wishes and a Yule-tide Greeting from Janet Gaynor, one of the nicest girls we know.

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

WILL ROGERS says: "A horse doctor is the smartest kind of doctor in the world, because he has to know where his patients hurt. The horse can't tell him!"

Will, as usual, said a mouthful—Beechnut, please. The same is true of talkie producers. They must be the horse doctors of their audiences. They must gauge to the split second when the spectators will react to speaking scenes, give them time to digest the dialog, and then to settle down for the next bit. Audience reaction is one of the puzzles of talking motion pictures.

And from the audience point of view—I hear on all sides comments and complaints about the difficulties of concentration in a talkie theater, what with neighbors who never do recover from the comedian's last wise-crack or else miss it altogether and spend the rest of the evening asking: "What was that he said?" Add to this problem that of faulty acoustics and imperfect sound projection and you have the one real menace to the complete and permanent success of the talking screen. More and better manners in the audience, please! I'll keep quiet if you will!

WHAT THEY THINK!

Winston Churchill:

"The motion picture is a new institution of education spreading all over the world, providing a new process of education and civilization for all peoples. The motion picture is an essential part of the forward march of civilization, and as such is standing in opposition to the brutal passions and hatred which even in our time have wrought conflict between nations."

Pola Negri:

"The talkies are the thing the public wants, but the public will soon get tired of them."

George Bernard Shaw:

"The talkies have come to stay."

Lillian Gish:

"Whatever the public may feel about movies as



they used to be before the sound innovations, I insist we achieved certain beautiful things. I mean that there were moments of beauty in pantomime and beauty in photography. Much of what we did was poor, but if the silent movies had had more time to develop, we might have made a really great and individual art in them. For myself, I still cling to the thought of creating those moments of beauty in pantomime."

Roy J. Pomeroy:

"Talking pictures will eliminate the stage within 5 years. The stage at its best is a box with lights and painted scenery. Talking pictures present a moving photograph of real things on a stage that is life itself."

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS!

OVER HERE:

Lon Chaney, who said he would never make a talking picture, is now making a talking picture.

Fox's Grandeur Film, which permits the photographing of scenes at a distance while also giving a full view of the expression on the face of every player in a scene of great scope, is a sensation. It allows a latitude and depth never before possible on the screen. We predict that when combined with color the new wide film will 'completely revolutionize the industry.'

OVER THERE:

Talkies are the new craze in Paris. In one theater an all-dialog film from Hollywood has been shown to a non-English speaking audience and they loved it!

Mitzi, musical comedy actress, returns from her native Hungary reporting that the first talkie shown there resulted in a great public clamor for legislation to prevent future showings for fear they might replace the 'legitimate' theater and destroy native Hungarian art. How about Vilma Banky from Budapest? Native art personified!

Elinor Glyn is producing her own talking picture in England, to be called "Knowing Men."

Western Electric has made its 3,000th installation of sound equipment in a theater in Barcelona, Spain.

D. E.

SCREEN

INSPIRE *the*

The Screen Offers an
Opportunity for Character
Studies of Feminine
Beauty



Pauline Starke was selected by Harrison Fisher as having one of the most perfect faces in pictures.



Lily Damita, piquant French actress. We have seen Lily and she didn't look anything like this. However, Kees-Van Dongen, the Franco-Dutch modernist who created this impression, has a right to his own opinion.



Norma Shearer looking as she would look if she stepped from the frame of a portrait a la Sargent.

FAVORITES ARTISTS

World's Noted Artists
Have Preserved for
Posterity These Cinema
Celebrities

Vilma Banky, ideal beauty of the screen, is an ideal subject for the art of Baron Michele Pizutto.



Dudensing Galleries

Lillian Gish, as exquisite on canvas as she is in reality. From a painting by Best-Maugard.



W. Vivian Chappel

Bennett the third—Miss Joan, daughter of Adrienne Morrison, actress, Richard Bennett, actor, and grand-daughter of Lewis Morrison, celebrated player of classic rôles. A portrait of the young actress by Abram Poole.

GOING



Margaretta Tuttle, one of America's most popular literary ladies, author of best-selling books and big-time short stories, goes to Hollywood to write for the screen occasionally—but she doesn't 'go Hollywood.' There's a difference!

HOLLYWOOD is the headiest drink in the world. Those who preserve their balance in it must have steady hands; or large indifference; or hard work to do; or something most important calling them elsewhere.

For jaggedly shooting through its atmosphere of art and color, warp and woof of its sunny climate, runs the lightning stroke of dramatic success. Here before you, right at your elbow, dances success that if you get it will be told to the whole world. It will be told not only to the hundred million a day who go to the pictures in America, but to other millions in France and Germany and Sweden and England. I looked in vain for a French picture in Paris and in Nice some time ago. They were all American put into French. It was a marvelous way to learn French. In London the pictures were nine-tenths American.

Here in Hollywood fame skips about as if she were a housemaid. She may seize you any moment and actually ask you if she may come to work for you. Thousands of beautiful girls watch on the corners for her. Hundreds of executive men with the highest quality of brains grab at her; catch her and lose her; and spend the rest of their lives making another try.

Why do people 'go the climate? And is famous writers here One says "No!" The

By
Margaretta Tuttle

Who can take Hollywood or leave it

The result is amazing. In every drawing-room, over every dinner table, the most fascinating stories are told of success that comes and goes, of fame that makes fortunes over night, and sears character by day. You listen and say:

"Tomorrow it will be I of whom this story will be told." You watch one of the Picture Kings sitting in his counting house counting out his money, and you feel it flung into your own hands for no other expenditure of effort than the use of your wit—and a little luck.

A little luck—this is the drink of Hollywood. Hollywood is built on the Romance of Luck. It is such a Great Gamble. Tomorrow you may win. Meantime get yourself out to Studio and Market Place. You won't win at home where nobody sees you. If you have work to do, put it off until the studios close. Then when the studios close there are the dinners where Those-Who-Buy must eat. Take yourself to these dinners. Here Luck sits with you. Many a story is sold with the after-dinner coffee, and many an actor's future is made over the salad.

Now if you combine a gambling atmosphere with a thousand stories of those who win, and if those who lose never assign their losses to their own lack of worth, but to luck, you have something that goes to anybody's head. If those who lose are always putting on their best clothes and gaily and bravely trying again, you have something that goes to anybody's heart. I would not dare stay in Hollywood more than six weeks if I expected to go on writing stories. I never do stay there longer. I could not work if I did. I would be swept into gambling. I would be dragging out what I had written in my sophomore year and seeking a chance to offer it to those who buy. Indeed I know one of the sanest women writers in America who did just that—and sold. A good many pictures are founded on stories written in immature moments.

Those who buy get exhausted; (Continued on page 119)

HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood'? Is it
it inevitable? Two
debate the question.
other says "Maybe!"

By
Gene Markey

Who is as enthusiastic
as a native son

I LIKE Hollywood. I would rather live here than any place in America. (And, strange as it may sound, I have practically nothing to do with the Chamber of Commerce!) A year ago it seemed incredible to me that anybody should want to exist outside the island of Manhattan. New York had everything—and what it didn't have could be reached in a few days on the big steamboats. Now I feel a little sad when I think of the poor benighted cave-dwellers trying to get along in the shadow of Manhattan's topless towers.

I like Hollywood. And it isn't just the climate. There are pleasanter climates—but at the moment I can't think of one.

Cynics from the east insist that Hollywood resembles Coney Island. I prefer to think that it resembles one of the hill towns of Italy. (Of course, Italy can get along without electric signs and hot-dog salons.) Architecturally—in spite of early Renaissance filling-stations and restaurants built in the shape of ice-cream freezers and derby hats—the houses out here are more suited to the surrounding country than the houses one finds anywhere in America, save in New England and the old South.

There is, one must admit, a certain story-book unreality about Hollywood. That blithe comedienne, Miss Beatrice Lillie, was once heard to remark that it looked like a stage setting, and that she always expected to hear a stage-manager shout "Strike!"—and see the whole place collapse.

Hollywood is fantastic. It is a Cinderella city. Alice in Wonderland—with a dash of Dostoevsky. For beneath its gingerbread surface grim tragedy lurks. Scoffers have called Hollywood 'The Port of Missing Men-tality.' 'Heartbreak House' is a truer title; though Mr. Shaw would never let them use it. However, the tragedies do not stalk the streets. Hollywood crowds are as cheerful as the ensembles of a musical-comedy.



Gene Markey, one of Manhattan's prize pensters, is now writing originals for talking pictures. He likes Hollywood better than New York, and would rather live there than any place in America. Yes, he's 'gone Hollywood'—and proud of it!

For a writer Hollywood is a perfect place in which to work—if he can find the time. Of course, coming here from New York I found it at first somewhat too peaceful. The quiet was disturbing. But I soon remedied that—with the aid of a few sound-effects from the studio. Outside my window I placed a machine that accurately reproduced the roar of elevated trains, the clatter of taxicabs, and a *motif* of shrill traffic whistles. By having my rooms over a garage I was able to duplicate the fragrance of New York air, and I installed a patent dirt-throwing device, which automatically showers me with soot. A handsome lithograph of Grant's Tomb on the wall, completed the illusion. Just like being in New York!

I do not miss New York. The vibrant life, the tingling something that one feels in New York, is perhaps not to be found in Hollywood. Hollywood, however, is easier on the nerves. Theaters, restaurants, places, people, a certain grace in living—these make the atmosphere of a city.

In New York last season I saw only one good play. And all the good plays, in time, reach this frontier. There are some admirable restaurants in Hollywood. There are some charming people. I have even found, in Beverly Hills, an English tailor, quite as (Continued on page 114)

COLMAN

The Real Colman Revealed in this Psycho-Analytic Portrait



While Ronald Colman is an introvert, like Greta Garbo, he has made a good development of the extraverted side. He has had the discipline of an English upbringing that requires of a man that he be reserved, superior to circumstances, a good fighter, and a gentleman.

As Garbo among the women, so Ronald Colman among the men. I said last month that the lovely Garbo is of the *soul-image* type of women, that is, the all-women-in-one type, the type that is many-sided, that runs the gamut from the devilish to the divine, a Helen of Troy, a Cleopatra, a Mona Lisa. This is the type of woman who is the ideal in the hearts of men; and, one might add, having such 'infinite variety,' she is neither the daughter type nor the mother type. She is neither the clinging vine nor do men go to her to seek solace and comfort.

Ronald Colman appears to make the same appeal to women that Greta Garbo does to men. Naturally, however, he is unlike her in many ways. The *soul-image* type of man must have a dash of Don Juan and the devil in

him, be somewhat mysterious, be a lone wolf, and be a master of words. He must be somewhat heroic and many-sided. He is the Anthony who is outlawed by Rome, the soldier, the eloquent lover, the light-hearted buccaneer, the sophisticated man.

In a recent contest in SCREENLAND the query was put as to whether Ronald Colman should play the rôle of the romantic lover or that of the sophisticate. My own answer is both, and then some. There are more Colmans than these two. There was, for instance, the Colman in "Beau Geste," the typical English gentleman and soldier, masking his emotions, meeting death with a beautiful gesture, thoughtful, reserved, but showing glimpses of deep hidden feeling, a man with superiority written over him.

But that isn't *all* of Colman. He is not the typical Englishman because he is somewhat introverted. The typical Englishman adapts with ease to the world, is an easy mixer, and is far from shy. He is well extraverted. Though one might not believe it, watching him in pictures, Ronald Colman is rather a self-conscious man, rather a shy man, he is somewhat self-centered and introspective. He isn't the good mixer at all. He cannot adapt himself to life with ease. It would be hard for him, for instance, to make a quick change in his manner of living. It would be hard for him to 'sell' himself. He is more introverted than extraverted.

Besides that, the typical Englishman is guided by reason and by thinking. Ronald Colman is intuitive. He has sympathy and understanding. He has, besides, depth of feeling. Technically, I believe he is an intuitive-with-feeling type; a man in whom intuition plays the lead, and feeling plays opposite.

Such men, as a rule, can play many parts in life because of their quick understanding. They get the other fellow or his enterprise; they have hunches about the possibilities of new undertakings; they identify themselves with the business afoot and are rapid in taking on the part assigned to them. They are good as salesmen, as brokers, as pioneers, or any job requiring tact, understanding, and daring. But often, if they are somewhat introverted, and like Ronald Colman, shy, self-centered, finding adaptation to the world hard, they play the things that other men live—that is, they become writers of stories

Psycho-Analyzed

By James Oppenheim

in which they are the adventurous hero; they write plays; they go on the stage or into the movies as actors. In the acting the shy man is lost and the real Colman appears.

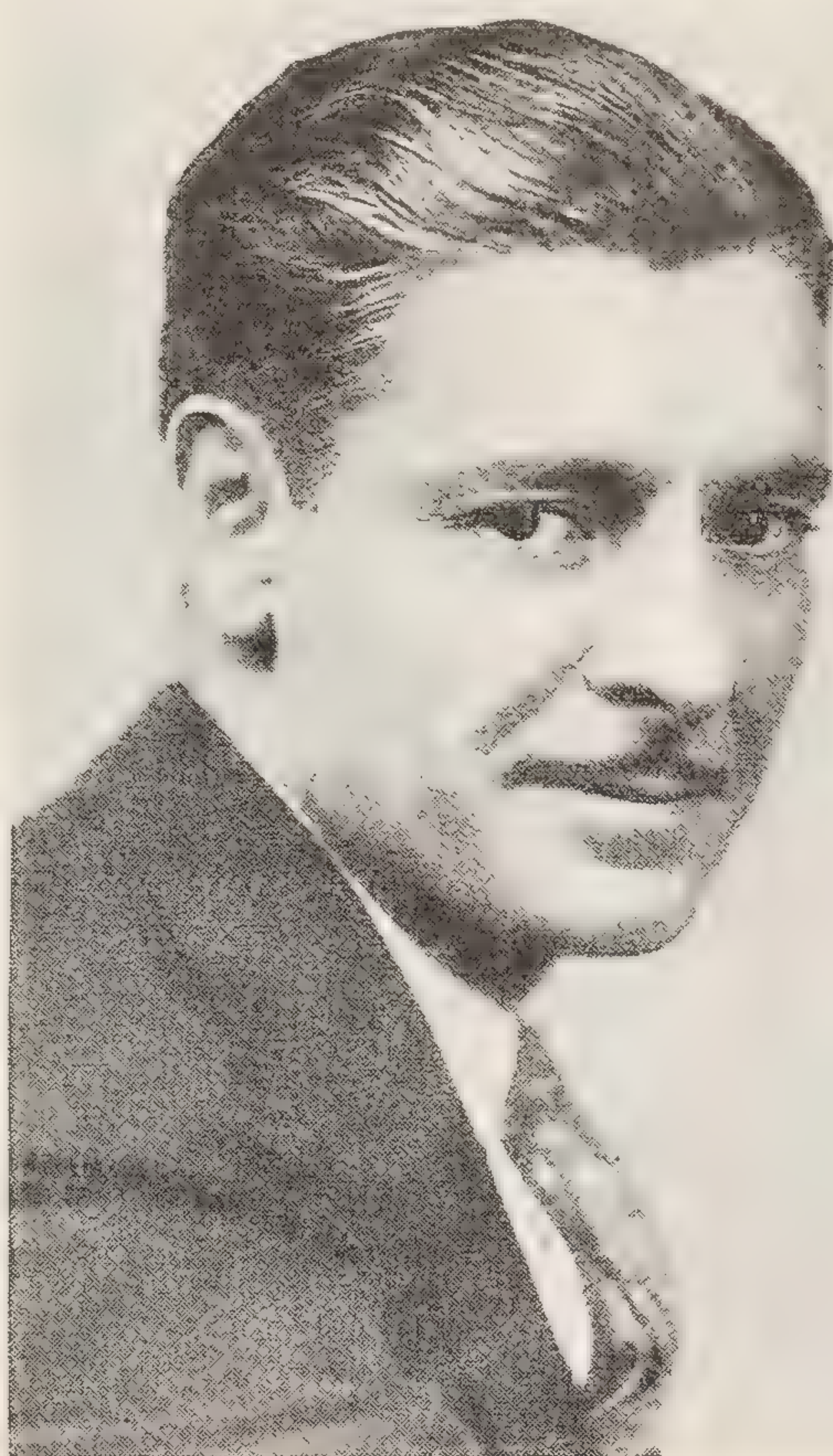
In the case of Ronald Colman this ascendancy of intuition makes him, like Greta Garbo, more spiritual than sensuous. The lover is there, but women are drawn to him by this fineness, this subtlety, this promise of understanding; and by the rich feelings hidden beneath. But while he is an introvert, just like Greta Garbo, he has made a good development of the extraverted side. He has, of course, had the discipline of an English up-bringing that requires of a man that he be masculine, reserved, superior to circumstances, a good fighter, a gentleman before the world. Above all, it requires that life be played as a game and with good sportsmanship. Ronald Colman has these qualities.

It is this that makes him so many-sided. Women feel that there is a mystery about him, and this mystery, I take it, is that they know there is more to him than shows on the surface. When he is light-hearted and gay, as in "Bulldog Drummond," one feels a seriousness underneath. When he plays an ardent rôle or dangerous one, as in "Two Lovers" and "Beau Geste," one feels that there is another Colman taking it all lightly. He is emotional, yet cool; he is shy and yet brave; he is self-conscious and yet laughs himself off; he is a poor mixer, a man who tends to solitude, and yet, gives himself through his art to the multitude and that eye of the people, the camera.

Because of his strong qualities he appeals to men and wins their warm admiration; because of his many-sidedness, the hidden something, now shy, now light, now deep with feeling, he appeals to women and wins, often enough, their love.

Compare him with Jack Gilbert and you see at once the difference between the regular man and the soul-image type of man. Jack Gilbert is as lovable in his way as Mary Pickford in her way. But Gilbert isn't a Colman, any more than Mary Pickford is a Garbo. Jack is straight shooting. You picture him as fighting, loving, having a practical side, mixing in, hiding mighty little, simple and all there. No mystery. He is like the

(Continued on page 111)



Above: Colman in his latest characterization in "Condemned." Left, a new portrait. According to Oppenheim, the psychologist, Colman has sympathy, understanding, and depth of feeling. Because of his many-sidedness he appeals to women; because of his strength he wins the admiration of other men.

So You Would
Like to be a
Movie Star!

The PRICE

By Betty Boone



Renée Adoree arrives at the studio at eight-forty-five A. M. and the gateman reminds her she is fifteen minutes late for work.

THIS being a motion picture star is a real business.

It's a job, and not always a white collar one, either.

The rosy path of stardom is not so glittery and spangled as it looks from the far distance.

If you should tell Miss Brown, who teaches a howling mob of fifth-graders their reading, writing and arithmetic, that the lovely ladies of the screen spend longer, harder and more nerve-racking hours at the job of stardom than does she in her school-room, she wouldn't believe it.

Neither did I, until I talked to a few of the favorites of film fortune, and watched them at work.

I was still suffering from the delusion that the ladies of the screen had nothing to do most of the time but sit on a cushion and eat strawberries and cream without even the bother of sewing a fine seam, when I happened to be invited into Norma Shearer's dressing-room one morning.

Miss Shearer was reading the day's schedule.

"But, Miss Barrett," she protested, turning to her secretary, "there aren't enough hours in the day to fill all these appointments!"

"I know it, Miss Shearer," the efficient Miss Barrett smiled, "but each one is important, and I thought that by doubling, we could take care of them all."

By turning detective, I discovered that that same scene

was being enacted every morning in a half-hundred orchid and silver and green dressing-rooms.

That seems to be one of the main problems of the star business—doubling forty-eight hours into the narrow confines of twenty-four.

The dignified banker at his mahogany desk, the astute lawyer in his tome-lined office, the erudite college professor in his book-filled study—not one of them has anything on the dainty, dimpled darling of the screen when it comes to actual work and concentration.

These young women have an honest-to-goodness job on their slim hands, a job which requires every minute of their time, every ounce of their energy and concentrated effort.

If they let down in their hectic routine, if they neglect their jobs, it means a speedy and



In her dressing-room Renée submits to hairdresser and manicurist and tries to open the morning mail at the same time.

complete professional death.

If she hasn't time for this or that, if she refuses to make or keep appointments, if her face does not greet all comers with a sweet and charming smile, then the word is passed around that 'So-and-So is getting high-hat and up-stage.' The magazine and newspaper writers direct their pens at other and more affable stars, the photographers use their flattering skill on other players. So-and-So finds a greased path waiting for her slide into oblivion.

Just speak to the stars about the bed of roses which is

of this STARDOM

Read This and
You May Change
Your Mind!

And then—lunch! But luncheon is all part of the day's work, too, for Renée's vis-a-vis is none other than an interviewer!

Below: 'still' photographer and fitter pursue the star and snatch a few moments of her time, while the study of the script goes on forever.



Ready for the day's work. Dividing her attention between director, shoes, and hats isn't easy, but Renée does it!

popularly supposed to be their resting places in the rarified atmosphere of the stellar regions!

"Bed of roses!" echoed Norma Shearer over her too-full engagement pad, as she talked to a studio executive on the phone, okayed some costume designs and put the finishing touches to her make-up, all at one and the same time. "I have to go into secret retreat without telephone or address, in order to find time to read the new stories which have been selected for my approval."

Greta Garbo, cornered in the fitting room where she was being molded into gray chiffon, threw up her hands in Swedish horror.

"Rest!" she exclaimed, "there is no such thing as rest in the moving pictures. From morning to night, and night to morning, there is something, always something, to do!"

I found Joan Crawford pacing the stage between scenes, repeating over and over in a whisper the lines for her next talking sequence.

"I have to steal the moments I spend with Dodo," smiled Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, "and now this constant studying of talkie lines fills every hour of the day. If you don't know your speeches, it's just too bad."

Still I wasn't convinced. These vivid, glowing girls are always too daisy-fresh, too sweet and charming, to be such slaves to business.

It's just some more hard-working bunk, handed out to a greedy public, quoth I wisely to myself.

Then I glimpsed Renée Adoree, rushing madly by, pursued by a maid, laden with boxes and bundles.

"Where you going in such a hurry?" I hailed the vivid French heroine of many dramas.

"I'm on my way to a fitting now. Then I am scheduled for some publicity pictures, and I have to be back on

Heigh-ho for the Life of a Star!



After luncheon Miss Adoree obligingly poses for publicity pictures which will appear in newspapers and magazines.

the set in half an hour," she called over her shoulder, not stopping in her flight. "Sorry I can't stop. Come down again."

Here was my golden opportunity really to investigate this work business.

Valiantly I raced after the Adoree's flying footsteps.

"Do you mind if I come down tomorrow and just trail you around?" I panted.

"No, of course not," she smiled, "if you can stand the gaff."

"What time do you reach here in the morning? Eleven o'clock?" I asked, keeping step.

Then she really stopped in her mad onrush.

"Who do you think I am, a banker?" she smiled. "If I roll in later than eight-thirty, even the gateman says something about my tardiness."

So, the next morning at eight o'clock, I was waiting by the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gates.

Renée arrived in the midst of a horde of incoming extras.

Gone was one of my most cherished illusions. I had always imagined the 'big shots' as arriving at the studios in leisurely luxury.

There was nothing leisurely about the brisk and business-like Miss Adoree, who nodded good-morning to one and all, and darted dressing-room-ward on high French heels.

In a twinkling her street frock was exchanged for a dressing-gown, her riotous curls were pinned back under a protecting band, and her busy hands were smearing grease paint over her face.

The telephone bell rang incessantly.

"Yes, I'll find time to see her."

"I'll be glad to talk to her at luncheon."

"I think orchid chiffon would be prettier than green georgette."

"I'll be glad to see him, but he'll have to come down to the set."

"I'll steal a minute at noon for that sitting."

Talking, talking into the mouth-piece, while making up, reading a pile of morning mail, having her hair dressed and speaking through the half-open door to a procession of message bearers.

It made me dizzy!

At nine o'clock we were on the set, accompanied by Ellen, the maid, the make-up box, and the script.

Director Nick Grinde pulled Miss Adoree into a chair and sat down beside her.

"Now, here's the first scene, Renée" he explained, "you come in——"

Then into rehearsal—rehearsal for lights, rehearsal for cameras, for microphones, for action, for lines for everything. Over and over again.

On the sidelines, awaiting a moment of Miss Adoree's time, stood a designer, her hands filled with colorful fragments of cloth; a member of the publicity staff with three newspaper writers in tow; a still cameraman waiting to grab some pictures, and Ellen with a newly-arrived pile

of hats and slippers for Renée's approval and selection.

When the scene was finally 'shot,' Miss Adoree turned to the waiting horde. One by one she consulted with them, smiling, cheerful, interested. Without a murmur she rushed through the stage door into the sunshine to pose for pictures with two clamoring visitors.

Then back to the stage and the round of rehearsals for another scene. Another importuning gang arrived, to stand by and wait for Renée's first moments of freedom



And now the serious business of making movies! Renée goes through a tense emotional scene on the set for director Bob Leonard. All the complicated equipment for taking talkies is shown here.

It's Great—if You Can Stand It!

from the cameras.

"How do you stand it?" I gasped, as she paused beside my chair for a minute, while Ellen powdered her nose and brushed the mop of her hair.

"It's all a part of the day's fun," she laughed as she rushed back into the glare of the lights. Luncheon!

"Back on the set in an hour," ordered the all-powerful assistant director.

"Now you can relax for a minute," I encouraged her, as we dashed through the stage door.

"Relax!" she mocked, with that delicious trace of French accent, "don't be silly. First I have to sit for a group of fashion portraits, and then I am scheduled for a luncheon interview. Just try and relax."

She was gone in the direction of the portrait studio.

A half hour later I saw her in a corner of the dining room, gaily pouring tea and chatting with a strange woman in a green hat.

At one o'clock she was back on the set, ready to repeat the hectic routine of the morning.

At the end of a scene Miss Adoree walked over to where Mr. Grinde was directing the re-setting of some lights.

"May I leave the set for a few moments to have the final fitting for my dress for the country club scenes?" she asked.

"We can't spare you now, Renée. We'll be ready for you in a few minutes. Fit the dress over here."

The prop boy brought a screen. The fitter and her pins were summoned, and a cloth-of-gold gown was crushed into final and perfect lines on the Adoree figure.



And so to bed! But tomorrow's dialog must be studied, so the script goes with her. Yes, it's a gay life, that of a screen star!

"Miss Adoree, I want you to meet some friends," one of the studio executives requested as Renée stepped from behind the screen.

"Ready, Renée," called Simon Legree Grinde. "Heavens, your make-up is all streaked. You'll have to fix it before we shoot."

Mad rush to the dressing-room. Hasty rubbing off of old face. Hurried putting on of new.

On our return trip to the stage, I doggedly trying to keep pace with her footsteps, she was stopped three times, once to pose for pictures, once to make an appointment for another interview, and the third time to promise a personal appearance at a charity bazaar.

Then back to the stage.

At six o'clock the assistant director called 'Dinner!'

Nick Grinde walked over to where Renée, Ellen and I were gathering up the day's paraphernalia.

"We'll have to take the added sequences tonight, Renée. I'm sorry." His words fell like the crack of doom.

"But I have a dinner engagement," Miss Adoree protested.

"Sorry. You'll have to break it. Back on the set at seven."

Miss Adoree sighed, then shrugged her shoulders. "Well, that's that!" she laughed.

When we reached the dressing-room, there were more telephone calls, more visitors, new make-up to be applied.

"Aren't you going to eat any dinner?" I asked as the hands of my faithful wrist-watch approached the hour of seven, and my system called for food.

We'll order some (Continued on page 127)



Dinner dates mean nothing in a star's life if the studio orders are: 'Work tonight!' Renée snatches a bite on the set while she okays some new photographs. It's eight-forty-five P. M.

CHARLIE

All About Charlie's New Picture and
What he Really Thinks of the Talkies



Charlie doing his famous gags with the rolls which you enjoyed in "The Gold Rush." An exclusive new picture especially posed for SCREENLAND.

SINCE starting my own little magazine—"Rob Wagner's Beverly Hills Script" (adv!)—I haven't had much time to barge around Movieland, and in consequence have seen little of my old playmates. But as I had promised SCREENLAND a story about Charlie Chaplin and his new picture, I just grabbed an hour off from my cosmic editorial duties and beat it down to his studio. I expected to get my stuff in about fifteen minutes and then be back on the job. I was with him for eight hours!

It was my good—or bad!—luck to find him not working and when Charlie is not working he doesn't want anybody else to work, and when two non-workers like us get together there are no end of colossal problems that have to be solved—religion, politics, love, and of course, Art with a capital R.

Despite the Gethsemane he has passed through in the last two years, Charlie is looking wonderfully well. His black hair has erased ten years from his age. He had to dye it for his picture. A daily smearing of mascara was too messy and irksome. He was wearing white tennis trousers and a white sweat-shirt.

All afternoon we sat in his little 'conference cottage' and talked our heads off. One of Charlie's insistent quirks is that he is utterly and completely selfish and is interested in nobody's work but his own. That's what he says. But if there is any angle to my business or domestic affairs that he doesn't know about, it could be written on a postage stamp. Whenever I discuss a story or article I am writing, he will grow as excited as a school-boy and the chances are he will call me up the next day with a corking suggestion. He has been thinking about it all night.

As to his selfishness and inconsideration of others—well, his own organization is an utter contradiction of his egoistic pose. His whole



The great comedian as his best friends know him—loyal, kindly, charming.

CHAPLIN

The Best Interview ever Written about
the Comic Genius of the Screen

By Rob Wagner

*The Chaplin the
world knows and
loves—the grotesque
little figure of the
most popular panto-
mimes of modern
times.*

crew has been with him for years and if any of them drift away during his interminable troubles they always drift back. Charlie's loyalty to his old friends is one of the most charming things in his character.

Well, after pumping me dry about my new journalistic adventure, advising me on its finances, suggesting schemes to get subscriptions and even offering to write for it, we finally got around to his work. Naturally, the big question was: how is Charlie to meet the new idiom—talking pictures?

"I must admit, Rob, that they fascinate me, anger me and frighten me. Of course, they are here to stay, but not, I think, in their present expression. It's so new that few people know what it's all about, and so far most of the results are artistic bastardies. In drama they are trying to marry the conventions of the theater with the realism of the screen, and the result is an illegitimate child."

I have not the space to tell of his generalizations regarding the problem as a whole, so I'll get down to his own immediate problem.

"By far the finest marriage is that of pantomime and music. It always has been, but heretofore all we could do was to have some one score a picture to well-known themes and then hope that the organist would play them. You know what happened in the small towns—the high-school girl played anything she wished and usually out of all harmony with the action.

"Now, however, we can absolutely determine the music and as it is part of the mechanical projection, nobody can change it and the smallest theater will hear it just as completely as the Roxy.

"This is a wonderful thing for me, and even though I'm using no dialog in my picture I think you'll find that the musical accompaniment will satisfy all expectations for 'sound.'

"Furthermore, I am using no popular airs; my music will be just as original as the picture, for *I am writing every bit of it myself!* I am having it scored and orchestrated as I go along and every movement and gesture is accompanied by its own musical theme.

"Yes, I have a 'theme song,' but it is not registered in the usual way. No principal sings. I, in my character of *Charlie*, first hear it as a phonograph record. You get the title from the disc itself—*Wondrous Eyes*, by *Charles Chaplin*. The song is strongly impressed upon me so that later, when I fall in love with the little (Continued on page 110)



TALKIES: *a* Liberal

Every Man, Every Maid May be Tutored
of Fitting the Right Word

By Herbert



*Gilbert and Garbo, B.S. (before sound.)
They used a different technique in love
making in those days.*



*Charles Farrell's "I love you" to Janet
Gaynor is whispered directly to every
woman in his audience.*



*In "The Cock-eyed World," Victor McLaglen
makes tempestuous and audible love to Lily
Damita, his temperamental sweetheart.*

IT's love that makes the world go round. So they say. And who be we to question an accepted truth. But every axiom must have its corollary. So it is fair to assume that old earth's amorous dizziness is influenced in some degree by the quantity and quality of that romantic passion which occasions its revolutions. By simple logic it must be deduced that the near future will witness a violent increase in the planet's vertigo. Caused by a new influence upon an old emotion—the effect of talking pictures upon love. And lovers.

We lay no claim to distinction for the prophesy. It is suggested by the words of wisdom which recently tumbled pearl-like from the lips of Filmdom's Pharaoh, Louis B. Mayer. During a visit to the White House, said Mr. Mayer to Mr. Hoover:

"Sound pictures will cause English to be the universal language . . . when people talk the same language . . . understanding will reign. Think what it will mean when such studies as history and geography are taught through the sound pictures!"

But he didn't go far enough. He neglected to state that understanding is the foundation upon which lasting love is built. And he omitted to stress the fact that without love there would be neither history nor geography.

While the teaching of these subjects through audible photog-

Education *in* LOVE

by the Talkies in the Technique
into the Right Place

Cruikshank



Walter Huston's ardent lips croon sweet nothings to the willing ears of his lady love, Claudette Colbert.



Alexander Gray gives vocal rendition of an old story to Marilyn Miller. She's only pretending to stop him.

raphy presents wide scope for thought, imagine the result when the talkies give the world lessons in love! Not the Graeco-Roman type of the silent screen, with its catch-as-can clinchings and its primeval wrestling, but the finely civilized and highly specialized art through which a man may win a maid—or maid a man—by virtue of the soft cadences of 'sweet nothings' murmured by ardent lips to waiting ears.

American men have been called boorish lovers. But the talkies will remold each nearer to the heart's desire. Tomorrow's dawn will shine upon a race of romanticists talking of love with the tongues of troubadors. And English will be the language of Don Juan and Casanova.

The moon-eyed *Stephen* need no longer stand with burning words stifled in his inarticulate throat while some juggler of phrases elopes with his *Chloé*. The momentous syllables of proposal need not be stripped of romantic verbiage to a mere 'Barkis is willing.' Every man will be tutored by the talkies in the technique of the ever-living lovers of all ages—Abelard and Antony, Launcelot and Leander, Dante and D'Artagnan.

The talkies synchronize the action of the most accomplished heart pilferers to the lyric words penned by the world's masters of romantic rhetoric. And for a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar—or whatever the admission price may be—experts give lessons in love throughout the by, (Continued on page 106)



"I love you, you love me," says Larry Gray to Davies. A tender love scene from their new picture, "Marianne."

HOW THE STARS SOLVE THEIR

The Players have Problems to Face, even as You and I

By Helen

AT this season of the year most of us begin checking up on ourselves, rather as the missus looks over the monthly budget, to see where we have fallen short and whether something can't be done about it. Everyone seems to get big-hearted or philosophical around this time, even though they sometimes forget all about it as soon as the New Year's party is over!

This isn't going to be about the new resolutions the stars make every year, because most resolutions are made to be broken. No one can, just by sheer force of will, live up to all the newly-turned leaves with a snap of one's fingers. An uplift in one's actions, if to be of permanent adoption, comes from a sincere and thoughtful desire to rise. If the desire is really sincere everything in nature turns to help the struggler. Even opposition must be used as a ladder to vault to the top. It is only the half-hearted fighter who declares the world and everything in it is against him. He is licked before he crosses the threshold of his journey. Some people may say it is a lack of faith; others that the breaks weren't right; still others that luck was against them. I believe that it is none of those things so much as a *lack of sincerity and singleness of purpose*.

The world looks upon many things as impossible. Yet certain inventors worked quietly away on ideas that came to them and as a result we have our steamboats, our trains,



"No one ever baked a cake by going to a matinée!" reminds Corinne Griffith. "So keep your mind on your job."



Rudy Vallee says: "Don't fear things. If you do, you're sunk. Think only of the task at hand." Rudy's latest job is starring in pictures.

automobiles, radios, motion pictures and airplanes. In limitless mind many ideas abound. Those who tune in on a few of them, open up their own minds to the thought that nothing is impossible. We all can do this. The only reason we don't is that we *think* we can't. And this stubborn idea alone is the reason we stay grubbing along in our own little individual ruts.

What has all this to do with Hollywood? Plenty! Just as you and I have our enemies, so have the stars. Because they have risen to stardom it means that they have overcome many obstacles in themselves and their environment. But the way they have met these difficulties can be applied to any trouble—whether you are acting for a living, selling ribbons over a basement counter, raising a family, or trying for social distinction.

When I asked Gary Cooper how he got the best of

PROBLEMS

Here are Secrets of the Stars
for Overcoming Difficulties

Ludlam



"Almost any difficulty can be overcome by ignoring its existence," believes Gary Cooper. Gary has tried it—and it works!

his troubles, he smiled and said, "I haven't any."

"No, really," I said. "I'm serious."

"Come on and thrash it out at lunch, shall we?" he invited.

We did.

"When you have a wall to jump, how do you take it?" I asked.

"By not thinking that it is a wall. Almost any difficulty can be overcome by ignoring its existence."

"But sometimes things come into the life of a person that they can't ignore. The difficulty seems too tremendous."

"When anyone lets himself think that he's out of luck!" Gary was perfectly serious, as I was. "It takes much longer then to overcome it. No one can overcome anything while in a negative state of mind. If you have

anything to do the only way to accomplish it is to keep the idea firmly and forever in your mind and bend every effort seeing it through. Let everything else go. Forget all things that have nothing to do with the task you have set yourself to accomplish. Don't let yourself be undermined and weakened and swerved from your course by giving your thought and strength to anything else. And if you do this you will win just as sure as the sun rises.

"If a thing needs decisive action there is always a right time to do it. 'A fight is often lost by impatience.'"

"That sounds pretty swell, (Continued on page 126)



"First I make sure which problem is my particular job," says Mary Pickford, now co-starring with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." "Then I work at it until it's settled."



Vivian, the pretty one, and Rosetta, the funny one, do their stuff in a rehearsal for "Cotton and Silk" with director Sam Wood as audience.

They Traveled 114,000 Miles To Get Into Pictures

The Duncan Sisters Arrive

By Bradford Nelson

HOLLYWOOD is the greatest Mecca for beautiful and talented men and women the world has ever known. Charm in both masculine and feminine form floods to the palm-bordered Los Angeles suburb from all over the world. Beauties come from India, Siberia, Italy, France, scores of countries.

To none of them, however, does the banner go for having traveled the greatest distance to get a film contract. This championship belongs to two girls who were born and raised not three miles from one of the biggest film studios.

"Sure, we had the movie bug like all the other girls," says Rosetta Duncan of the Duncan Sisters, "we knew of Bessie Love, Phyllis Haver, Ramon Novarro and a lot of others going direct from high school to



Engaged! Vivian Duncan has promised to become Mrs. Nils Asther. They met while filming "Topsy and Eva."

success in the studios.

"But Ellen Beach Yaw had become a friend of the family. She inspired us with a desire to become opera stars—and that was the end of our early screen ambitions!"

Today the Duncan Sisters are finally film luminaries. They did one previous picture, *en passant*, as it were, but their present contract is their first film venture of a permanent nature. Unless vaudeville and revue contracts become too alluring, the great fun-makers are in the pictures for good.

They traveled over 114,000 miles to get to a studio in their own home town!

They have been in every city in America.

They were a riot in England, particularly when the Prince of Wales 'cut' (Continued on page 112)

Merry Christmas

Screenland's Special Gift Section



*Wheezer of Our Gang
brings in the Yuletide
wreath.*





GRETA GIVES FOR

Greta Garbo likes this country and its people; and because she is sincere in her desire to please she wants your candid opinion. Do you want her to do talking pictures, or do you want her to remain silent? Write a letter answering her question, and giving reasons for your answer. The best—that is, the clearest, cleverest, and most concise letter will win the prize.

IN Sweden, Greta Garbo's native country, they make much of Christmas, in the good, old-fashioned way. And Greta remembers many of the kindly customs of her northland. She has also come to know and love our new-fashioned Christmas and all that it stands for: a sincere desire for peace on earth, good fellowship, new friends. And so she offers this intimate, beautiful gift to the unknown friend who writes her the best letter answering her question. If a girl wins the gift through her writing talents, Greta will be pleased. But the gift offer is also open to the sterner sex; and if a man wins, well, he is lucky to have such a distinguished Christmas shopper as Greta Garbo!

ADDRESS:—GRETA GARBO
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes December 10, 1929

GARBO

GIFT

BEAUTY



Above: the famous Garbo smile. In other days this smile would have started wars and wrecked cities! Now it spells 'box-office!'



Left: Greta Garbo at her dressing-table, holding the mirror of the toilet set she is presenting to the writer of the best letter in her SCREENLAND gift contest.



This DuPont Lucite 10-piece boudoir set in its durable case is in the Ming pattern of translucent sea-jade, almost a perfect reproduction of the costly porcelain made centuries ago in far-off Cathay.

AL JOLSON

Says "Merry Christmas" with Songs



Music is Al Jolson's language. Through this medium he loves to give people pleasure, to inspire, cheer, and entertain. That's why he's offering this Brunswick phonograph with 8 records of his own inimitable songs—a Christmas gift that you will appreciate every day in the year because of the enjoyment it will bring.



Address:—AL JOLSON
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1929

*Al makes us cry as well as laugh;
and his audiences help swell box-office
receipts out of gratitude for feeling
so sad!*

*Al includes in his gift 8 of his own
Brunswick records, double-faced, of
the 16 following songs: Sonny Boy;
There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoul-
der. Little Pal; Seventh Heaven.
Dirty Hands, Dirty Face; My Mammy.
Why Can't You; Used to You. Blue
River; Mother of Mine. Liza; One
Sweet Kiss. Old Man River; Back
in Your Old Back-Yard. Golden
Gate; Four Walls.*

AL JOLSON's Christmas gift is a portable Brunswick phonograph built into a compact cabinet of durable metal with padded covering of tan leatherette. It is 16½ inches wide, 15 inches deep and 8 inches high. The instrument has all the tone-reproducing features for which Brunswick is notable, including an all-metal reproducer assuring great range and pure tones, a wide-area tone chamber enclosing the tone and increasing the volume. Other assets are an automatic stop, a noiseless motor, a large record-carrying capacity, and it plays all records. Now: here's the question you must answer. Which of Al Jolson's songs that you have heard do you like best, and why? It doesn't matter where you heard them—from the screen, the radio, the phonograph. Write Al a letter, answering this question; and the best, that is, the most sincere and concise letter wins the prize.





A charming Christmas gift—from lovely Billie Dove to you! Write the best letter answering Billie's question and you will win this exquisite negligee of satin and lace, especially designed and made for Miss Dove to give to a SCREENLAND reader.

BILLIE DOVE'S



BILLIE DOVE wishes you a Merry Christmas! Not only that; she offers tangible evidence of her Yuletide spirit in this charming negligee—so smart and dignified that it may also be used as an informal hostess gown. The writer of the best letter will win the gift. Here's the question you must answer: Would you like to see Billie Dove play a character speaking with a foreign accent? Answer yes or no, and give reasons for your answer. The cleverest and clearest letter will win the negligee.



What girl wouldn't be delighted to receive this dainty present on Christmas morning?

Doesn't Billie look provocative in her own Christmas present? The negligee is so cleverly designed that it will be becoming to any type of figure. And whoever wins it will prize it doubly because Billie Dove selected it and wore it just this once.



All photographs of Billie Dove by Elmer Fryer.

Beautiful Negligee



BILLIE DOVE is the essence of smart femininity. Anything she wears or sponsors is sure to make smart woman-kind sit up and take notice, not to mention mankind! Doesn't this fascinating creation look just like Billie? She didn't buy for herself, but for you—her Christmas gift to some fortunate film-fan friend. She is posing in it for your special benefit so that you may see what a lovely thing it is. The body of this luxurious robe is of peach satin, rich and heavy in texture. Fine chiffon with a wide border of cream-colored lace in exquisite pattern forms the gracefully-flowing sleeves, while the fan-shaped lace insert in the back adds grace. Yours, for the best—meaning the cleverest and most concise letter answering Billie's question.

Address:—BILLIE DOVE
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1929

Billie's beauty makes this negligee more lovely, and the negligee sets off Billie's beauty!



HAROLD HOLIDAY



Genial Harold Lloyd! Have you seen him in his newest comedy, "Welcome Danger?"

SCREENLAND presents Harold Lloyd in his new rôle of Santa Claus. With sound and effects! Harold felt the Christmas spirit stealing over him and got in touch with us immediately. "How about a little gift?" he asked. "Go right ahead, Mr. Kris-Kringle," we replied. "But where's your white whiskers?"

Harold declined to dress up because he said he hoped he was a good enough actor to get across his feelings without going into a disguise. We agreed with him. Especially when we saw the gift he had selected, to be presented to a SCREENLAND reader who writes the best letter answering his question: Do you think Harold Lloyd should play in more than one picture a year, or would you rather wait for his yearly offering? Give reasons for your answer.

As you know, Harold makes one picture a year. He wants to know if you consider this a good plan and why; or do you think he should come through with a few more of his comedies, and why. Tell him in a letter, and the sincerest, cleverest and clearest letter will win the wrist-watch.

Address:—HAROLD LLOYD

SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes December 10, 1929

Harold selected this watch himself and liked it so well he made himself a present of another just like it! "To a film friend from me," says Harold. "And from me to myself!"



LLOYD'S GREETING

This picture of Harold is just to prove that comedians have their serious moments, too.



This is a close-up of the Hamilton wrist watch which is Harold Lloyd's gift to the writer of the best letter. It is a very modern model, has 19 jewels and is 14-karat gold.

On his days off Harold plays with one of his many Great Danes.



A FUR COAT *from*

A Gift with the Christmas Spirit!



Evelyn Brent, that alluring lady who has just achieved stardom, celebrates by offering a smart fur coat to a SCREENLAND reader. What could be nicer?

*All photographs of Evelyn Brent
by Russell Ball.*

Evelyn is wearing the gift coat. It is of slate lapin, one of the very smart 'new' furs, and is lined with gray flannel. It's reversible, and may be worn inside out if desired. The designer evidently had in mind the changeableness of woman, giving her a chance to change the color or the texture of her coat whenever she feels like it.



EVELYN BRENT

Write the Best Letter and It's Yours

EVELYN BRENT is one of the best-dressed women in motion pictures. Evelyn says that when a woman feels well-dressed it bolsters up her self-confidence. (According to that, Evelyn must always be self-confident!) Knowing every woman's weakness, and at the same time being of a practical nature, Miss Brent decided that a fur coat would be just the thing to offer in her Christmas gift contest. So she went to Greer's, a smart Hollywood shop, and purchased the lovely fur coat you see in these pictures. If you want Evelyn's brand of self-confidence and want to spend a very comfortable winter, write the best letter and win the beautiful gift!

Miss Brent is offering this beautiful gift for the best answer to the following question: Can you suggest a book or play which you think would make a suitable screen starring vehicle for Evelyn Brent? Give reasons for your selection. By 'best letter' is meant the clearest, cleverest, and most concise. Evelyn hopes to find suggestions of value from this gift contest, for she is a conscientious artist.

Address:—EVELYN BRENT
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes December 10, 1929



Evelyn Brent went to Greer's, one of Hollywood's smartest shops, to select the fur coat which she offers to a SCREENLAND reader. Here is Evelyn looking at her choice with Howard Greer. It's one of the smartest fur coats of the season!

GEORGE BANCROFT'S



EVER since George Bancroft made "Thunderbolt" he has had a new hobby—dogs! Oh, yes, the little dog who worked with him in that picture is his inseparable pal now. "He may or may not have a pedigree," says George, "but I love him just the same!" When George decided he wanted to give a dog as his gift to a SCREENLAND reader, he made up his mind to find the swellest dog he could, so he selected Sidlaw Mighty, the cutest little Sealyham terrier that ever yipped, with a pedigree longer than he is. Write the best letter to Mr. Bancroft and win this indestructible Christmas gift. By 'best letter' is meant the most sincere and concise answering George's question.

George Bancroft with the Sealyham terrier which he offers to you. The pup's name is Sidlaw Mighty, but he's just 'Sid' to his pal George. Sid comes from the famous H. M. Robertson Kennels in Hollywood, where so many of the screen stars buy their dogs. Little Sid has a pedigree that will go with him to his new home.

He's yours if you write the best letter to George Bancroft. And with such an inspiration as Sid, there's no reason why you shouldn't write the letter of your life!

'DOGGY' CHRISTMAS

IF you don't like pups don't enter this contest! Sidlaw Mighty is a fine dog, with proof not only in his pedigree but in his character. He is lovable, frolicsome, and at the same time loyal, staunch, and true. The question you must answer: Do you like to see George Bancroft playing gangster or businessman rôles? Give reasons for your answer. We all know that Bancroft is splendid in any type of part. However, you must have a preference. Make your selection, write your letter, send it in—and then 'let George do it.'

Address:—GEORGE BANCROFT
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes December 10, 1929

Bancroft has gone completely 'how-wow' and doesn't care who knows it. He wants some dog-lover to win Sidlaw Mighty through this contest.

How would you like to find little Sidlaw in your stocking on Christmas morning? If you love dogs you'll love him; and he will be a credit to you and yours. A Sealyham terrier is an aristocrat of dogdom—faithful, loyal and oh, so smart!





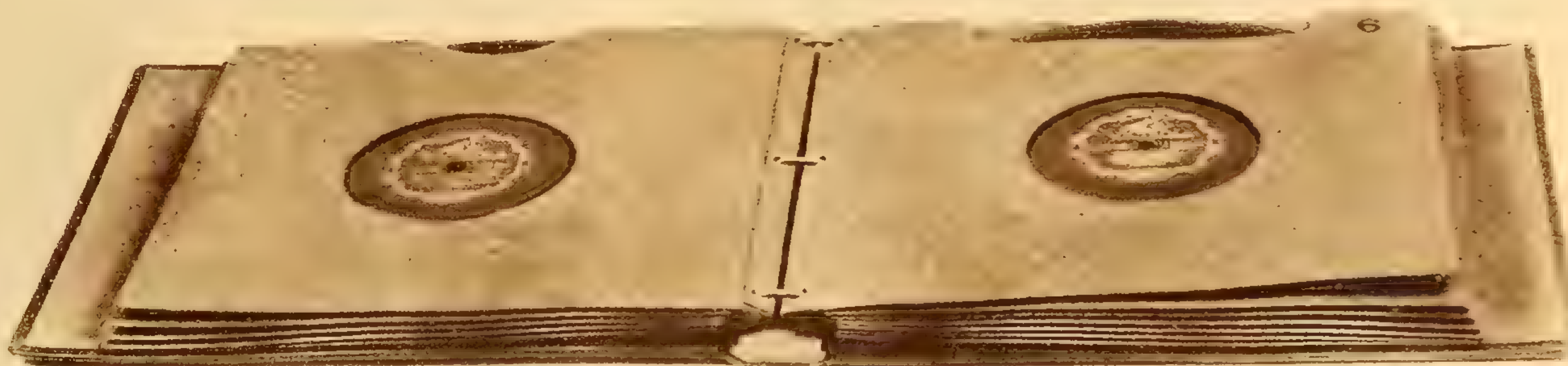
John McCormack, truly great figure in the world of song, will make new friends through Fox Movietone, for which he is now making his initial production.

John McCormack's Golden-Voiced Gift

The Great Irish Tenor Greets his New
Friends, the Motion Picture Audience



The Victor record album which John McCormack presents together with 12 autographed double-faced Victor records of his songs, to the winner of his SCREENLAND contest, is very handsome. To the left and right, you can see the appearance of the album; it is of genuine brown cowhide, with elaborate gold tooling, with 12 pockets for 10-inch records. Every music-lover would appreciate such a gift, with the added value of the McCormack autographs—rare indeed. Below, the album when open.



JOHN McCORMACK! There is glamour in the very name. He has sung his way into the hearts of the world; his magnificent voice is enhanced by the charm of a whole-souled, generous personality. Thousands have heard him from the concert stage. Many more have collected his Victor records. And now he will reach his old friends and make many new ones through Fox Movietone, for which he is making his first motion picture. He wishes to extend holiday greetings to SCREENLAND readers through this gift contest. He will present an elaborate gift album containing 12 autographed double-faced McCormack Victor records for the best, that is, the clearest and cleverest letter giving the writer's impressions of John McCormack based on:

1. Hearing him sing in concert.
2. Hearing him sing on Victrola records.
3. What you expect of him on the Movietone.

The titles of the songs on the 12 double-faced records are as follows:

Annie Laurie; Auld Scotch Songs. Dear Old Pal of Mine; Little Mother of Mine. I Hear You Calling Me; Mother Machree. Just for Today; The Holy Child. Marcheta; Somewhere a Voice is Calling. Silver Threads Among the Gold; When You and I Were Young. Bird Songs at Eventide; Little Silver Ring. Mother, My Dear; Brown Bird Singing. Fairy Story by the Fire; Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal. Because I Love You; Far-Away Bells. Just a Cottage Small; Through All the Days to Be. Sweetest Call; Moonlight and Roses.

Address:—**JOHN McCORMACK**
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1929

John McCormack with his wife at Moore Abbey, his estate in Ireland. All the exteriors for his first talking-singing picture are being made in the Emerald Isle.





George Edward Drury

A PICTURESQUE study of Rolf Armstrong, America's most brilliant portraitist of beautiful women.

Larry Comes Back

A Favorite Boy-Friend
Finds His Voice

By
Jean Cunningham

*Don't bring a frown to old Broadway,
You've got to clown on Broadway.*

LARRY GRAY'S eyes searched out the 'mike' hanging ominously over his head as he sang. Perspiration poured down his face. His throat muscles quivered as he swelled tonal volume.

It was the first time the number, destined to be a hit of hits, had been sung for recording.

*Your troubles there are out of style,
For Broadway always wears a smile.*

Larry was making a test for the leading part in a big backstage musical-movie built around the song. He needed the job. The breaks had been all against him since the talkies began. He had even done dog pictures! Now, here was his big chance.

*A million lights, they flicker there,
A million hearts beat quicker there.*

Lucky he had a voice. He could sing, and self-confidence was a great help. But who wouldn't be nervous and excited under such trying conditions. Everything had gone wrong with the sound gadgets. Since early morning he had been singing the song. And until now they hadn't succeeded in squaring off for a real take.

*No skies are gray on the Great White Way,
That's the Broadway Melody!*

"Okay, cut!" shouted Harry Beaumont, beaming brightly. "That sounded swell, Larry!"

Larry mopped the beads of perspiration from his face and sank wearily into a chair on the big sound stage.

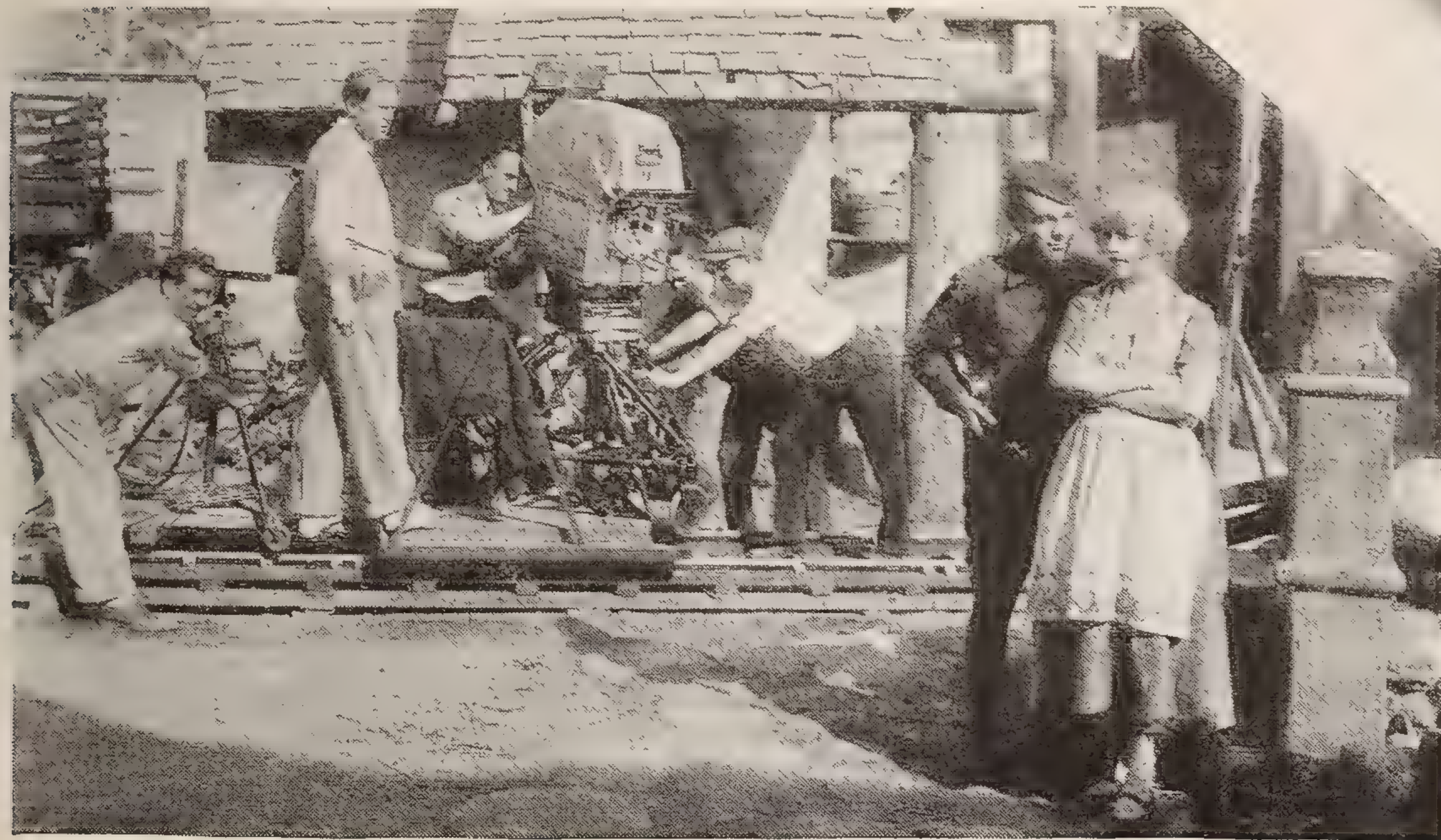
"Gosh, I hope so!"

Larry felt pretty chesty during the next few days. The

lead in "Broadway Melody!" He sang the song with his morning shower, whistled it all day long and sang it as he thumped his bungalow piano in the evenings.

The test was ready.

When it was run, the executives filed out of the projection room with solemn faces. (Continued on page 111)



When Larry Gray ignored all rules of the 'mike' and sang naturally, he clicked, and was signed for a singing rôle in "Marianne" with Marion Davies. Left: Larry and Marion making a scene for the musical-talkie with Robert Leonard directing.

The THEME

By Rosa Reilly



"THE theme song," says Al Jolson, "is one of the greatest wholesale hits that ever struck Broadway—and points south, east, north and west."

These songs are, as you know, special numbers composed for special films, so that the audience may carry away with them, in unforgettable melody, the heart of the picture.

No sooner had *Charmaine*, written as the theme song for "What Price Glory," back in 1926, started to break publishing records, than men and girls throughout the country began writing theme songs in their spare moments, hoping to break into the big money. Film producers were deluged with compositions. Editors of magazines received many letters asking how such songs could be marketed.

Maybe you yourself have a song you would like to have published. I've had one in the back of my head for a long time that I'd like to bring out into the light. So to discover just what chance we would have of getting our efforts accepted,

I went up to see Mr. Edward Morris, the young, blond and handsome man, who with his pal, Lewis Warner, takes care of Warner Brothers' song business, and asked him to give us the low-down.

"Evangeline," composed by Al Jolson for Dolores Del Rio, made a big hit. And wait till you hear John Barrymore burst forth in song in "General Crack!"



A high spot in the song industry is reached when Al Jolson sings "Sonny Boy" to Davey Lee.

SONG'S *the Thing*

On the Screen Today, the Play is Not the Thing
The Theme Song is the Heart of the Picture

Lewis is the son of the President of Warner Brothers, and Edward the son of the Vice-president. These men, in their early twenties, handle the vast ramifications of the Witmark Publishing Company, bought by Warners some months ago. But they did not achieve these high executive positions because they were sons of the big bosses. From the time the two boys were seven years old, during holidays and in summer time and after they graduated from college, they had worked in the Warner organization in nearly every capacity. Therefore when the big revolution came in the musical publishing business and men were needed who understood film conditions from the ground up, the two youngsters were picked for the job. And nowhere could we find better authorities for telling us just what chances we beginners have of making the theme song grade.

At his office, in a tall corner building at the spot where Fifty-fifth Street intersects Broadway; where executives, composers, librettists, secretaries, stenographers and office boys surge back and forth in tidal waves of musical excitement, Mr. Morris said:

"I never like to discourage young talent. But if I tell the truth, I'm bound to say that Bull Montana has more chance of snatching away John Barrymore's dramatic crown than a beginner has of selling a theme song to the average moving picture producer or music publisher. There have been cases—but they've been mostly



"Singing in the Rain": Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton, George K. Arthur, and ensemble from the "Hollywood Revue."

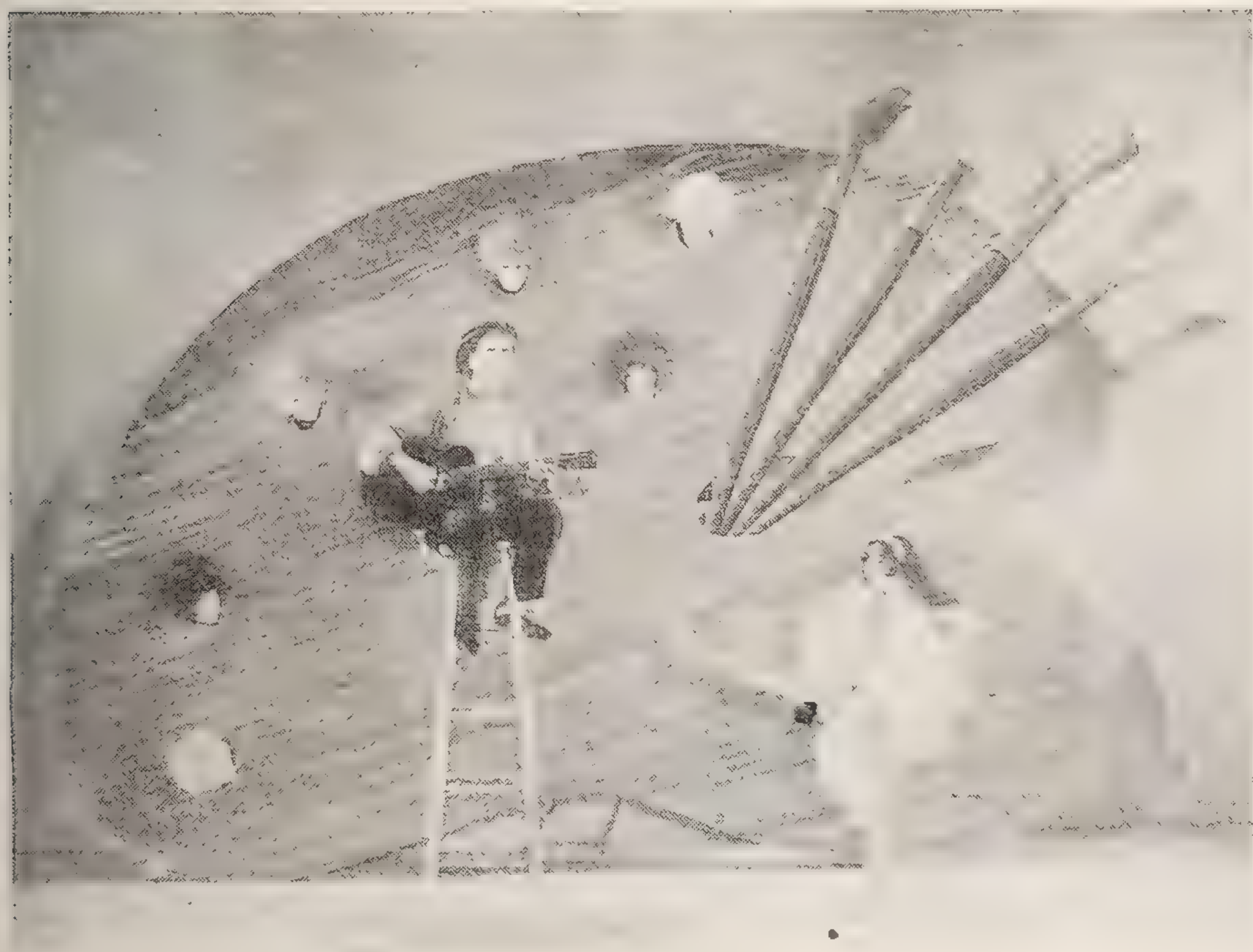
accidents. However, there is a way, about which we will speak later. But first let's consider just what the producer is up against.

"Do you realize that today there are seventeen big movie plants producing eighty-five talking pictures, necessitating one hundred and forty-three songs of totally different character? When the picture executives set out to hire men to write these songs, from past experience they found that the best talent in the song writing industry is their only hope. So they acquired this talent wholesale.

"As the theme song developed from a modest success into an absolute craze, the picture producer reached out and bought major interests in most of the large musical publishing houses."

So now it is easy for us to understand how unprofitable it would be for these big movie companies to send out and buy your little love song or my little love song when right here to hand, Mr. Producer can procure Irving Berlin; Walter O'Keefe—the man who wrote *Henry's Made A Lady Out of Lizzie*; Erno Rappe, the famous *Kapellmeister*, who directs the Roxy Orchestra with right hand and with his left knocks out such knock-outs as *Charmaine*, *Diane*, and *Angela Mia*; to

(Continued on page 116)



Nick Lucas is singing "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" for Ann Pennington in "Gold Diggers of Broadway."

Ten Years *from*

Noted Film Directors Foreshadow Developments in Talking Pictures, Startling Innovations Along Lines Unique and Scientific



Clarence Brown, who was a mechanical engineer before he was a director, says that eventually a screen will be unnecessary.

King Vidor states that new methods in drama rather than its reproduction are the most important changes to be brought about.



“LET’S go to the movies,” you will remark of an evening in 1939 or thereabouts. And you go up to your private hangar on the apartment house roof and nose your electric plane in the direction of down-town.

Guided by a shimmering light from the sky you will make a landing on the landing field of the movie palace, check your plane, buy your tickets and enter.

And what a movie palace!

When you emerge from the tunnel-like entrance you find yourself in the center of a great semi-circular dome. Overhead is sky and all around are moving pictures, the characters walking, talking; and you turn this way and that as the characters appear on this or that part of the great circular screen. The voices are localized and are heard all over the circular screen from whatever point the characters appear. The audience seems to be the center of action that embraces the whole world—sometimes in the middle of a block of houses; sometimes in the center of ranges of mountains.

And the flickerless pictures, in natural colors and with perfect reproduction of sound, make the entertainment literally a copy of actual life.

This is just a guess—one of many—as to what the screen will be like in the future.

Famous directors say it’s a little hard to conjecture just what form the talking picture or the stage either, for that matter, will take in the future, for there are so many possible forms.

Television is much spoken of as a possible form of future screen entertainment. Cecil B. DeMille, master director, sees in it at least a new form of news-reel.

“As to television,” he says, “I think it is entirely too early even to venture a guess. One thing is certain, I don’t think such an invention will ever keep people from the theater. The desire to leave home on one or two evenings a week to seek entertainment is too strong. Of course, television may be developed on a large scale for theater use, but its main value will be for the theater. I can, for example, visualize an inauguration of a president which we would

see and hear in our neighborhood theaters at the moment the new executive is taking his oath of office.”

DeMille sees in the new talking picture a peril for the legitimate stage, though he is still personally loyal to it.

“Ten years from now,” he says, “we may have no legitimate stage. No one can exactly prophesy the future, but it is evident that the stage, the old stage, is seriously threatened unless it shows more constructive and creative tendencies than has been the case in recent years.

Today—WHAT?

By Ralph Wheeler

"The stage need not die. It can combat the talking pictures and ride parallel to them, by striking off into absolutely new fields. It may bring a distinctly new type of legitimate theater, just as we are approaching an ultimate type of talking picture theater which will differ widely from the extremely wide houses needed now for ocular pantomime production."

Fred Niblo, who directed "Ben Hur," sees in radio practice and broadcasting chains a possible new form of theater for tomorrow.

"There will probably be key theaters," he ventures, "in the great cities, where talking pictures will be presented under ideal conditions, with absolute perfection of projection and sound reproduction, and with the running of the film timed for laughs and audience reactions by watching the audience itself."

"Then, by remote control, the projectors and reproducers in all the theaters on a 'chain' connected with this master projector will be run in syn-

Harry Beaumont believes that a device for bringing the orchestra over the heads of the audience to replace the orchestra pit is needed.



Tod Browning has been experimenting with television. He believes future production will be by radio and television.

Television will be used in the homes with short subjects; the longer plays will be reproduced in the theater, believes Fred Niblo, left.

chronization. In other words, the theaters, like the radio chains, will all be controlled from the central broadcasting station.

"The result will be that the audience in every theater will have the same audience reactions. When a joke is cracked they'll hear the audience in the master theater laugh, and laugh with it. Nothing is so infectious as laughter. And a joke isn't ever funny unless it is laughed at. And so with the other audience reactions."

Tod Browning, director of Lon Chaney's weird fantasies, sometimes called 'The Edgar Allan Poe of the Screen,' agrees with Niblo in part, but goes a step further. Browning has been experimenting with television, and believes that the production in a chain of theaters will be by means of radio and television.

Niblo believes this will be used more in the homes than in the theater. "I think it will be used in homes, with short subjects and diversified programs, much as the

(Continued on page 120)



He doesn't like Agua Caliente, airplanes, or first nights! A new study of Clive Brook.

Portrait of a Gentleman

An Impression of a Modest Actor, Clive Brook

By John Godfrey

OUT west in Hollywood, where boys are motion picture producers and girls reveal their love lives, one man is trying to be himself.

He doesn't like Agua Caliente, airplanes, or first nights. He doesn't like trick clothes, or pink town cars. And he doesn't keep it a secret.

He's Clive Brook.

There are three different Clive Brooks. One is the cultured, cold and sophisticated actor the public knows. He plays Russian spies, lovers and doctors with the same even degree of fine acting. The second Brook is the man some of Hollywood's wise ones think they know. The third Clive Brook is the real person acquainted with



Brook assumes many disguises in his characterization of Sherlock Holmes. Above, as a German violinist; right, as a waiter. The man's a trouper!

about two dozen people in America.

Consider the first Clive Brook which the public sees. He has never burned up the celluloid with his passionate love parts. He doesn't think he is suited to win the bouncing flapper of high school days in the diffused fade-out. He's right. His love on the screen is distributed in moderation, as is everything in his life.

Whenever the public goes to a Clive Brook picture, it knows it will not be disappointed by an inadequate performance. His name insures an intelligent picture in which he never attempts to steam up business for the 'Oh-how-I-love-you' sort of flapper fan letter.

And the Hollywood Clive Brook?

It must be said at the beginning that the English



people are the most exclusive in the screen colony. Clive Brook is one. Ernest Torrence, Ronald Colman, John Loder, their wives and friends are others. They are all very much alike. They are all very quiet. They all have beach homes. They are all tennis enthusiasts. Brook has the only grass tennis court in California. Masses of honeysuckle cover the high wire fence which surrounds it. Illuminated by electricity, the spot is the scene of the colony's favorite sport, midnight tennis.

None of the Hollywood Britons goes out of his way to make an acquaintance. It's just his nature. The few men Clive Brook knows well are the Englishmen of his circle. To the great majority of Hollywood, he is unknown. And many persons have never seen him. Retiring modesty must be an old English trait! At least it is new to Hollywood, where rumors are dishd to the world in headlines.

A petted star of Broadway traveled east on the same train with Brook when he left recently for England. "High hat!" she said of him when she returned to Hollywood. "Who does he think he is that he can't let anybody see him? Why, he had all his meals served in his drawing room and never came out until the last day!"

Because he has never borrowed a suit or a tie from another actor on the lot; because he doesn't discuss the love affairs of the colony when he makes one of his infrequent visits to the studio; because he never yells at mechanics or slaps carpenters on the back, and because he doesn't spend hours thinking up wisecracks to pull on his friends, it has been said that Clive Brook is just a little high-hat. It's not that: it's English modesty.

But many people, unknown to him, admire him for his supreme modesty and indifference. He seems to have that fatal fascination of a charming, yet inaccessible man in his thirties. Despite his interesting intelligence, his trump charm is his extravagant manner. He knows the art of being old-fashioned, of offering assistance and compliments. One feminine writer of the colony visits the studio as often as she



In "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" he is seen as Sir Conan Doyle's famous detective hero, and contributes some of his finest acting.



Mrs. Clive Brook serves tea! Clive at the right—and you'll identify Mr. and Mrs. Percy Marmont, Philip Strange, and Ronald Colman.

possibly can when Clive Brook is working in a production. Secretaries would have to be discharged if he came to the studio very often. It is the real Clive Brook these girls know.

His extreme consideration for others is remarkable. Instead of making interviewers set their time to his, Clive Brook puts himself at the convenience of the writers. He is always punctual. Naturally, he makes a very favorable impression. He treats representatives from national magazines and high-school papers with the same respect. One writer from a Los Angeles newspaper interviewed Clive Brook after work at one o'clock in the morning and said he never received such great material from such an accommodating man in all his experience.

Brook is an actor because he always loved the theater, but still he is quite in doubt as to just how he manages to get on in a (Continued on page 121)

SISTER

Shirley Mason and Viola
Dana Dance Their Way
Back to the Screen



Shirley Mason, a child of the stage, is right at home in the new song-and-dance pictures.

Shirley Mason:

Height	5
Bust	31½
Waist	23
Hip	34
Thigh	20
Leg	12¼
Ankle	7¼
Foot	3½B
Arm	9½
Waist	5¾
Hand	5¾
Weight	97



When Viola was eight and Shirley was five, and both were in "Rip Van Winkle."

INTRODUCING Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, two of our most popular picture girls in their first screen appearance together, entitled "Almost Twins." Let's go!

"Almost Twins" is apropos of the sisters Flugrath after studying those measurements. It is safe to say that Shirley and Vi are the most petite of sister screen stars. Ever since their babyhood days they have been like two peas in a pod in their physiques—but ah! here the matter ends.

Despite their unquenchable adoration for each other they have been individualists of the first water. There has been nothing 'twin-ny' about their careers. Always they have stood on their own dainty feet, making their own ways as individual stars. They made up their minds as stage children, and how they have stuck to it!

Result: today we have Shirley Mason and Viola Dana making their first appearance on screen or stage together as sisters, in "The Show of Shows," the revue which

has just been produced in Technicolor by the Warner Brothers. In this revue of revues the "Sister Act" is one of the novelties of the show. Besides Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, there are Dolores and Helene Costello, Alice and Marceline Day, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Sally Blane and Loretta Young, Alberta and Adamae Vaughn, and Marion and Harriet



The "Sister Act" number from "The Show of Shows": Shirley Mason, Adamae Vaughn, Marion Byron, Armida, Sally Blane, Alice Day, Sally O'Neil, Dolores Costello.

ACT!

By
Jason Carroll



Shirley Mason and Viola Dana
in their sister act from "The
Show of Shows."

Show of Shows" and you'll see Shirley and Vi do their stuff with all the ease and grace of musical comedy stars.

Viola Dana:

Height	5
Bust	32½
Waist	24
Hip	35½
Thigh	20
Leg	12½
Ankle	7½
Foot	3½C
Arm	9½
Wrist	6
Hand	5¾
Weight	101

Lake. That's a real sister act!

But, as this yarn concerns Shirley and Vi in their first sister act, we'll confine ourselves to the exciting debuts of the erstwhile movie stars in genuine song-and-dance. If you don't think they can tap, buck, sing and stomp, take in "The



Viola Dana, after a vaudeville tour, returns to the screen with her sister. Welcome back, Vi!

This interviewer caught up to the vivacious sisters one day in the studio rehearsal room when they were doing their stuff under the tutelage of the dancing maestro, Larry Ceballos. The latter hailed me, enthusiastically. "If you want to see a great sister song-and-dance team, watch Vi and Shirley do this number. They're a knockout."

Then, he whispered confidentially, "Say, these girls didn't need any instruction from me. They go through their act like real hoofers. They got it easily in five minutes. And say, do you know what's unusual about their sister act? They each have such distinctive personalities that you have the feeling of watching two clever stars working together as a team."

Ceballos said it. Now I could understand why Shirley and Vi have always stood on their own, reserving their 'sister act' for their private lives. They have personality plus.

Interviewing the two of these half-pints together is like trying to play interlocutor to a couple of end-men wisecrackers
(Cont. on page 118)



The other half of the "Sister Act" number: Viola Dana, Alberta Vaughn, Harriet Lake, Nanette Byron, Dolores, Loretta Young, Marceline Day, Molly O'Day and Helene Costello.

HOLLYWOOD



Patsy Ruth Miller and her brand-new husband, Tay Garnett, the young director.

"DO YOU believe in vibrations in rooms?" Patsy the Party Hound whispered to me. "Well, if you do," she went on without waiting for an answer, "you're bound to tell me that you feel the vibrations of a wonderful spirit of friendliness and good will pervading this church. "And weddings," she continued, "don't have to be frozen to be beautiful." "I see," I told her, "you are becoming wedding-conscious!"

Patsy Ruth Miller was to be married to Tay Garnett, the writer and director, and when we arrived the church was nearly filled with people. Patsy Ruth and Tay have hundreds of friends.

Johnny Farrow, looking very handsome in his dress suit, had escorted us to our seats.

"I hear that Lila Lee and Johnny will be the next to wed," Patsy said, when we had settled ourselves.

Harold Lloyd and his wife Mildred sat across the aisle from us, along with Mildred's mother and little Gloria Lloyd. Gloria insisted that her famous dad lift her up high so that she could see everything that was going on. She is a rather silent,

The Screen Colony's Social Life Centers Around Its Happy Marriages

wide-eyed child, with a smile only, really, for her father.

"She always laughs at the gags in his pictures, too, I hear," remarked Patsy.

Afterward Harold told us that Gloria was tremendously observing—that she had seen, he said, a great deal more than he had.

Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Leonard sat in front of us, and across the aisle was Ruth Roland; and there was Joe Jackson and his wife, who used to be Ethel Shannon before she married Joe, had a baby and settled down; and we caught a glimpse of Donald Ogden Stewart and his wife. Donald himself was once reported engaged to Patsy Ruth Miller, you know.

"I wonder if all Pat's old admirers are here," remarked Patsy. "I guess not, though, because the church simply wouldn't hold them."

Lucille Webster Gleason and her son Russell were in the crowd, and there were Eddie Horton, Lillian Rich—who has just come back from starring in English pictures—May McAvoy and her husband, Maurice Cleary, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, and scores of others.

Suddenly the big organ there in St. James' left off playing inconsequential airs and went into the wedding march, and the wedding procession was on its way down the aisle.

Helen Ferguson was matron of honor, and looked very lovely, although we knew that deep in her heart she must be remembering how short a time before,



Lois Wilson, Helen Ferguson, Mrs. Tay Garnett (née Patsy Ruth Miller), Lila Lee, Mrs. D. Zanuck.

Gets Married!

By
Grace Kingsley

comparatively, she had been a bride herself, and of how very lately she had been bereaved through the death of her husband, William Russell. Virginia Fox and the other bride's attendants came next, including Lois Wilson, who declares that she is becoming a professional bridesmaid!

"I shouldn't wonder if some man some day would get the inspiration, when he sees how lovely Lois looks as a bridesmaid, of kidnapping her and carrying her off as his bride," whispered Patsy the Party Hound.

"Well, I don't believe she'd stay if she were stolen," I answered, "Lois is awfully choosy, you know. That's why she isn't married now. Just heaps of hearts are strewn on her way."

Lila Lee came along just then, looking not in the least solemn, as bridesmaids usually do, but casting smiles this way and that, as though, after all, one shouldn't take weddings so hard!

Then we thrilled when we saw Pat!

All the gorgeous footage of the white veiling couldn't conceal nor could the solemnity of the occasion entirely submerge that sparkle which is one of Patsy Ruth's principal charms.

She was leaning on her father's arm, he looking very distinguished in his frock coat and the rest of the formal trappings. And of course the bridegroom looked handsome. The best man was George Green, and the ushers were Kenneth Thomson, Tom Buckingham, James Gleason, Paul Franklin and Patsy Ruth's brother, Winston. (Continued on page 122)



Mary Eaton and Millard Webb. Just married!
Their romance started in the studio.



Standing: Pearl Eaton, Katherine Robbins, bridesmaids; Marilyn Miller, maid of honor.
Lower row: Edward Mills, train bearer; Doris Levant, flower girl; Mary Eaton Webb; Evelyn Mills Lerring, ring bearer; and Barbara Webb, flower girl.



May McAvoy's wedding party. See Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, Lois Wilson, and—oh, yes—the groom!

ON LOCATION *with* "SWEETIE"

Gather round, boys and girls! Your picture has been made at last—the first musical college romance that has ever been written and produced for the talking screen. And who do you suppose took a sock at it? George Marion, Jr., the writing fool who has made you laugh at his titles for years. This is his first attempt at dashing off lyrics but you never heard better ones. The honor of writing the piece is shared with Lloyd Corrigan, who is no slouch, either, when it comes to tickling your risibles and dopping out a swell plot.

The company went on location at the Uplifters' Club Polo Field, if you can imagine that for a hard day to take! It's between Hollywood and the beach, almost to the water, in fact, and during the lunch hour half the cast played hookey for a swim, which cooled them off for the afternoon.

Right: Nancy Carroll and Stanley Smith, as campus sweethearts.

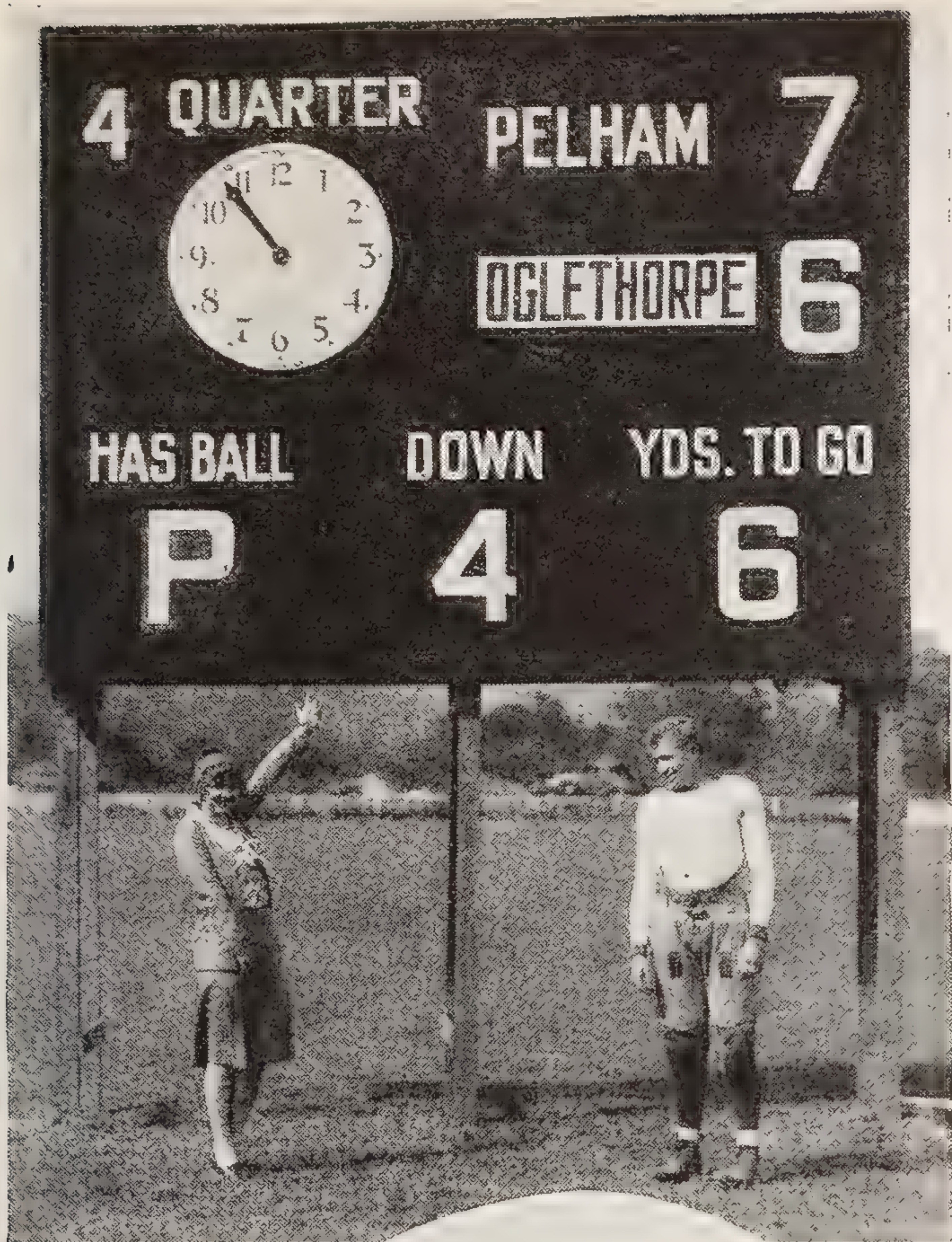


Above: 600 Los Angeles high-school students worked as extras, receiving a full day's pay check, lunch, and transportation to play spectators for the film football game and watch Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane and Jack Oakie act! Not bad.



Shooting a scene on location for "Sweetie." Note the camera booths to the left, football players to the right, and above the group, the microphones and sound mixers.

There were Nancy Carroll, Stanley Smith, Jack Oakie, Helen Kane, William Austin, Wallace MacDonald, Stuart Erwin and a lot of others. Six hundred high-school students on the bleachers to do the cheering, turning actors for the few days it required to take the football scenes, and maybe you think they didn't get a kick out of it! Their own team played the game, with Stanley Smith, who never played football in his life, having to pull a fast one to keep up with them. Because, of course, he was supposed to be the one who wins for the dear old Alma Mater and with it the love of his girl, Nancy Carroll—you know. Nothing new about the hero winning the girl. But what a yell you would raise if he didn't, after all his hard work! And after all, it isn't the



Football, football! Helen Kane and Stuart Erwin standing under the scoreboard. Of course Helen's side won.

Boys and Girls, Here's a Collegiate Musical Movie for You. Fun, Football — and Everything!

By Helen Ludlam

and football scenes in the summer, and bathing pictures in the cold weather. They just don't seem to have any sense of time at all!

The high-school gang seemed to be far more interested in Helen Kane than in Nancy Carroll, which surprised me a little, because Helen is new in pictures. As she walked by the bleachers they called beseechingly to her to turn around and look at them. She laughed in her baby voice and waved to them in the baby way that has made her name famous from coast to coast. Helen is unique, absolutely.

"Come on, boys, snap into it," called Frank Tuttle, who is directing the opus. "All you girls and boys on the bleachers look at the players—take your cue from the action of the team for your cheers and disappointed exclamations."

In this picture Nancy Carroll finds herself in a dilemma. A very young girl herself, she is bequeathed a boys' school and becomes principal of it. What a break for the boys!

Looking very chic in a leaf-brown suede coat and vagabond hat, Nancy sat on the first row of the grand-stand and followed the action of the team. When she saw that something was wrong she ran over to the little group to talk to Stanley Smith.

Of course Stan irons out the trouble and wins the game. One bunch of boys takes Nancy on their shoulders and another takes Stanley and march around the field; but the young lovers get together at last and clinch for the final close-up.

(Continued on page 114)



Tackling teacher! William Austin as Professor Percy (Puss) Willow lets Stanley Smith, Jackie Oakie and Stuart Erwin practice tackling him.

fact that he wins the girl that's interesting, because you know he is going to do it, even before you get to the theater; but it's *how* he does his stuff that keeps us biting our finger-nails.

And don't you worry that Stan doesn't keep you all worked up. Said one young miss to her girl friend: "He wouldn't have half that trouble getting me that he's having with Nancy Carroll. But life is like that!"

Of course the football togs weren't giving Stan and Jack Oakie and the rest any thrill on a hot day. They had on two sweaters and all the stuff you have to have for padding and two pairs of woolen socks and the heavy shoes. You know what it's like. The producers are that contrary, always doing ice-and-snow stuff



A "Sweetie" location lunch. From left to right: Helen Ludlam, director Frank Tuttle, Stanley Smith, William Austin, Russell Mathews, and Stuart Erwin.

Larry Ceballos is showing 'em how to dance 'Dutch.' An intriguing number in the all-dialog version of "No, No, Nanette."



DANCING Girls

Extra Girls Chosen to Decorate Elaborate Extravanzas Step Out Like Accomplished Chorines

EXTRA, extra!" the boys are shouting. "Beautiful Extra Girls Find New Way to Break Into Pictures."

No longer need the pretty little youngsters who flock to Hollywood with dreams of becoming screen stars, face the bitter disappointments of the extra lists who are turned back at the stern studio gates.

They have found a Papa Bountiful. Or, rather, he has found them. His name is Larry Ceballos, and he's the youthful daddy of dance production in the new singing-dancing-talking pictures.

When the spectacular musical revues and comedies flashed into popularity overnight, Hollywood faced a serious problem. Where would the chorus girls come from? Where the stage uses only thirty to sixty chorines, the elaborate pictorial extravaganzas require anywhere from one to three hundred to put it on right. And there weren't that many chorus gals in all Hollywood!

In the studio restaurants and around the sets, the dance producer constantly beheld lovelier girls than he ever had seen when he was selecting chorines for his Greenwich Village Follies in New York, or for his Music Box revue in Hollywood.

"Whence came these lookers?" he inquired persistently of the ones in the know. "Extras, extras, nothing but extras," would be the indifferent response.

Then and there Larry had a big idea. He spoke to all the girls. When he introduced himself by asking them if they could dance, most of them just stammered and stuttered "Gracious, no." They meant that they couldn't dance to suit the requirements of a Larry Ceballos. They had seen his snappy revues in theaters, and they were scared! Their dancing had been limited to whoopee places where one steps a collegiate caper with more enthusiasm than professional grace.

But Larry Ceballos has always been noted in the show world for his resourcefulness, as

well as his originality in dance production. Besides, this handsome little Spanish-American has a way of inspiring confidence. He reassured them. He *knew* that such pretty girls simply must be able to dance. First thing they knew they had steady jobs. Papa Bountiful persuaded the Warner Brothers and First National to sign his selections to contracts. Extras no more, Ceballos' chorines are



Larry Ceballos, dance director of screen revues, says he can teach any girl to dance. Line forms at the left!



Jack Mulhall entirely surrounded by the beauty chorus of a musical number which he helped direct. But Jack doesn't mind.

of HOLLYWOOD

By
Keith Richards

decorating marvelous shows and are face to face with future opportunities to become screen stars after all.

"Did you ever see so many beautiful girls?" the proud dance producer asked me. I never had, even in my wildest dreams. At that moment I was looking at approximately three hundred and fifty lovely girls, mostly of the flapper age.



The beginners' class. In another week you'll never suspect these girls have not been dancing all their lives.

"Say, if a New York stage producer ever saw so many pretty chorus girls all at once he'd die of the shock," continued Ceballos. "I ought to know, having spent many hard years picking and training 'em. Of course, I'll admit that most of them had higher ambitions, but now they're all happy. They have discovered that they can dance after all, and what modern girl doesn't like to dance?"

"My training methods have always been simple, and I confidently believe I can teach any girl, who is graceful, to dance. Do you know that this ballet has been rehearsing only a week, and that sixty of the girls have been dancing only that long?"

It really is amazing. Ceballos hypnotized most of them into believing they could dance, and then he made them step like experienced chorines. These erstwhile extra girls are getting such a kick out of dancing for Ceballos that many of them are determined to follow dancing careers.

Originally, Ceballos had twenty-four chorus girls who had been with him for three years. He had trained them perfectly. They are the nucleus of his choruses. They help him train the novices. They are now accomplished danseuses, capable of all sorts of ballet dancing, although Ceballos specializes in synco-pation.

Most of the girls you will see in "Sally," starring Marilyn Miller; in "No, No, Nannette," the sparkling musical comedy; and in "The Show of Shows" are these extra graduates who have been selected by the unerring eye of Ceballos.

No higher praise could be bestowed upon the far-sighted dance producer than to say that the girls in these beautiful ballets and ensembles look as if they had been dancing all their lives.

"We are only just beginning," confides Ceballos. "The future of musical extravaganzas and comedies on the screen is now firmly established but to date we have been experimenting. Once (Continued on page 115)

GARBO'S NEW SCREEN LOVER

Introducing
Lew Ayres

By Myrene Wentworth



The new boy in talkie town—Lew Ayres, selected by SCREENLAND as a coming star. Watch him!

Mexicali Rose, stop crying—

I'll come back to you, some sunny day.

PAINTED ladies salted their beer with tears in the old Climax Café across the border in Mexicali as the baby-faced tenor crooned the plaintive melody.

He was just a kid. Seventeen years old. Drifted down to the border resort to pick up some change after giving up his medical course at the University of Arizona. Lewis Ayer was his name. He changed it to Lew Ayres because they all pronounced it Loose Air.

"I made all the border places," he admitted somewhat shyly. "I played all over Tia Juana, you know, sobby things that made them cry. They liked to cry and paid swell dough for it."

Lew, now twenty, today is one of those rare sensations that makes Hollywood sit up and take notice. Coming out of the nowhere, this wistful boy banjo-singer landed in the cast of Greta Garbo's new picture, "The Kiss," playing the part of her youthful lover.

"Gee, she is wonderful," he said. "I was scared to death when I walked on the set but she made me feel right at home

and helped me tremendously. One cold look from her and I would have fallen through the floor."

We recalled that day when Lew went into his first scene with Garbo. It was a scene where he had to rush in and embrace her madly.

"And I hadn't even been introduced to her," he said with an imagine-my-embarrassment gesture.

Lew dashed into the set, red through his make-up, sweat dampening his brow—a classic one, by the way.

Miss Garbo saw his discomforture and took his arm, turning to Jacques Feyder, the director.

"Would you mind making me acquainted with this young man?" she inquired laughingly.

From that time on, Lew apparently was perfectly at ease, although his previous screen experience was confined to a tiny bit in a college picture. Not even a day's extra work preceded.

"When I was a kid I always went to movies and Douglas Fairbanks was my idol," Lew related. "I was movie-struck when I was six years old. I still am. When I was twelve, however, my ambitions changed. I decided
(Cont. on page 109)



Greta's kindness helped Lew make the grade in his first part, in Garbo's support in "The Kiss."

Ronald Colman.





Clifton L. Kling

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

CHARLES ROGERS and JEAN ARTHUR in "Here Comes the Band Wagon"

The Spirit of the



HOLLYWOOD is the new Paris! Artists flock there because they know they will find beauty, and beauty of a rare kind. There is youth—and color—and form. There is life! And now that the screen is singing, and dancing, and shouting, and splashing in a gorgeous sea of natural color, the artists are in ecstasies over their opportunity to capture something of this gay spirit of Talkie Town.

The stairs to screen stardom are being climbed today by the dancing girls. Every studio has its group of hard-working youngsters who drill and dance for your amusement. Surely, out of this ballet of beauty, there will spring a real star, typifying the new musical motion pictures.



These girls are practicing their dance steps while waiting to be called before the camera for a scene in "Paris," which stars Irene Bordoni. Grace—youth—delicacy! Bruehl has admirably captured their eloquence. Is it any wonder the audible screen entertainments are becoming more and more popular?

Dancing Screen

ANTON BRUEHL, the famous artist-photographer, journeyed to Hollywood to track down the spirit of sound in her lair. He succeeded. He caught the elusive sprite in her most radiant mood and presents these portraits as the result. They show the gallant little girls of the studios working to record their beauty in singing and dancing celluloid. The First National Studio is the scene.

Degas himself would have loved Hollywood! Bruehl presents this particular picture by way of reminder that the dancing dolls are not merely decorative. They know their stuff! The lithely acrobatic young lady is a member of the chorus of Corinne Griffith's film, "Lilies of the Field," just warming up to her work.



A young star whose charm has often been caught by the cameras, but never more vividly: Olive Borden. According to Anton Bruehl, she is one of the most exquisite attractions in all screenland, for she has a piquant grace that is not often found. That makes it practically unanimous, doesn't it?



Preston Duncan

BOTH girls and boys go in for berets now!
Here's Blanche Sweet wearing hers, and if
you'll look across the page you'll see—



Ruth Harriet Louise

NILS ASTHER sporting his. Nils is a happy man these days, because Vivian Duncan has promised to become Mrs. Asther.



Irving Chidnoff

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is scoring a hit on Broadway this season—as usual!—and repeating her triumphs in talkies.



Ernest A. Bachrach

BETTY COMPSON'S presence in a picture is a sure-fire indication of its success. The girl's a little gold mine!



IS Dolores Costello 'to be or not to be' in a talking film with friend-husband John Barrymore? That is the question!



Fred R. Archer

A SIREN from old Mexico, Armida, will join Lupe and Del Rio in the race for Latin honors. She sings, she dances!

CHEZ

Norma Invites You to Her New Beach House



Gilbert Roland and the parrot both look sea-going. But Gilbert draws the line at the bird's salty vocabulary.



Pretty Polly! And pretty picture star! Norma is just going in for talkies, while the parrot is an old timer.



Left: these charming Talmadges! Mrs. Talmadge, affectionately known as 'Peg,' with her daughters, Norma and Constance, her son-in-law, Townsend Netcher, Connie's husband, and Gilbert Roland, on the terrace of Norma's new house.



A beautiful boudoir for a lovely lady. If this is Norma's beach shack, we'd just like to see her town house! Can those be books on the table? Yes, and all the pages are cut, too. Norma really finds time to read.

TALMADGE

Step Up and Meet Miss
Talmadge and Company



Just after a swim, and just before a real sun tan. Norma spends much of her time between pictures at the beach.



Norma wearing the latest in lounging pajamas, of white satin with wide pleated trousers.

Right: just a little gray home in the west! The new Talmadge beach house at Santa Monica boasts a swimming pool in its front yard. Whenever Norma and her guests tire of it, they can step right out the front door into the ocean!



*All photographs
by John Miehle*

A view of the sun room with its comfortable furniture and inviting air of true hospitality. Perfectly appointed, Norma's new house yet has the atmosphere of the home that is really lived in.



Otto Dyar

WE hear that Mary Brian, the girl from Texas, has been going to the movies lately with Rudy Vallee. Well, who wouldn't?



Otto Dyar

KAY FRANCIS, the first talking vamp of pictures, has a technique all her own. Very, very dangerous—and delightful!



LOLA LANE, from the stage, already has won a small army of admirers by her clever, charming work in the Movietones.



Max Mun Autrey

MRS. FARRELL'S little boy, Charlie, from up Massachusetts way, is making quite a name for himself on the screen—yes, sir!



William Grimes

AND still they come, from the stage. But as long as 'they' are as gifted as Kay Johnson, they're welcome.

She's not the Type!

She is *Different*, and That's Why Kay Johnson is a Sensation in Hollywood

By Joseph Howard

KAY JOHNSON is Hollywood's newest riddle. She is a so-different person, with a so-different personality.

The wisecracks of the screen capital can't make up their minds where to place her in their long-established player classifications. Kay and her personality don't fit into any accepted groove.

This perplexing young woman, who made such a startlingly sudden jump from the footlights to the screen, isn't a 'type.'

Hollywood likes types. It likes to paste a nice label on its people, put them in a niche and keep them there. Kay won't be labeled or put in a niche.

Hollywood is worried. And you may believe it or not, it takes a lot to worry that all-seeing, all-hearing, all-knowing suburb of Los Angeles!

Kay Johnson is neither a flapper, a sweet young thing, a vamp or a comedienne, these being the four familiar types, with variations, of course.

In the first place, Kay is tall—taller than most of the women players. At one glance, Hollywood tore up the flapper label. Screen flappers are short of stature as well as of skirt. A svelte, young woman five feet and seven inches tall, is most assuredly not short. And the smartly-clad Miss Johnson demands that her skirts be designed to cover her knees.

Her voice, with its cello-like depth and its violin-like clarity, closed forever the 'sweet young thing' niche. To occupy that place, Hollywood demands dulcet tones and honey-sweet words. With the first vibrant word uttered by Kay, the second label fluttered back into place.

As for the third category, well, Kay's eyes, nor reclines in perfumed longues. No vamp is a vamp in Hollywood. She does all these things, and does them well.

Kay looks at the world through her eyes. She walks with the spring and grace of an athlete. Her vital energy keeps her from sinking into cushions or chairs, rather than sunk into cushions.

So that classification was out.

There remained only the last—comedienne. Even Hollywood didn't consider that, Hollywood which will consider almost anything.

Kay is just Kay, in a class by herself.

She isn't beautiful. According to accepted screen standards, she isn't even pretty. She is tall and sveltely angular. She has a frankly large mouth and a nose which defies the familiar 'tiptilted' and 'piquant.' It is unashamedly Romanesque. But she is personality personified.

Greater than beauty or prettiness is her charm.

She first burst upon Hollywood as the girl in the stage play, "The Silver Cord." Her story might be just another myth from a press agent's pen, if it were not so absolutely true.

Cecil B. De Mille happened to drop into the theater where "The Silver Cord" was playing. For two acts, his eyes never left Kay Johnson.

"I've found her," he sighed in contentment, as the curtain swished down at the end of that second act.

"Found who?" asked his companion, ungrammatical in his surprise.

"The lead for 'Dynamite.'"

Wherefore, being C. B., he did not hesitate. He called an usher, scrawled a few words on a card, and dispatched message and messenger to a young woman, who at that moment was calmly changing into her third-act gown, blissfully unaware that fate and the talkies were stepping into her life.

"You see," Miss Johnson explained later, "I had come to California on my honeymoon."

When Kay speaks of honeymoons she always smiles, displaying dimples such as she has since the days of Dorothy Dalton. What may be well to add, is the bride of a man, a man and director, who deserted the stage.

John, I had expected to give up the stage for personal appearances when a particularly long one came along. I had planned to settle down to a quiet life with a good and efficient wife, believing that I had found my life.

(Continued on page 112)



Delight Fans' REVIEWS

Farrell and Gaynor with words and music!



All-Dialog, Singing and Dancing

THE first night of this picture on Broadway was an exciting occasion. Crowds pushed and shoved good-naturedly in front of the Gaiety Theater. They were obviously waiting for something or somebody. So I waited, too. Pretty soon an elegant car drove up, and a man stepped out. It was Alfred E. Smith—one of New York's favorite sons. The crowd gave him a cheer—he smiled—and then he passed into the theater. And the crowd still waited. There must be someone else coming! Such a stir and buzz I hadn't heard since the last time Mary and Doug attended an opening. Sure enough! Another car stopped—a handsome young man poked his silk-hatted head out—the crowd rushed toward him. When he saw the mob he looked a little scared and drew back. Then he seemed to feel the friendly spirit surging up to greet him, and stepped right into the swirling mass. Eager hands seized him. He was half-carried, half-pushed across the sidewalk and into the lobby. Girls thrust autograph albums at him; one woman patted him gently as he was rushed past her. Men and women, they grabbed him and held him until the officers on duty came to his rescue and propelled him into the theater. And inside—more fans, who had paid admissions for the first night of "Sunnyside Up," appeared with more albums, and even when he had gained his

seat they followed him. Charlie Farrell, the Massachusetts kid from Hollywood, was on his first trip to Manhattan, and he was the town's idol that night.

So what did that first-night crowd think of "Sunnyside Up?" They loved it, of course. Charlie in person gave it all an extra glamour. And as the film unfolded its hilarious humor and tuneful songs and snappy dances it carried the crowd with it. The Cinderella story of Mollie Carr, east-side Irish lass who wins Jack De Puyster for her permanent boy-friend, has been told before under various aliases; but you would have thought it was a fresh idea, it was so enthusiastically received.

Janet Gaynor sings in a sweet baby voice such sure-fire song hits as *Aren't We All*; while Charlie joins her in *If I Had a Talking Picture of You*. Sharon Lynn leads the Eskimo number in which the chorus is so hot it literally melts the ice—on the *Grandeur* film and in the audience. De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson, three melody boys from Broadway, wrote book, lyrics, and music; and included just about everything they could crowd into one screen musical show. But I wish Mr. Fox would let Broadway boys be boys and save Janet and Charlie for his "Seventh Heavens." The delicate pathos of these two talented youngsters is too rare and fine to be drowned out in the boisterous boop-a-doop of Tin-Pan Alley.



Erich Von Stroheim in the title rôle of "The Great Gabbo," directed by James Cruze.

Climb Up on My Knee, Dummy Boy!

The Great Gabbo

All-Dialog

Now don't confuse this with The Great Garbo, whatever you do. Garbo is Greta than Erich Von Stroheim as Gabbo! Yes, Erich—"the man you love to hate." Here is Erich coming closer to pulling an Al Jolson than one would believe possible. He doesn't exactly sing *Climb Up on My Knee, Sonny Boy*; but just the same, Dummy Boy is on his knee; you can see it with your own eyes if you don't believe me.

Herr Doktor Von forgets directing and essays the rôle of a ventriloquist, and what is a ventriloquist without his dummy? The great, great Gabbo is minus a soul except when his better self speaks through the mechanical mouth of Dummy Boy. Gabbo himself is so heartless he even fires Betty Compson out of his act—Betty, who has done so much for the talkies! You can believe Gabbo is sorry before he's through. But then it's too late. This is the first time a ventriloquist and his dummy perform for the speakies. A magnificent idea gone somewhat stale. What's the matter with James Cruze? Von Stroheim finds his voice and loses, for me, his sinister charm. Betty Compson is splendid and amazingly versatile, going so far as to do an adagio dance. There are big numbers in color of a musical revue with usual embellishments, but one tires of seeing ladies of the ballet walking up and down stairs in intricate drills. They don't seem to be getting any, where, the poor dears!

Sophisticated and fascinating

A NEW angle on the eternal triangle, believe it or not! "The Lady Lies" is a sophisticated and fascinating picture, with Walter Huston as a merry widower, Claudette Colbert as a lovely lady, and two clever children occupying the corner of the triangle usually held down by an aggrieved wife. Good direction takes the story over the rough roads and makes the downward path lead upward so that everyone is happy after several exciting hours and no end of emotional stress. Before the picture finishes Mlle. Colbert must win over Mr. Huston's children, and I'm going to give you one guess—not three this time—as to whether she does it effectively. She won you, didn't she?

The comedy relief, and not in name only, mind you, is well taken care of by Charles Ruggles, in the happy rôle of an inebriate in the clutches of a blonde cutie. It's ungrateful to bring it up now, of course, but I can't help hoping that Mr. Ruggles will before long be given an opportunity to prove that he can be just as funny when sober. I recommend "The Lady Lies" as additional evidence that the talkies are fitting our celluloid infant into his long trousers.

THE LADY LIES

All-Dialog



Claudette Colbert, Tom Brown, and Patricia Deering in a tense scene from "The Lady Lies."

Amusing, wholesome, and expertly acted

Three Live Ghosts

All-Dialog



*Robert Montgomery and Joan Bennett
in "Three Live Ghosts."*

YOU'LL like this picture! How do I know? Because I looked around me when the lights went up after the showing at the Rivoli in New York and saw the satisfied faces of the customers—the clergyman was smiling faintly; the white-haired lady was still chuckling; two school-girls were chattering enthusiastically about young Robert Montgomery; while I—I was wishing that pictures like "Three Live Ghosts" would come along every day. They make the reviewer's lot a gay one.

Amusing, wholesome, and expertly acted, this screen version of the popular stage play will please all kinds of audiences—you, and you, and you, as Janet Gaynor sings in "Sunnyside Up." It concerns three buddies reported killed in action who turn up in person and very much alive on Armistice Day. They bring complications with them, to which the stepmother of one of them contributes more than her share. Beryl Mercer plays the stepmother and she is a joy. Such an actress! She is the leading character lady of the talkies. Charles McNaughton of the original cast, Claude Allister, whom you'll remember from "Bulldog Drummond," and Robert Montgomery are simply ripping, what? Joan Bennett is the girl in the case. If further recommendation is needed get in touch with me and I'll tell you more nice things about "Three Live Ghosts."

Honest, sincere, and courageous drama

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has given us a daring picture in "Young Nowheres"—a picture without a theme song, a single orgy, a ballet of beauties in their tantalizing scanties, and without a single sensational incident. And this just about suits me for a change. "Young Nowheres," I must warn you, will warm the cockles of your heart and make you believe this old world isn't such a bad place after all. It is an honest, sincere and courageous drama utterly lacking in the cheaper appeals that glitter temptingly under the label of 'box-office appeal.'

Here is the prize under-dog of the month, Dick as a helpless, beaten little elevator boy in a New York apartment house, a fellow neither colorful nor heroic.

"Young Nowheres" is a story which is difficult to put on paper—just the sentimental romance of the boy and girl, suffering from poverty, who have no place to go to be by themselves, no place to whisper their shy confidences. The boy's one spurt of daring comes when he has the thought to take the girl to a cosy apartment in his building—the owner being out of town—where they can have a fire in the fire-place and cook their own dinner in the kitchen. An evening—and Christmas Eve, incidentally—by themselves. Then there is the sudden arrival of the astonished tenant, who insinuates disgraceful goings-on and has the youngsters haled into night court, where the boy tells the story which is unfolded on the screen.

Dick gives a beautiful and sensitive performance, one of the finest I have yet seen in talking pictures; and Marian Nixon is wistfully lovely as the girl. Bert Roach, as an inebriated gentleman, is very, very funny. Thank Director Frank Lloyd for this gem of a picture.

Young Nowheres

All-Dialog



*Marian Nixon and Richard Barthelmess in
a scene from "Young Nowheres."*

Lola Lane really can sing—and does

The Girl From Havana

All-Dialog

JUST a happy family of crooks and detectives in this; but if you can tell one from the other you are a better sleuth than I am. And it's educational, too—we're treated to a trip through the Panama Canal—(pardon me while I wisecrack: it's funny one of the crooks didn't pick the locks on the canal.)

There! I'm all right now; back to business: a band of crooks have pulled a very neat hold-up in a jewelry store, and Paul Page—that nice boy, of all people!—seems to be the master-mind whether we like it or not. Crooks start for Panama—see map—with plunder. Now in Havana—see Perfecto—who but Lola Lane turns out to be a very pretty detective who is on the scent of these crooks. It's about time now for the theme song, and Detective Lane, passing herself off for the moment as a cabaret girl, warbles obligingly, which is all right with everybody because she really can sing. The action piles up when one of the crooks falls for Lola; and Lola falls for Paul. It's just like one of the good old serials, only all dressed up in new smart clothes. I had a good time with Lola and Paul in Havana; they must come and see us sometime.



Paul Page knocks out the villain while Lola Lane looks on in "The Girl from Havana."

Glorifying the American Newspaper Man

Big News

All-Dialog

Robert Armstrong as a reporter and Carol Lombard as his wife in "Big News."

GLORIFYING the American Newspaper Man; or, The Boy Reporter at Bay. When I see Robert Armstrong ornamenting a movie newspaper office I want to write my own theme song, entitled: "Sob sisters, why are you blue?"

Mr. Armstrong is one of my favorite actors and I have not been at all backward about declaring myself. He may not be handsome; his Irish profile falls far short of the godlike; but he is so human, so disdainful of manners and cheap tricks, that I raise my chapeau to him in all kinds of weather, cold in the head or no cold in the head. "Big News" is his latest, and it is good entertainment—not brain-taxing, not spectacular, but melodramatic, amusing, and never dull. Armstrong is a young 'old newspaper man' whose pretty wife, Carol Lombard, leaves him because of his general unreliability—though that really isn't fair of the girl, because she could always find him at his pet speak-easy. Soon after this jolt comes another; the boss fires him, and he walks out—into the sweetest little story ever told, a nice murder. Our Robert solves the mystery, reveals the murderer, writes his best story—and wins back his wife. And you get the impression that such goings-on are mere child's play compared to what the real newspaper man goes through as he pursues his daily duties.

My only quarrel with "Big News" is that they have fallen for the fallacy that most newspaper women wear funny clothes and flat-heeled shoes and go about slapping everybody on the back. I worked on a newspaper once and I was always catching my high French heel in the headlines. It isn't fair.

Carol Lombard, being a Mack Sennett School graduate, needs no advice as to how to look beautiful; but I do think she has something to learn about dramatic art. Gesture Six is a good gesture; why stick to Gesture One?

Ian Keith giving an excellent performance

THE GREAT DIVIDE

All-Dialog

THOSE wide open spaces where men are men have gone microphone. The men are men, all right—but they're all singing theme songs. Ask your auntie if she remembers "The Great Divide" when it was a stage smash; and then tell her that *Stephen Ghent*, the hero, is now singing *At the End of the Long, Long Trail* to Dorothy Mackaill. (Excuse poetry; just an accident.) It's all right with me and I'm sure it will be all right with auntie, for Ian Keith as *Stephen* gives an excellent performance. Dorothy Mackaill does not fare so well. *Senorita Mackaill* is one of our favorites; she can be charming and seductive—but in "The Great Divide" she is obliged to be merely a good example of bad manners. There are colorful scenes of the Mexican fiesta which are a treat to the eye and ear, and Myrna Loy contributes a song just to prove that Mexican vamps can be musical as well as ornamental! But "The Great Divide" is not a dramatic smash on the screen, perhaps because the drama of the Gay '90's and the modern theme song were not made for each other.



Ian Keith, Dorothy Mackaill, Myrna Loy and Creighton Hale in "The Great Divide."

A triumph for Gloria Swanson

THE TRESPASSER

All-Dialog



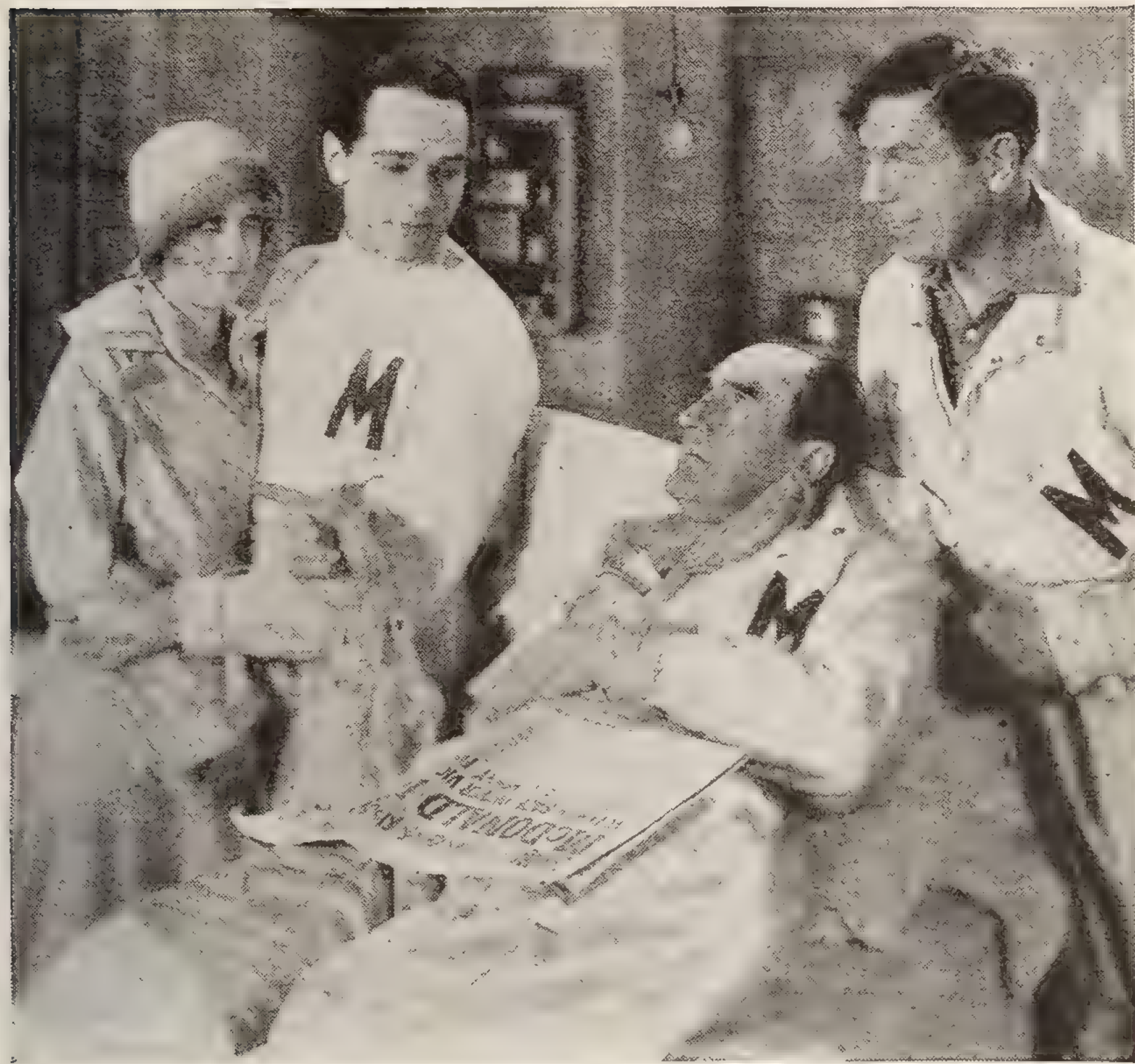
Gloria Swanson, Robert Ames and the baby in "The Trespasser."

SIC transit Gloria Mundi—and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and every other day that "The Trespasser" plays. That it will have a long run is a foregone conclusion. For one thing it brings Gloria Swanson back to the screen after a long absence. For another, it is an absorbing, dramatic entertainment which manages always to be interesting. Gloria's career in the sound pictures will be even more colorful and complete than her past career in the silent drama. She is a potent personality, one of the highly individual stars on the screen; and now that she has found vocal expression she becomes twice as exciting. She has definitely grown up, and the talkies make it possible for her new personality to achieve distinction—for maturity is no longer a curse on the celluloids. Depth, experience, character have suddenly become important, and Gloria Swanson has found a fine medium for her striking talents. Her voice is thrilling; what's more, it is really good. She speaks her lines with assurance and power; she sings her little songs with feeling and charm.

Edmund Goulding has done wonders with a story that might easily have become a trashy confession tale: that of a brave young girl who dares to have an 'illegitimate' child, to 'live her own life.' When the baby is a husky youngster she encounters his father again, and the rest is a dramatic solution of their problem. The direction is superb. The acting—by Gloria, Kay Hammond, Purnell Pratt, Robert Ames, and Henry Walthall, in the order named, is splendid. "The Trespasser" must not be missed.

Speed—in the person of Billy Haines

SPEEDWAY



*Anita Page, William Haines, Ernest Torrence
and Karl Dane in "Speedway."*

All-Dialog

IF you want speed, here it is—in person. Billy Haines is the spirit of wild young America or what have you. Devoted as I am to the Haines ebullience, I can't help wishing they would let our favorite boy friend romp in other pastures just for the change. And when I say change, that's what I mean. His company would pick up much more if the boy wonder were permitted occasionally to vary his methods in pictures; to remind his public that he is vastly more than a mere play-boy, capable of excellent performance in more subtle forms of entertainment. *Crash — boom — zam — wow!* And other cartoon ejaculations meaning that I have just been set upon by Mr. Haines' ardent followers and am being cuffed for my impertinence in daring to suggest that King Bill can do wrong. I'm not blaming him; I'm just suggesting. I admit his abilities as the premier smart-aleck of the ages; but I insist that he is much more than that. Oh, well—let it go! "Speedway" is a brisk and buoyant auto-racing comedy that keeps you whirling around the Indianapolis track until dizzy. Ernest Torrence is good, as always; and Anita Page is still positively the prettiest ingenue in the world.

Lovely lilting Viennese music—and J. Harold Murray

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

All-Dialog

B RING on the dancing girls—again! All right, there they are. You can have your dancing girls and I'll take J. Harold Murray. He is the handsome tenor who sang "Rio Rita" for Ziegfeld on the New York stage; and his heroine in this movie musical show is Norma Terriss, who sang for Flo in the original Manhattan cast of "Show Boat." Yes, yes—I know that John Boles sings *Rio Rita* on the screen; and Laura La Plante plays *Magnolia* in pictures; but why did you have to bring that up, anyway? You'll have us all confused in a minute, and we want to enjoy "Married in Hollywood." There is something in this show for everybody. You may prefer the lovely lilting Viennese music by Oscar Strauss. You may enjoy most the elaborate ballets of the stage scenes. You may immediately adopt Norma Terriss into your family of film favorites, and I won't blame you because Norma not only sings beautifully, but she is sweet and natural, and you can't say as much for every Broadway prima donna. As for me, I'll stick to my story and look at and listen to Mr. Murray—big, blond, and vocally impressive. The story? If you insist, it's a Hollywood co-starring combination of "Graustark" and "Cinderella." J. Harold, a royal prince, meets Norma, a singer, in Vienna, falls in love with her, and follows her to Hollywood. I can't very well keep you in suspense about the ending when the title gives it away, can I? And I do love to kid you! "Married in Hollywood" has all the staginess of the old-fashioned stage operetta which, transferred literally to the screen, may try your patience a trifle. But there's always the music—and Norma—and—J. Harold Murray.



*J. Harold Murray and Norma Terriss in the
Strauss operetta, "Married in Hollywood."*

Good Looks *for*

Gifts Which Thrill Feminine Hearts with Their Promise of Daintiness and Charm

As time passes, Christmases seem to come closer and closer together. When we were very young, we hung up our stockings on Christmas eve and rubbed our eyes to try to keep them open to see Santa Claus come down the chimney, only to wake in the chill grey dawn to find that once more he had put it over on us by stealing in just at the minute we were taking a teeny weeny nap.

So there was nothing to do but wait and try again next Christmas which seemed ages and ages away. The years passed, and we never did see Santa Claus, yet we kept right on believing in him and still do—at least I hope we do. But now, instead of next Christmas seeming ages away, it comes, goes, we turn around a few times, do just a few

of the things we had planned, and here it is again!

Soon the stores will be full of fascinating things and we will be urged to do our shopping early. That's why I'm asking you now, what do you want, and what are you planning to give for Christmas?

Well, what about good looks—for yourself, and for your friends? Most of us could use them, couldn't we? I remember a few years ago some earnest person wrote about the destructiveness of the holiday season on woman's charm. The strain on her good looks and disposition in trying to keep up under our false sense of Christmas, the aftermath of resentment and disappointment which is the result of a season of mere giving and taking—urging us to omit Christmas from our private calendars!

But I know you don't want to do that. I, for one, would as soon think of trying to cut out spring from the calendar as to try to cut out Christmas. Christmas, like life, is what we make it. Under its tinsel and color are happy memories, gifts which are symbols of love given gladly. Despite the cynicism, we do believe in Santa Claus, and we're not afraid of losing the true spirit of Christmas. But, lest we are tempted to become so frazzled in our efforts to make the holiday season the merriest ever, let's make a month-before Christmas resolution. A resolve that we will give our best selves for Christmas. A self that is fresh, rested, well-groomed, with a



Perfumes suited to the type, the mood, the costume. Billie Dove has them all.



Anita Page finds an atomizer a handy way to combine perfume with personality.

CHRISTMAS!

Miss Van Alstyne Will Answer by Mail
any Question You May Care to Ask

By Anne Van Alstyne

disposition that has kept its sweetness, generosity, sense of humor, and faith in the ultimate good. Let us make this a part of our giving.

Now, about good looks for Christmas. Wouldn't it be wonderful if some good fairy could send them to us, daintily wrapped in a Christmas box, or if Santa Claus could go about distributing what we want most on Christmas morning? A pair of mischievous grey eyes with long curling lashes for the quiet girl who writes me that she looks and acts and feels dull, yet she just longs to be popular. A Cupid's bow mouth in a holly box wrapped in red and gold ribbons for the girl who frets and frets over the shape of her mouth. A beautifully molded chin with a guarantee that it never, never will double itself. A lovely soft forehead without a pucker in it. Shiny, naturally waving hair.

Oh, well, this is only supposing. But, considering the universal desire for beauty, we can do the next best thing. If we can't hang good looks on the Christmas tree, we can pass them on, at least the makings of them. Real helps that will emphasize

the charm one already has and cover up the lack of those one hasn't. There is not a feminine heart that will not thrill to a gift which promises to impart to its recipient a bit of personal daintiness or charm. And the comforting thing is, these gifts can be purchased at any time as the shops always offer alluring possibilities for beauty gifts. We can "do our Christmas shopping early," or we can do it at the last minute if we have procrastinated and are at our wit's ends to know what to give Nancy Lou or Patricia Anne or grand-aunt Susan.

First, let's consider powder. Delicately scented, softly clinging, just the right shade and consistency for the skin that is to wear it. Include a vanity powder bowl of colorful glass to match the color scheme of your friend's dressing table and the gift will have the personal touch one likes to give at holiday time.

(Continued on page 108)

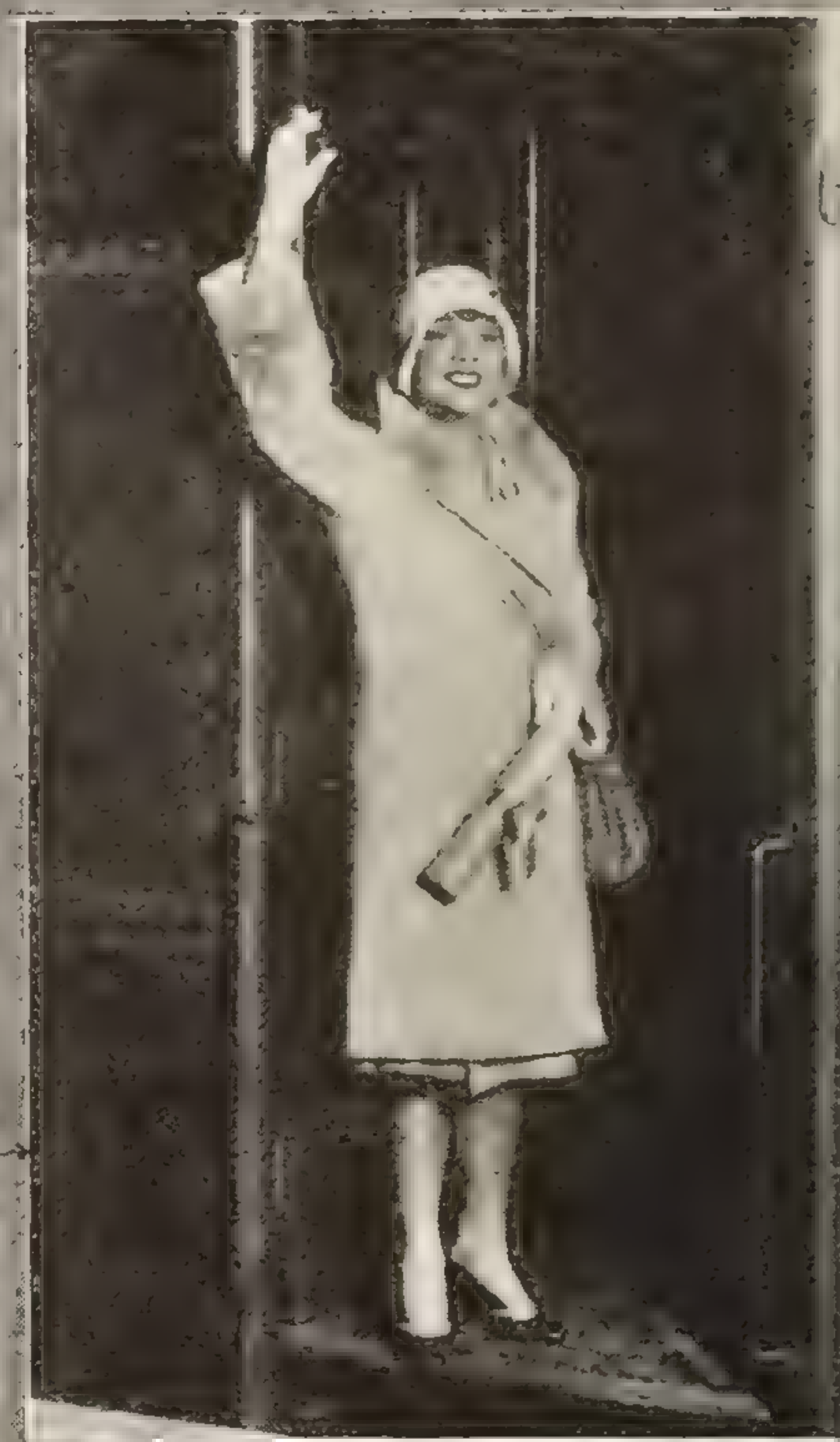
*Carmel Myers' modern
dressing-table suggests
perfumes for many
moods.*



Clara Bow performs the final rite: a touch of perfume just behind the ear.



In New



Above: Irene Bordoni, fresh from "Paris" in Hollywood, comes back to town for the opening of her picture.

Left: Mary and Douglas Fairbanks arrive on their way to Europe with Mary's young niece, Gwynne.

Lower left: Lillian Gish, who comes back to the screen after a long absence in a talking film.

They Come East for a Rest— and All the Rest!

OOH-LA-LA, oui, oui, and other Gallic expressions! Manhattan has gone absolutely Parisian, believe it or not. And just because a tiny, trim little French woman stepped off the train at Grand Central!

Irene Bordoni is her name. You're right—she should be no novelty to New York; she's been a Broadway star for ever so long. But somehow a flyer in films brings a celebrity nearer and dearer, if you know what I mean. We all feel now that we really know Mlle. Bordoni, whereas we were a little in awe of her before. She's really an important star, you see; and somehow one doesn't get so chummy with stars in this town as one does out in Hollywood. Anyway, her sojourn in the film colony making "Paris" has made La Bordoni a movie star, and she is

extremely obliging about posing for publicity pictures, and seeing interviewers, and all. —I know, because I was one of the interviewers! Not at all the super-sophisticated lady I'd imagined her, but friendly and vivacious and straightforward, she has a real sense of humor, American brand! She became an American citizen sometime ago, she told me.

"I like Hollywood so much!" she said, her brown eyes dancing. "It is like the South of France, where I was born. I feel at home there, more so than in Paris or New York." What an admission for a French charmer!

Bordoni is very proud of the fact that not only did she learn to swim in the pool on her Beverly Hills estate, but she even taught her two French maids the gentle aquatorial art! She took up tennis, too. She's nicely tanned,

York



Above: Dolores Del Rio and a tribute from one of the many admirers who applauded her personal appearance.

Right: George K. Arthur, the diminutive comedian, upon arrival snaps Manhattan as it snaps him.

Lower right: Lya De Putti, who leaves us for London where she will star in a stage play.



By Anne Bye

and it's becoming, with her very black banded hair and big velvety eyes. She once had a yearning to play tragedy, she confided. But it was not to be!

"My funny nose and laughing eyes," she explained, "would make the public laugh even if I attempted a tragic rôle. So—I am satisfied if they are!"

* * *

I hope you all saw Dolores Del Rio some place or other on her personal appearance tour with "Evangeline." Because if you missed her, you denied yourself a real treat. What a pity the camera can't capture all of Dolores' potent charm! She's so much prettier and daintier than she is on the screen. And she has a sort of suave fire that is absolutely unique among the movie girls. She's a sort of devilish lady! (Don't misunderstand me, *Senorita!*)

She stopped in Manhattan on her round of appearances and I never saw her look so well. Her chum, Claire Windsor, came east and stayed with her, and you never beheld a lovelier picture than these two made together—the dark and glowing Del Rio, the pink and gold Claire. Wise girls—they should always do a sister act; the beauty of each so perfectly sets off the other.

You probably heard rumors of Dolores' engagement to Ted Joyce, master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theater.

Well, I'm afraid it's just another one of those reports. Dolores met him while she and "Evangeline" were playing at his theater, and they liked each other. Then when she was in Brooklyn with her picture he was master of ceremonies there, too. But she says that they are 'just good friends,' so that, decidedly, is that. (Continued on page 110)

Come *into the* Kitchen

The Famous Star Tells Some Secrets tried and true, to add Zest and

By Sydney

THE foreign stars are bringing a Continental sophistication to the dinner tables of the film metropolis!

Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch brought German culinary *kultur* into Beverly Hills. Then came Lya de Putti, Victor Varconi, Vilma Banky and Alexander Korda with their Hungarian traditions; Ramon Novarro, Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez, hot from Mexico just across the border; Greta Garbo and Nils Asther, true to their Swedish inheritance, and so on through the list of foreigners who have invaded California kitchens.

It remained for Irene Bordoni, however, to popularize the French table at its best. Miss Bordoni is a true cosmopolite. She has lived in nearly every country in Europe and knows what each has to offer, but remains loyal to the chefs de France.

During the filming of "Paris," Miss Bordoni became one of the most popular hostesses in the film colony. She entertained liberally and well, and being of a generous nature, she attributes much of her popularity to the adroit catering of a French cook who has been with her for the past ten years. Wherever Miss Bordoni goes, her cook goes too. The French actress insists up-

Irene Bordoni working up an appetite for her own good cooking.



All the French are noted for their culinary ability, and Irene Bordoni is no exception.

on being nourished by experts.

In accounting for the success of her dinners, Miss Bordoni says that they are in reality a result of years of experimentation during which harmonious combinations have been worked out. Her cook has been trained, much like a chemist in a laboratory is trained, to know correct blendings and how they may be achieved.

The French actress compares the average American table to a vaudeville show—good in spots, but lacking in harmonious unity; whereas the French menu is carefully graded from hors d'oeuvres to demi tasse. What we need in this country, according to Miss Bordoni, is a proper balance instead of an over-abundance. She cited our Thanksgiving dinner repast as being typical of the American culinary ideal, and said she knew of no country in the world capable of offering a more lavish spread, the only drawback being the human capacity for food. In the larger cities, particularly New York and Chicago, where the influence of European chefs has been the most potent, she finds a tendency to curtail on quantity and to concentrate on an intelligently selected variety of delicacies.

Miss Bordoni referred to her first tour of the United States when she was impressed by the contrast in different states. In most European countries, she said, there is something approximating a national diet, but here, owing to the vastness of the territory and the variations in temperature and soil, as well as racial inheritances, this uniformity is lacking.

with Irene Bordoni

of the Chefs of France—Recipes, Flavor to the Dinner Table

Valentine



La Bordoni can sew as well as cook, and designs many of her own dresses.

MADEMOISELLE IRENE BORDONI'S FAVORITE RECIPE

TOMATO-PEACH SALAD A LA PERSHING:

Chill as many firm, middle-sized, sound, ripe tomatoes as you have service. Peel carefully, and using a sharp knife, cut a slice off stem end, then make at blossom ends, two cuts at right angles, running cuts at about two-thirds of tomatoes' thickness. Dredge with salt. Drain cut side down in a cool place thirty minutes.

Have chilled, firm, ripe freestone peaches peeled, and put on center of a nest of crisp lettuce leaves, half of a pitted peach open side down. Put over convex peach, a drained tomato, cut side down, and, with thumb and first finger of each hand, press it down on the peach, thus parting the section of tomato like the petals of a flower. From opened center remove seeds and drop just a tablespoon of cream mayonnaise. On this arrange in petal shape, some slices of bananas. At the base arrange a wreath of overlapping banana or peach slices, and, with a pastry bag and star tube, garnish with cream mayonnaise.

Add all the ingredients thoroughly chilled and set at base in center of petals, a fresh strawberry.

The New Englander represents one school of cooking; the Southerner another; the Midwesterner, another and the residents on the Pacific Coast still another. Of these, Miss Bordoni found the Southern cook the most advanced in the art of pleasing the taste with a rich variety of well-seasoned food.

According to Miss Bordoni, a nation's civilization may, in no small measure, be gauged by the output of its kitchen.

When asked for the secret of the world-wide popularity of French cooking, Miss Bordoni said that the fame of the French kitchen should be attributed to 'a certain something,' characteristic of the French temperament. The French chef has an intuitive feeling for the nuances of flavor, hence the dominance of French sauces.

"A good sauce requires imagination in its planning," says

(Continued on page 124)



The colorful breakfast room in Miss Bordoni's Beverly Hills home where the star's own French cook serves Benedictine.

The Best Lines of the Month

From "Why Leave Home":

Jackie (Jean Barry): "Don't introduce me to any more architects. The last one I went riding with left his blue prints on my neck!"

From "The Lady Lies":

Joyce (Claudette Colbert): "Is he always like that?"

Rossiter (Walter Huston): "Always! He was born with a silver flask in his mouth."

From "Big News":

Steve (Robert Armstrong): "You're not going to tell me it's raining outside!"

Vera (Cupid Ainsworth): "No, I sprinkle myself every morning. It keeps me fresh."

Margaret (Carol Lombard): "Drinking is a mental habit—you actually get more stimulation out of tea."

Steve (Robert Armstrong): "Yeah, and then you turn into a Chinaman and open a laundry."



From "Sunnyside Up":

Bee (Marjorie White): "Well, now that John Gilbert's married, who is your suppressed desire?"

Molly (Janet Gaynor): "Rin-Tin-Tin!"

Left: Janet Gaynor; and right, Marjorie White, in "Sunnyside Up."



LOUISE DRESSER'S

Ten Commandments

1. Have faith in your mirror, though you doubt your friends.
2. Let your first glimpse of the day be heavenward.
3. Have confidence in your power to make or unmake men.
4. Cultivate common sense, woman's glorious gift.
5. Smile honestly, and obey God's command 'to give.'
6. Give happiness, and reap the reward a hundred-fold.
7. Take nature as your model of beauty.
8. Do not spoil everything by overdoing; rather leave something undone.
9. Believe in beauty, and all things will become beautiful.
10. Acknowledge goodness and blessedness, and enjoy life fully.

By Laska Lewis



Louise Dresser as she was twenty-five years ago, when she was the belle of Broadway.



*Louise Dresser wins picture stardom at forty-seven
—and she's looking forward to a great future!*

THESE are Louise Dresser's ten commandments. Originally, they were Lillian Russell's maxims. Digest these maxims thoroughly, girls, and you'll know Louise Dresser. By these ten commandments of common sense she has ordered a glorious life and career.

Is a feminine screen star through at thirty-five?

Louise Dresser stands as the refutation of that traditional fallacy. She is forty-seven! In the silent movies, youth and beauty had ruled over acting ability until Louise Dresser came along and crashed through the barrier of tradition that kept middle-aged actresses in the background.

Louise Dresser wins stardom at forty-seven. Isn't this a sublime message of faith and encouragement to middle-aged womanhood?

"I'm just getting started," confided Louise. "I have a new life and career ahead of me, and if I didn't know that my best work is yet to be done I'd be ashamed to face my patron saint." From a silver frame on the wall, a lovely vision smiled her benediction. The patron saint was Lillian Russell.

"God not only blessed Lillian Russell with rare beauty, talent and a remarkable mind, but he bestowed upon her the roomiest heart in the world. She enjoyed life to the utmost because she was so busy helping others, so busy keeping everybody happy. Her reality was within.

"How many young girls she helped over rocky roads will never be known. She took me under her sheltering wing some twenty-five years ago when I was undergoing the sensation of my first success in a Broadway musical show, "About Town" with Lew Fields. (Continued on page 125)

Let's Go to

Read Screenland's Revuettes and be for the Worth-While in Audible Screen



Blackmail

A breath of something different is this all-dialog picture, fresh from England, which opens with a fine staccato quality as Anna Ondra, a lovely Hungarian girl playing the English heroine, stabs an artist in his studio. Anna's fiancée, John Longden, happens to be a detective on the force at Scotland Yard—the detective headquarters of Great Britain. Torn between love and duty, love for his sweetheart on one hand and his duty to Scotland Yard on the other, Longden helps Anna conceal her crime. The highlight of the film is the excellent performance of one Donald Calthrop, as a blackmailer, who attempts to extort money from the young couple. Nearly every movie fan will enjoy this interesting story which brings British life and customs, and picturesque spots of dear old London.



Flight

Fancy flying—the best I ever saw. A real air saga, with the United States Marine Aviation Corps providing the thrills and Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee the romance. The fight between nine bombing planes and the Nicaraguan general commanding his guerillas is tremendous. But the big spot is where a pilot crashes spectacularly. Not a sad film, but swell.



Side Street

A home-spun story of three brothers in humble circles, one of whom goes crooked—the others rising to decent professions. This will prove interesting to many fans since three real brothers play the rôles—Tom, Matt and Owen Moore, with Kathryn Perry, in off-stage life, Owen's wife, enacting the heroine. Matt gives an excellent, restrained performance.



Big Time

Another of these back-stage hooper stories, this time featuring Mae Clark and Lee Tracy, as the married couple. Josephine Dunn does her usual vamping act but Daphne Pollard, a hard-boiled blonde seal trainer, and Stepin Fetchit, the back-stage porter, win the humor laurels. A human climax, where the wife, as a famous Hollywood star, is reunited with her husband.



Tonight At Twelve

A lot of our old friends are in this one—Madge Bellamy, George Lewis, Margaret Livingston, Vera Reynolds and Norman Trevor among them. George is an only child, with Madge so much in love that she takes a job as maid in a neighboring house. A lot of hocus-pocus, with papa, Robert Ellis, running wild. Madge gets her Georgie and the audience gets relief.

the Movies!

Guided, Aided, and Abetted in Your Search
Entertainment. Come On, Let's Go!

Why Leave Home?

When husbands go out in search of chorus girls, what is the remedy? Why, wives should seek distraction with college boys. But, we want you distinctly to understand that the wives are nice ladies—and the chorus girls, too. In this Sue Carol-Nick Stuart all-talkie we have the stage play, "Cradle Snatchers," made over, with a few of the hotter features omitted. The hit of this movie is David Rollins. As a bashful college boy studying architecture, he is a riot. Pretty little Jean Barry sets the speed for the film. Sue Carol is cute and vivacious as one of the peppy chorus girls and pert Dixie Lee gives a nice performance, too. A harmless little spectacle with the younger generation whooping it up and the older ones wishing they could.



The Careless Age

Loretta Young and young Doug Fairbanks who made such a tremendous hit in "Fast Life" again warm up the screen. But this time, despite their excellent team-work, owing to a certain sophomoric quality in the story, the film falls short of its predecessor. Pretty theme song, *Melody Divine*, and excellent direction make it worth seeing.



The Hottentot

Eddie Horton in an all-talkie taken from the popular yarn. Eddie is good in this horsey story, including the steeplechase and everything. The top notch of humor is reached when *Hottentot*, the horse, gulps a meal of apples and water, and provides much merriment. Patsy Ruth Miller and Douglas Gerrard, playing a butler, do good work.



St. Louis Blues

That old song favorite, *St. Louis Blues*, dramatized by an entirely colored cast, into a picture full of color, speed, tragedy and song. Bessie Smith, the dusky contralto, sings in a way to wring your heart. A treat all around, for when those negroes tune up and sing in the speak-easy sequence, it's a dramatic choral which no Russian art choir can surpass.



The Argyle Case

Thomas Meighan's debut as a talkie star in a mystery melodrama full of secret service agents, counterfeiters, sliding panels and dictagraphs. Tommy is assisted by Lila Lee, looking remarkably pretty and speaking well; H. B. Warner, and Bert Roach and Zazu Pitts, a comedy team. Meighan's voice is excellent and his work lends conviction to an unconvincing plot.

HOT *From*

ONE day recently we saw a mob of extras patiently holding their 'spot' in a garden scene, waiting for a cue. Finally, Micky Neilan yelled to the mixer, "Why the delay?" And from some distance away, yelled through the loud speaker, came the reply: "Believe it or not, Mr. Neilan, I'm waiting for a street car!"

* * *

No, Norma Shearer Thalberg isn't going to be a mama. "Honor to whom honor is due," and in this case, the honor is Mrs. Howard Hawks', wife of the Fox director and sister of Norma whom she strongly resembles. "I don't feel that I can successfully combine motherhood and a career," said Norma when discussing the rumor of her prospective motherhood. "When I have children, I want to settle down and give them my undivided attention."

* * *

The other night we saw John Boles drinking a limeade at the drug store opposite the Chateau Elysee. "What are you doing out alone at this hour of the night?" we asked. "My wife is a bridge fiend and I hate it, so I went to see 'The Single Standard,'" said John. That's the wild life these Hollywood actors lead.

* * *

The opening of "Marianne," starring Marion Davies, was probably the most distinguished premier ever seen on the Pacific Coast. It was more like the New York opening of a much-talked-of play, not a movie. The Mayan Theater, turned into a movie palace for the run of "Marianne," is a small house, and the audience was necessarily a select one. All seats were at a premium and bids ran high, but the house was sold out a week before the opening. Marion bought almost the entire first floor for her friends. Everyone was there, not only the stars, but celebrated people from professions other than the theatrical world, including Winston Churchill, the noted British statesman.

* * *

Hal Roach's Gang admitted a new member recently in the person of Edgar Kennedy. Edgar will

*Photographs of
Nancy Carroll
by Otto Dyar.*



If Nancy's name had a few less letters, she might be a Christmas carol instead of Nancy Carroll. However, instead of caroling she's giving three cheers from the rooftops. It's a quaint old Hollywood custom.

HOLLYWOOD

Studio News and Star Gossip

not replace any of your favorites. He is merely an added attraction. Mr. Roach and Mr. McGowan, their patient director, have thought for a long time that there ought to be a cop on the job to help them out in disciplining the gang and now they have him.

* * *

Mrs. Richard Arlen, wife of the Mayor of Toluca Lake, California, was brought into court for calling a gentleman names in a theater. What do you think of that? In other words, the play Joby Ralston was appearing in didn't meet with the approval of the bench, and the whole cast was arrested! Why, Jobyna!

* * *

I had to copy this all down so's I wouldn't make a mistake and I hope I have it straight.

Ben Lyon has been presented with wings of the 478th Pursuit Squadron, of the 322nd Pursuit Group, of the Air Corps of the United States Army Reserve! There now, I guess that will hold you for awhile! He has, in addition to this, flown all the hours it is necessary to fly to be a transport pilot, and is now studying navigation and meteorology.

In his free time he makes motion pictures. His next, is for RKO and Bebe Daniels will be his leading lady. They've changed the name of the picture twice so far, so what's the good of my telling you what it is? It will be something else before this

dries on the press. 'Oh, yes, Ben and Richard Dix too are studying singing with Bebe Daniels' teacher, who is a wow. His name is Otto Morando.

P. S. Just as I was about to send this off, Ben called me up and said he wasn't going to do the RKO picture after all! I was scandalized.

"What's the matter? Have you and Bebe had a fight?"

Mr. Santa Claus's little girl, Nancy, all dressed up for Christmas Eve, has been up and down chimneys distributing toys. Oh, Nancy—where's ours?





Carol Lombard's gown is too tight to sit down in, so this clever 'support' was devised by the studio on which she can relax between scenes.

I asked.

"Lord, no!" said Ben. "But Howard Hughes takes this time to begin again on 'Hell's Angels,' and I gave my word I'd see the darn thing through to the bitter end, so I have to cancel the RKO picture."

* * *

William Fox opened up two new buildings at Fox Hills.

One was the Laboratory of Engineering Research, containing departments for the electrical laboratory, research laboratory, maintenance department, drafting room, and organ room. The other was the Café de Paris, a swanky restaurant. Lois Moran, after a graceful speech, unveiled the tablet on the building for engineering; and Mlle. Fifi D'Orsay did the honors for the Café. She prefaced the unveiling by a song entitled *Give Your Baby Lots of Lovin'*, and put the song over with a bang. Maybe you think the important thing about a song is a person's voice. Fifi doesn't think that and proves her point.

* * *

Juliette Compton, who appears in "Woman to Woman," with Betty Compson, tells a good one on herself. When she first went to London the furnishing of her house was a serious

occupation. At one very exclusive shop she was intent on a selection of chairs. There were three that attracted her eye, all in a row against the wall. She had been allowed to roam at will, but in a moment a very attractive salesman came up with two ladies who also were attracted to the chairs. All three women tried them out, sitting first in one and then in the other until it reminded Juliette of the fairy tale. "We are like the three bears," she laughingly told the ladies. "You are the big bear, you are the middle-sized bear and I, being the smallest person here, am the little bear."

The lady on her right looked somewhat shocked, Juliette thought, but the lady on her left whom she had tagged as



The first picture of Mrs. Lydell Peck, née Janet Gaynor. Her husband is a successful young lawyer. Yes, Janet will return to the screen.



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess give a yaching party. Among those present are Florence Vidor, Jascha Heifetz, (Mr. Vidor) and Beatrice Lillie.

the big bear laughed heartily and enjoyed the joke immensely. When they went out the salesman came to Juliette and said in a frigid voice, "Madame! You have just called the Queen of England a big bear!"

* * *

Paramount recently had *such* an unfortunate experience owing to the temperament of one of its actors. Not only temperament, but depravity. Everything has been done for this young person. He has his special chair, made higher than the average because he isn't so tall; he has his special room with a canopied bed where he may rest during the time he is not working; he has a Paramount limousine at his disposal to take him to and from the studio—in fact,



After playing in British productions for the past eight years, Juliette Compton is back in Hollywood, playing in "Woman to Woman."



A 'Cook's Tour' of Fox City, conducted by Will Rogers and Irene Rich. They are showing their children and Fred Stone's youngsters the wonders of the studio.



Carlotta King, a new screen warbler, made her debut in "The Desert Song." Her husband, Sydney King Russell, is a poet and song writer.

everything possible has been done for his comfort and happiness. And what does he turn around and do? Why he goes into a tantrum and screams himself right off the set while the director, Lothar Mendes, was trying so hard to get the scene finished. And all because his bottle was a few minutes overdue! Some folks have no sense of propriety or gratitude at all. So that you will be able to watch this inconsiderate young man closely I will tell you that the picture he is appearing in is "The Children." His name is Donald Smith and he is nine months old.

* * *

A very attractive young lady visiting Hollywood declared Richard Dix the most adept person at subtle compliment she had ever met. As the young lady hails from the sunny south it means something, for there are few men in the States who can turn a more graceful compliment a pretty girl's way than the lads from Dixie.

"Richard Dix told me," she said, "that the girl he marries must have a sense of humor; and then he almost killed himself laughing at some of my poor little jokes. He said, too, that the girl he marries must have a brain, and then during the discussion of one or two serious subjects he became enthusiastic over my angle on them, declaring that my viewpoint was 'profound.' Of course he didn't mean a word he said, but wasn't it charming flattery?"

Dimitri Tiomkin, noted pianist-composer, and his wife, the famous Albertina Rasch, are busier in Hollywood than they ever were in New York, which is saying something! The composer, familiarly known as 'Dimitri,' will write special vocal numbers for sixteen ballets for M-G-M this season, while his wife will create unusual dancing revues which will be shown in natural colors.

* * *

A group of film directors recently stated that women, starting out far behind men in favor as talking picture performers, have now eclipsed their rivals—and voted the best performances of the talkies last year to have been given by women. According to them, honors go to Dorothy Mackaill in "His Captive Woman," Jeanne Eagles in "The Letter," Ruth Chatterton in "Madame X," Loretta Young in "Fast Life," and Mary Pickford in "Coquette." Three cheers for the ladies!

* * *

While the Brown Derby is turning the Montmartre



Between swims, Jimmy Gleason and his secretary, Sydney Haines, manage a little dictation. Nice boss!

And the reticent Miss Garbo was there too, though not that night. I imagine Greta would go a long way 'round to avoid a restaurant on a night she knew there would be a crowd, such as an opening night.

* * *

Engagements and marriages have been coming thick and fast this month. Sometimes you hear of the marriage simultaneously with the engagement. As in Janet Gaynor's case when she married Lydell Peck, an Oakland lawyer. And Ruth Elder jumping from her plane into the arms of Walter Camp, Jr. Ruth stated that she wanted now to have everyone forget about Ruth Elder, and she meant it. The reason she married as hastily as she did was so that she might avoid the 'circus' wedding she knew she would be forced to tolerate if she announced her plans.

It was unfortunate that Ruth lost her maps in the recent Women's Air Derby, thereby hampering her speed, but this may be forgiven her owing to the flutter her heart was in,



Kathryn Crawford and her mother, Mrs. Harold F. Young, are together again. Fifteen years ago, Miss Crawford's parents separated and Kathryn went to California with her father. An interview in which she told of losing all trace of her mother resulted in their reunion in Hollywood.

green with jealousy at the luncheon hour, Henri's still holds its own for the 'after the theater' rendezvous. While partaking of a snack ourselves after the opening of "Marianne," my companion, not in pictures, who was in the midst of an animated description of something or other, suddenly suspended all action and took on the expression of a petrified goldfish. Turning to see what event had caused this extraordinary phenomena, I saw Charlie Chaplin approaching our table on his way to his own particular one at the back of the dining-room.



Greta Garbo and Lew Ayres making a tennis scene for "The Kiss." Note camera truck at the right.



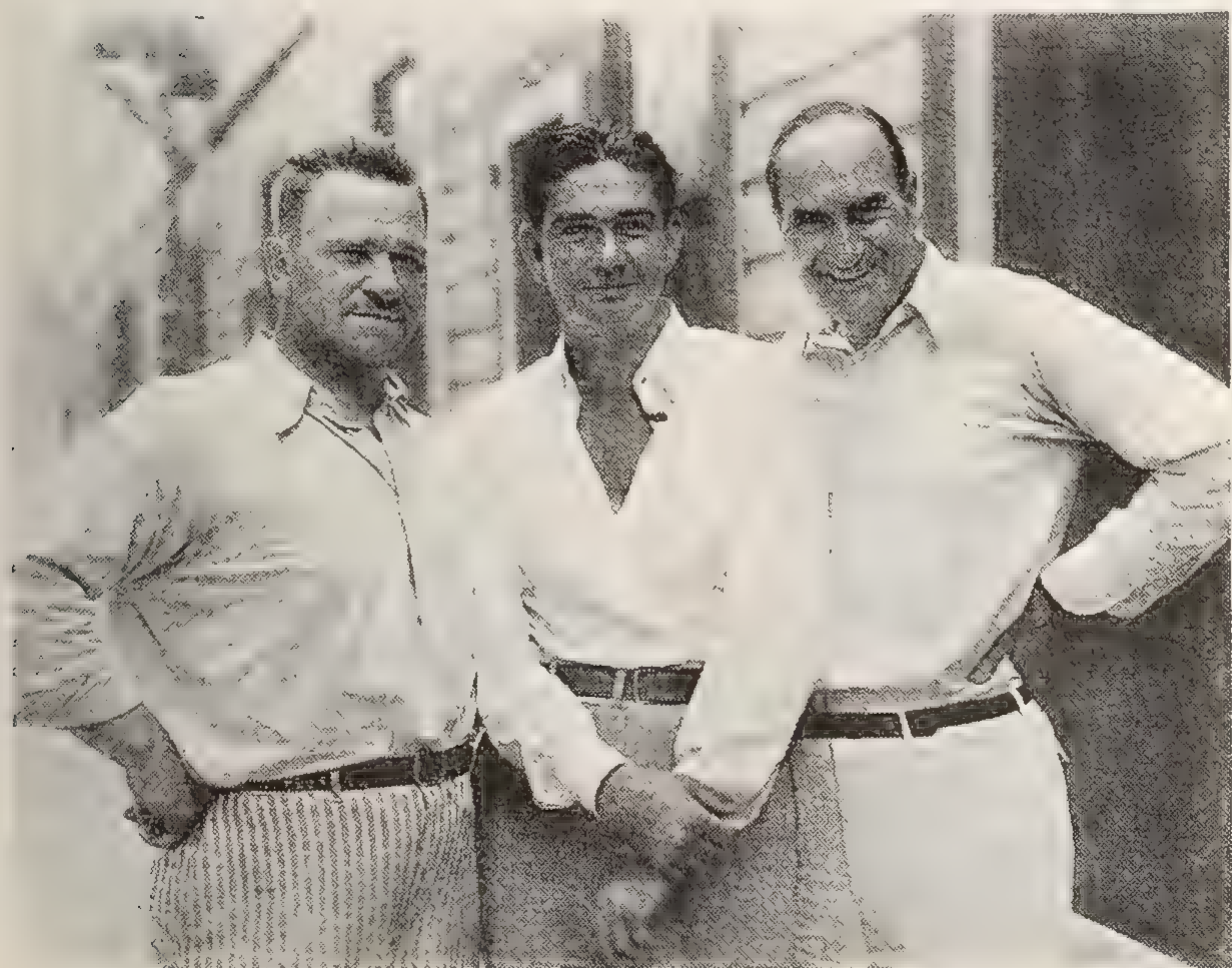
Just a little Hawaiian girl going in for literature. Lenore Ulric is made up for her rôle in "South Sea Rose."

because Wally Camp asked her to marry him just as the motors, preparatory for the flight were being tuned up. Although she didn't win, she has at least proved that she really can fly. Although had the doubting Thomases taken the trouble to look up Ruth's record they would have found that at the time of that now historic trans-Atlantic hop, she had her first two licenses: her pilot's license and the one that permits a pilot to carry passengers, though not for hire. She was going to keep on until she got her transport license, and I expect that by this time she has done so, for she spent many hours in the air this summer.

* * *

In "Lilies of the Field," which stars Corinne Griffith, and features so much loveliness, there is a dance scene which is supposed to be the last word in S. A. Directing it, Alexander Korda said, "Come on, now, girls—step into it. Get hot! Get hot!"

Betty Boyd, gowned in a very gorgeous and bouffant cos-



Three husky he-men pause on the lot to have their pictures taken. Wallace Beery, George Hill and Ernest Torrence.

tume, said: "Get hot! Say, I'm on fire!" And she was! The gown was ruined, but owing to the texture Betty herself was saved from harm.

* * *

Blanche Sweet steps before the incandescents again in M-G-M's "The Night Hostess," directed by Robert Ober. She will also do one at Warners', "Always Faithful," directed by Al Cohn.

* * *

There is a new club being formed in Hollywood, very exclusive, and it may rival the Mayfair. Enrolled at the Embassy so far are Marion Davies, Charles Chaplin, Betty Compson, Constance and Norma Talmadge. It is on Hollywood Boulevard next to the Montmartre and is patterned after the Club of the same name in London.

* * *

Ah, there, Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther! They were engaged two years ago, but it was broken off; and they didn't see each other during all that time until the 'Duncs' picture, "Cotton and Silk," was well started on the Metro lot. Nils was finishing



Margaret Mann has played innumerable movie mothers, and it now falls to her to portray a queenly rôle which she does with grace and dignity. As Queen Victoria in "Disraeli," she presents a perfect picture of 'our dear Queen.'

up a picture with Greta Garbo and his stage was next to Vivian's. Of course they met, and first thing anyone knew the old romance was on.

* * *

And now—Hollywood is all excited because Rudy Vallee and Mary Brian are again—or is it yet—on very good terms. They met some years ago at Yale, and when Mary was in New York, she and Rudy were 'seen together' and now that she is in Hollywood they are again 'seen together' and frequently. Well, that's all right, we're for it.



Joan Crawford made Miss Vee Dee work overtime answering inquiries about this 'Modern Maiden.' What price popularity?

ASK ME

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.



Ramon Novarro keeps our 'Answer Lady' busy answering questions concerning him. It's all right, Ramon, we like it!

JULIO S. of Camaguey, Cuba. Who is the star the girls are all so crazy about? Now you've asked me something that sets the old brain to work. If you mean Davey Lee, that's one answer; but if you mean Buddy Rogers, that's something else again. Buddy's latest release is "Illusion," with Nancy Carroll. Davey Lee's new pictures are, "Say It With Songs," with Al Jolson and "Skin Deep," with Monte Blue and Betty Compson. Mary Brian's latest picture is "The Virginian," with Gary Cooper, and she is now working in "The Children."

C. E. S. of Peoria, Ill. You think my column is grand, do you? I don't think it's so bad myself. I'm very proud of my fan mail. The waste basket never gets an unanswered letter and I give everyone my personal attention. Thomas Meighan's latest film is "The Argyle Case," an all-talkie from the Warner Brothers Studios. You can reach Dorothy Gulliver at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Eddie Nugent and Polly Moran at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Sam Hardy is a free-lance player.

Melsonic Ann of Orange, N. J. Wouldn't that give you a permanent wave for life? Mary Kornman is no longer with 'Our Gang Comedies,' and the roly-poly kid, Joe Cobb, has been replaced by Norman 'Chubby' Chaney. The new member is 8 years old and is not Lon Chaney's son. Can I tell you about Charlie Melson? Why not? Charlie's real name is Zachary Charles Melson and he was born in New York City on Sept. 12, 1901. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 6¾ inches tall and weighs 140 pounds; has been master of ceremonies in many eastern theaters, and is married to a professional. Colleen Moore's hair is not red but a dark brown. Dorothy Mackaill is not married now.

Ruth P. of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Horse operas are still being made but several of the western stars have taken the air—don't you worry, they come down again in order to open their fan mail and get in trim for another flight. Ken Maynard is married. He was born July

21, 1895, at Mission, Texas. He has black hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 181 pounds. Among Ken's latest films are "The Royal Rider," with Olive Hasbrouck and Philippe de Lacy; and "The Lawless Legion," with Nora Lane.

Ambrocio H. of Hakalau, Hawaii. Of course I'll answer through the magazine any questions about the screen players you may ask; or if you'll send me an addressed



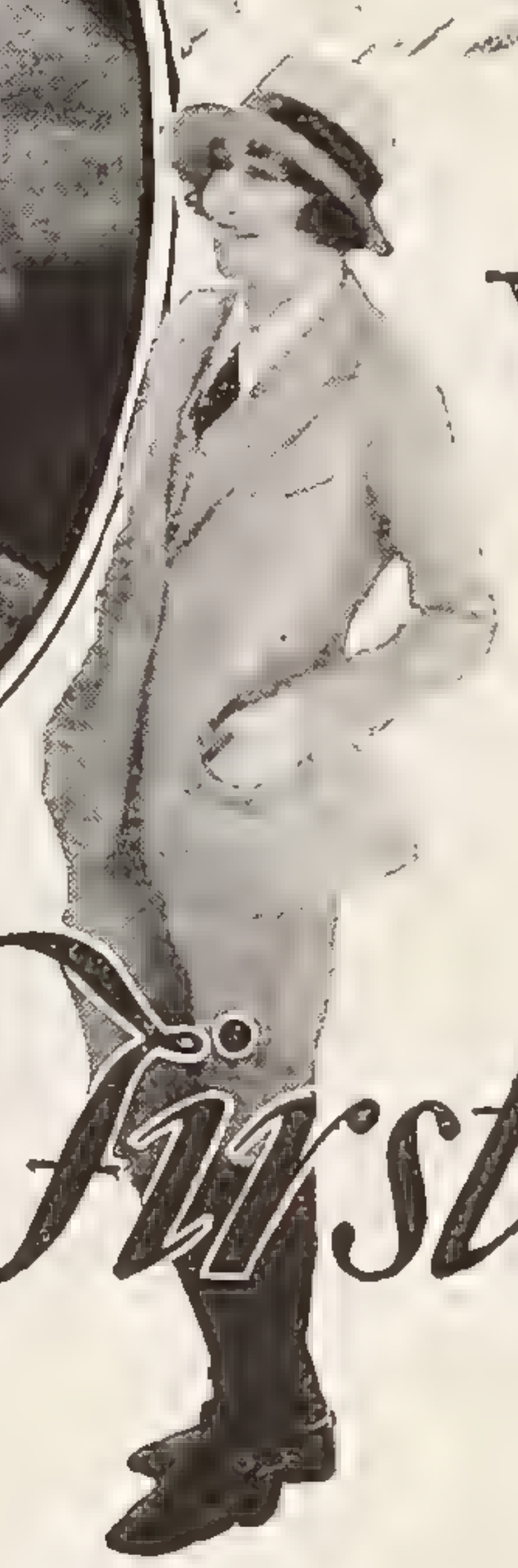
Jack Mulhall's next picture is "Murder Will Out"—and so will popularity. Ask Miss Vee Dee!

envelope I'll reply by letter, but I do not send out pictures of myself. I'm too modest to have photographs taken. My posing is all supposing, if you get my meaning, and three cheers for you if you do.

Genevieve from Sarnia, Ontario. From the town Marie Prevost put on the movie map—just hook up on your television and listen in. Marie was born in 1898 and is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She was in the all-star cast of "The Godless Girl." Neil Hamilton's wife is Elsa Whitner, a non-professional. Neil was born Sept. 9, 1899, at Lynn, Mass. One of his latest releases is "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," with Jean Arthur.

Rosemary from Lausanne, Switzerland. You think my remarks are peppy and smart, do you? Then all my deep thinking hasn't been in vain and I can extend my hand across the Alps and welcome you to this circle of movie lovers. Arthur Lake is coming right along in the big features and his fan mail is getting heavier. Don't say I told you, but he reads it personally! He was born in Corbin, Kentucky, about 20 years ago. He has light brown hair and blue-gray eyes. He appears in "On With the Show," the all-color, all-talking and singing picture. You can write to him at Warner Brothers Studio. Janet Gaynor's first all-talking film is "Sunny-Side Up."

Lillian T. of Los Angeles. Rumors about Miss So-and-So and Mr. Such-and-Such are just another funny number on the telephone to me, but any information you may glean from my department is the last word and authentic. "The Trespasser" is Gloria Swanson's first all-talking picture. Robert Ames of stage fame is her leading man. Gloria was born March 27, 1897, in Chicago, Ill. She has dark brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 1½ inches tall. She began her screen career at the old Essanay Studios, in Chicago. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. appear together for the first time in the all-talking screen version of "The Taming of the Shrew."



**WILLIAM
BOYD**

IN

His First Command

with Dorothy Sebastian

All the world loves a lover and a "rookie"—and William Boyd is both in this romantic story of the making of a "first-class fighting man." The scene of the action is laid at renowned Fort Riley in Kansas, around which so much thrilling frontier history was written in the days of the old West.

The participation of the entire Second and Thirteenth U.S. Cavalry regiments lends an authentic military flavor to HIS FIRST COMMAND that quite lifts it out of the realm of "make-believe." If you want action, thrills, laughs and romance, see it when it comes to your local theatre!

Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA RALPH BLOCK, Associate Producer

ALL MUSIC-ALL SOUND-ALL DIALOGUE

Pathé  Picture

Watch for these
other great Pathe hits!



OH, YEAH!

with
**ROBERT ARMSTRONG and
JAMES GLEASON**

A comedy of that class of society
which travels under, not in, Pullmans.
Directed by TAY GARNETT



RED HOT RHYTHM

with ALAN HALE

A picture that turns "Tin Pan Alley"
inside out and reveals its human side.
Directed by LEO McCAREY

Supervised by
WILLIAM CONSELMAN



**CONSTANCE BENNETT
in RICH PEOPLE**

A look at life from the viewpoint of
those who have so much money they
can't get out from under its depressing
influence!

Directed by
EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
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Besides the eloquence and elegance of whispered words, the gentle insinuations of soft music, sound brings to the screen the fascinating rustle of hidden silks, the significant tinkle of crystal touched in toasts, the rich jingle of jewelled ornaments, the world-wide language of a kiss. The very ticking of a clock that sends time on its endless journey may have its important influence on the pictured story. Even silence, itself, is fraught with greater meaning in its rarity.

The talkies have made the whole world sound-conscious. And to the millions who pass between the monoliths of movie theaters to seek the well of romance long since run dry in their work-a-day lives, the new medium will bring a mighty stimulant to deadened imaginations. The notes of a bird will cease to be mere irritating chirpings. They will conjure up visions of moonlight and nightingales. Music hath its charms at least to suggest soft lights. And low lights lead to love. And love, after all, is what makes the world go round. Which is what Mr. Mayer might have mentioned to President Hoover.



Norma Terris and her new husband,
Dr. Jerome Wagner.

For better entertainment never miss a Columbia Picture—Ask your favorite Motion Picture Playhouse when these all-talking Columbia features will be shown.

FLIGHT

Daring air adventures as the background of an absorbing romance brilliantly told in voice and pictures—featuring Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee, with a superb cast.

Directed by Frank R. Capra who thrilled you with "Submarine".

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Following *Submarine*, spectacular thriller, comes *Flight*, *Broadway Scandals*, *Song of Love* and soon *Wall Street*, a mighty drama of the Street, *Broadway Hooper*, a tale of Tin Pan Alley, *Acquitted* and others.

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A gorgeous review. A delightful backstage romance. All-star cast. 50 scintillating chorus girls. Peppy melodies, snappy dances. Sally O'Neill, Jack Egan and Carmel Myers at their best. Directed by George Archambault.

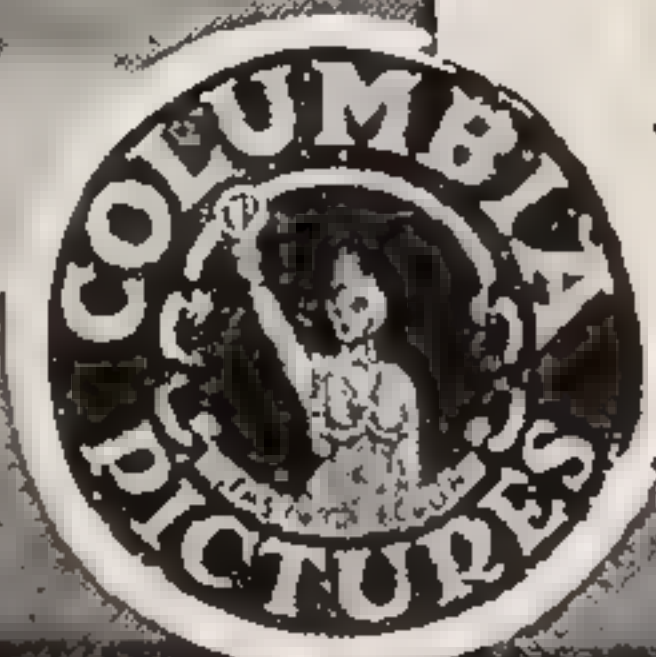


You will laugh and you will cry with BELLE BAKER in this soul-reaching dramatic story of mother love. All-star cast. Directed by Erle C. Kenton

BELLE BAKER IN SONG OF LOVE

COLUMBIA PICTURES

For Better Entertainment



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The 'strong silent man' suddenly becomes a laughing stock. His secret is exposed. The world knows that his strength is weakness. That he is silent because he may be devoid of thought, and lacks facility to express the exceptional one which proves the rule. He is a bell without a tongue, in other words a real dumb bell! He is at last relegated to the limbo of silence while the tripping tongue of the modern troubador dances its owner into enviable favoritism.

As the nation's masculinity learns the intricacies of sounding sentiment, so, too, may the maidens of the land be tutored by the talkies to the technique of fitting the right word into the right place. Every girl will be a demure siren elaborating on the why-don't-you-speak-for-yourself-John theme of Puritan Priscilla. A word of encouragement to the hesitant suitor, or one of suggestion to a vacillating Lothario. To other charms she adds vocal seduction, which the Bard, himself, so warmly extolled as an excellent thing in a woman. And her facility in phrasing, inspired by the Psyches of the screen, will in turn serve as inspiration to matrimonial commitments.

Besides the eloquence and elegance of whispered words, the gentle insinuations of soft music, sound brings to the screen the fascinating rustle of hidden silks, the significant tinkle of crystal touched in toasts, the rich jingle of jewelled ornaments, the world-wide language of a kiss. The very ticking of a clock that sends time on its endless journey may have its important influence on the pictured story. Even silence, itself, is fraught with greater meaning in its rarity.

The talkies have made the whole world sound-conscious. And to the millions who pass between the monoliths of movie theaters to seek the well of romance long since run dry in their work-a-day lives, the new medium will bring a mighty stimulant to deadened imaginations. The notes of a bird will cease to be mere irritating chirpings. They will conjure up visions of moonlight and nightingales. Music hath its charms at least to suggest soft lights. And low lights lead to love. And love, after all, is what makes the world go round. Which is what Mr. Mayer might have mentioned to President Hoover.



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BELLE BAKER IN SONG OF LOVE

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California Recipes

BEN L. FRANK,
Manager

33



Good Looks for Christmas!

Continued from page 89

As for compacts, their infinite variety seems inexhaustible. Double compacts in platinum cases that go well with any costume and smart enough for the handsomest bag. Compacts, round or oblong in enamel cases, inexpensive but none the less smart in lovely shades of blue, green, rose, orchid, yellow and grey. Here again, the personal note may enter in. Give one to match your friend's bag, or the dominant note in her costume. Or give sets of three or four, one for each ensemble. Vanities with double compacts, a mirror and a place for cigarettes or small change with lipsticks for handles are intriguing also.

Other small gifts for the bag, just right to slip in some one's stocking, are tiny atomizers for skin tonic or toilet water, small manicuring kits specially nice for the business girl, lipsticks gay and inviting, small flacons of exquisite perfume. And here's a good place to go right on to the fascinating possibilities of perfumes as gifts.

"Perfume isn't good looks," did I hear you say? No, yet it has an appeal that is quite as important. It is said that memory is induced more by the sense of smell than by any other of the senses. A field of blossoming clover, the elusive scent of valley lilies, the spicy odor of garden flowers, a whiff of heliotrope—how it stirs the memory to half-forgotten things!

I know a young woman who is made riotously happy by the scent of purple lilacs. She did not know why, until she remembered that one of the happiest moments of her life was associated with this flower—causing her ever afterward to associate its fragrance with the situation at hand. Recently, an ingenuous youth said to me, "What is the name of that perfume you are wearing? It is just like the perfume a girl I met the other night uses." Do you get my point, girls?

Every girl wants to be remembered and of course she wants to be admired. And every girl may by her wise use of perfume and its accessories, capture and hold both remembrance and admiration.

The modern perfumer is doing his part to achieve this effect. Never before were there such delightful perfumes, such fascinating containers nor such an infinite variety of odors. The perfumer today studies his customer and decides upon the blend best suited to complement or enhance her personality. Not only that, he has created for her a variety of odors. He doesn't want her always to wear the same perfume any more than he wants her to wear the same gown or hat, or the same flower on her coat. This appeals to the modern girl who every so often wants to change her mind and the way she does her hair and the color scheme of her room and play anagrams instead of bridge and roller skate instead of dance. So it's quite natural that she should welcome the suggestion of a perfume for every mood. Not only that, a perfume for every costume, or at least for every time of day.

This is not carrying the use of perfume to extremes. It's just applying common sense to the fitness of things. It stands to reason that the kind of perfume one wears with an evening gown is not right to wear with sports clothes or to business. Neither is a perfume suited to the personality of a dainty ethereal blonde quite suitable for a dark-haired, dark-eyed vivacious brunette.

Perfume suited to the type, the mood, the costume, is now a recognized accessory of appropriate dress and will make the ensemble doubly smart. And, as the modern costume to be truly smart must be simply sophisticated, so modern perfume should carry out this spirit. It must have sophistication, subtle and intense, yet ever fresh and piquant. Many perfumes you may have for variety, but three you should have—a discreet odor for everyday, formal life, a daring scent for sports clothes, a perfume rich yet elusive for evening gowns.

Perfume appeals to the senses, and it has ever the lure of mystery. You can watch your favorite screen heroines and get many helpful hints about hair dressing, hair cuts, about clothes and how to wear them; but there's no way of knowing what kind of perfume she is wearing. But whatever it is, you may be sure it was chosen to add to the appeal of her individual type.

Going back to gifts, in choosing a gift bottle of perfume, suit it to its recipient. And instead of one large bottle, give a perfume set in three odors in smaller bottles. If you want to make the gift a truly elegant one, fill a double or triple atomizer with different odors. An atomizer is the best vehicle for perfume as it insures less waste and less skill in applying.

A handbag accessory that would delight the heart of any girl is a metal container, purse size, to hold a quarter ounce of her favorite perfume. These containers are graceful in design and come in three colors, green, blue and red. A larger bottle of perfume in the same odor for refill adds value to this gift.

Perfume has many accessories. There are smart boxes of sachet for the woman who uses no other perfume. Attractive jars of scented brilliantine for the girl whose hair just won't lie smoothly. Toilet waters, skin tonics, bath salts and powders and soaps.

Soap is of utilitarian value and always a welcome gift. If ever it was true that scents were used to disguise inferior qualities of soaps it is not true now. Soaps now come in clean-smelling odors such as rose, lavender, geranium, lemon and other easily recognizable odors of flowers, herbs and oils, beautifully boxed and daintily colored. Or, you may suit your friend's preference in plain white soap, unscented.

Bath salts and powders are now pleasingly scented and come in beautifully colored jars. Choose one for your friend that matches the trimmings of her bathroom, its contents matching her toilet preparations in odor.

Toilet waters, skin tonics and fresheners are luxuries that are fast becoming necessities. Here again, atomizers are useful, and any woman would like to own one of these handy devices.

Sachet furnishes an indirect method of perfuming that is always in good taste. A set of sachet pads for frocks, the linings of hats, the cuffs of coats, for drawers where lingerie, handkerchiefs and gloves are kept would be a simple yet pleasing gift.

Luxurious gift packages for mother, grandmother, for sister or your best girl friend, contain perfume, toilet water, face powder and talcum in matching odors.

There are gift packages for father too. Or, make up for him a box including his favorite shaving cream or soap, an after-shaving lotion, a box of talcum and he will give you credit for knowing how to choose

a gift both pleasing and practical.

For big brother, if he's the very elegant kind that's apt to prowl around and use woman folk's cosmetics when they're not looking, give him a swanky box of shaving cream, soap, talcum and toilet water in discreet odor.

This is the age of perfume. We bathe and powder and cold cream ourselves in a perfumed world which becomes more interesting as we know more about this important accessory to beauty. And no longer is this limited to the containers of perfume which grace our dressing tables. There has long been a demand for matching odors in all toilet preparations and with some of the best brands this goal has been successfully reached. You can now give, if you like, perfume, toilet water, skin tonic, face powder, talcum, sachet, bath powder, soap, cold creams and hand lotion all emanating the same scent—a complete and fascinating gift.

And some day, treat yourself to a set of these preparations and follow an unhurried program something like this: (To me, it is

the height of luxury, and surely there is no more delightful way of bringing fragrance into a weary day.)

Scented cleansing cream spread generously over face and neck and wiped off with tissues or a soft cloth. A generous coating of nourishing cream in the same odor to absorb while relaxing in perfect peace in a tub to which you have added the sweetness of bath crystals and a cake of fragrant soap.

After the bath, a dusting of talcum, a dash of toilet water and you are ready for face and hair fixings. Remove cream, pat a skin lotion into the face and neck, a bit of scented brilliantine on the hair to make it smooth and lustrous. Rouge, powder and lipstick all breathing the same fragrance. Then, as a final rite, a touch of perfume to the lobe of the ear, the nape of the neck, a drop on the palm of your hand.

If you want to know more about gifts for beauty and about perfumes for moods and types, for costumes and occasions, write me, telling me just a little about yourself. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for personal reply.

Garbo's New Screen Lover

Continued from page 64

to be a hobo. I loved freight trains. Even to this day, the whistle of a steam engine stabs me like a bugle call.

"Yes, I ran away from home. But I always came back in a few days when it began to rain or I got hungry or homesick. I never had any trouble at home and I had no reason to run away. I just wanted to hobo, that's all. I had been fooling around with a banjo and discovered I had a natural singing voice, and when I was sent to college to study to be a doctor I spent more time playing in the college jazz band than I did studying. I found my band engagements interfered with my studies, so I gave up the studies. That's how I landed in Mexicali playing at the Climax.

"Yes, I learned a little about life down there. And it didn't hurt me a bit. I understood things I couldn't figure out before. I found good in people I would have shunned as hopelessly bad otherwise. Because I was a kid they protected me. I couldn't have gone bad if I had wanted to. They wouldn't have let me.

"Later when I moved over to San Diego, I went back to the border whenever I was out of work and had to make a car payment. That was where I saw my first motion picture stars in flesh and blood. I played for them, hung on their every word. I dreamed of them. I played in all the hotels in San Diego and at Coronado, met fine people and yearned all the more to be one of them.

"Two years ago I joined the Harry Halstead band in the Plantation Café in Culver City for the sole purpose of breaking into movies. I played all night and spent every waking hour hanging outside of studio gates waiting to be 'discovered.' No one paid any attention to me except Owens, the gateman, who now waves a salute when I come in the gate to report for work. He kicked me out when I tried to horn in one day during the Shriners' convention.

"I never got inside a motion picture studio. I hung around casting offices without ever seeing a casting director. I asked for work as an extra and never got a nibble. I was sick at heart. I had spent

all my money on clothes so I would have a wardrobe. All my hopes were shattered by my forbidding reception. I was nothing but a banjo player who could sing the chorus in a popular number once in a while. When the band went to play the Addison Hotel in Detroit I was glad to go with them to get away from Hollywood.

"We came back and I went with Ray West and played the Ambassador Hotel, the Lafayette, the Montmartre—all places where picture people congregate. The old movie-bug bit all over again. I finally got up enough courage to walk into a casting director. I told him I was an actor and he promised me a test. I gave up my job on the strength of that promise. Six months later I got the test. It was so bad I sneaked out while the projection room was dark. I have never set foot in that studio since.

"I went back to jazz banding, but still hung around studios. I heard there was a movie tea dance at the Roosevelt, and like a motorman spending his day off on a street car, I went in to dance and look at the stars. I saw a very pretty girl sitting with an older woman. She looked lonesome and I asked her to dance. I had no idea who she was.

"As I was leaving, Ivan Kahn, the film manager, asked me if I was under contract to anyone. I told him I was not. He said he had watched me dancing with Lily Damita and naturally assumed I was an actor. Lily Damita! And I had held her in my arms and didn't know it! Kahn got me a six-months contract at Pathé. All I got was a bit in 'The Sophomore.' They didn't take up my option.

"Paul Bern, whom I had known as an executive there, moved to M-G-M, and when they were stuck for a youngster to play with Miss Garbo he suggested my name. Was I surprised when I got the part?"

Low pondered for a fraction of a moment.

"No," he responded slowly. "I wasn't what you would call surprised—

"I was just astonished!"



Raquel Torres,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
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HILLMAN MANAGEMENT

In New York—Continued from page 91

You know George K. Arthur. Well, I met him for the first time the other day, and I liked him a lot. I rather shied off meeting him because I was afraid he'd turn out to be another one of these comedy stars with a Hamlet complex. But not George. He's even more amusing off than he is on the screen, and no wonder, because in pictures he has to be amusing at someone's direction, while in real life he can say and do what he pleases, and it's usually pretty funny.

He came east to sail for Europe for a vacation, his five-year contract with Metro having just expired, and he felt impelled to explore new pastures. But he had no sooner landed in town than he had a flattering offer to go into big-time vaudeville as the star of his own act. He thought it all over and gradually the importance of the vacation began to diminish in his estimation. He's Scotch, you know—and brags about it!

He's only thirty and an attractive chap. No wonder he is one of the Marion Davies 'gang' of amusing and interesting movie people. He's tired of being a 'type' and hopes for a chance to do character comedy. "They do it on the stage, why not in pictures?" he wants to know. Well, I'm for him, and hope that some big-hearted producer will give him just what he wants.

Mary and Doug came and went almost before the photographer could 'snap' them. They were off on one of their frequent European jaunts, having finished "The Taming of the Shrew," their first co-starring picture, which according to all reports is what's generally known in picture circles as a great big wow.

Mary's little niece was with them. She's a whole head taller than Mary and it's so amusing to watch them together — Mary with her sweet little motherly air and Gwynne—yes, that's little Mary's English

name—very grown-up and sedate and grave. Doug is brown as a berry. Gwynne brought her dog with her but I wonder what she will do with it when she is installed in school in Switzerland?

Lillian Gish is with us once more, and I'm glad. She has been away too long to suit me. With her first talking story all selected—"The Swan"—and the cast chosen and everything set, Miss Gish didn't linger long in our midst but hurried out to Hollywood to start work. But while she was in town she went to all the first nights on Broadway with George Jean Nathan, who seems to be her permanent and most devoted cavalier. And they make a handsome couple, too. Lillian is so modest and reserved that she is practically never pointed out in theaters. Only her friends recognize her. For she is always very careful to sneak out in the thick of the crowd so that she won't be singled out. She is the quietest of all our stars.

At last little Lya de Putti is getting a break. And everybody who knows her is glad. She is a charming, sprightly little thing, with a great zest for living and working; and since the advent of talkies she has been professionally stranded, more or less, in a sea of foreign accent. Then came a grand offer from England to star in a play called "Clinging Ivy." Lya thought it over a long time before accepting, because she loves America and still hopes to become indispensable to our screen. But the rôle in the new play was so unusual that she fell, and sailed away to lend her piquant personality and undoubted dramatic ability to the proceedings. London will appreciate de Putti in no small way. Dorothy Gish was welcomed with open arms; and Anna May Wong, who was only a small success in Hollywood, is a real sensation in the British capital. Good girl!

Charlie Chaplin—Continued from page 27

blind girl, whenever Wondrous Eyes is played by street musicians or in saloons it has a very dramatic significance. In fact, all through the picture music and song become a background for the action almost as important as the pantomime itself."

Charlie then went on to tell me of some particular musical stunts that he doesn't wish to make public as yet, but which will be a new and sensational development of this perfect marriage of the arts.

"I think I've got some of the funniest business I have ever done," he went on, "and I feel sure the picture will have all the novelty in the sound accompaniments that the public craves. My only fear is that I have been cursed by too much high-brow publicity. My purpose is to entertain and amuse. I am not trying to be subtle. I am trying to be funny. The high-brows are looking for and expecting subtleties. I must avoid that if I am to hold my own."

"Don't think I am avoiding dialog because of personal fear. I was on the legitimate stage for years, but I don't wish to give up the eloquence and beauty of pantomime for a spoken title. The printed title is still a legitimate tool. It is optical, the same as the picture, but it has its proper mental effect. I shall still use it when necessary."

"But it is the music that now for the

first time I can absolutely control, that will be the great novelty of 'City Lights'."

Then for an hour of tennis on Charlie's new court. He has only lately taken up the game under a professional instructor and leave it to the little devil to excel in it right off the bat. I have been playing for years and beat him the first set 6-4, and then he turned in and beat me—me, mind you—6-3!

His court has been hewn out of the hillside and as you play you look over the lower hills to the Pacific Ocean lying in the west like an alluring dream of vast adventure. As the sun set we turned on the side lights and finished our game.

A shower bath in the great lonesome house and then down to my house for dinner. An evening of talk and reminiscence. To bed at ten for me (I get to my editorial labors at 5 a.m.!) leaving son, Leicester, Charlie and my wife, the 'real editor' to visit and gossip until the small hours.

The last I heard as I climbed the stairway was this:

"—but, Florence, you must do something about advertising rates. Now I suggest that—"

And yet Charlie would have you believe he cares about nobody but himself!

Larry Comes Back—Continued from page 49

Larry didn't have to be told that it was terrible. His voice just didn't seem to record. He had no kick coming. When they announced that Charles King was being brought out from New York for the rôle, he wasn't at all disappointed.

Two other studios gave Larry similar tests for big parts. They turned out just as badly. It wasn't that Larry couldn't sing. He just didn't know how to sing for the 'mike.'

"I stopped listening to technicians and experts who were supposed to know all about it," he related. "When I let my voice out they said I 'blooped.' When I kept it in they said I was 'fuzzy.' The more I tried to follow advice the worse I got. Then I decided to sing just as I would if I were at home by myself."

Months later, Marion Davies happened to hear Larry sing at a party. No, he didn't sing *Broadway Melody*. It was a little song he composed himself. It was about this time that Oscar Shaw, who had just completed the leading rôle opposite Miss Davies in the silent version of "Marianne," was summoned back to Broadway to keep his stage contract. M-G-M was combing Hollywood for a new leading man who could sing. A number of tests were made and rejected.

"Why not give Larry Gray a try?" Marion suggested.

Larry went back and made a test singing *Just You, Just Me*, the love ballad in Miss Davies' musical-talkie special. It went over big and he was signed for the part.

"It's a funny thing," he said. "My voice is just as it was when I made that 'Broadway Melody' test. Everyone on the lot is commenting on how my voice has improved. I haven't done a thing with it. I just ignored all advice and rules of the 'mike' and sang naturally."

Larry leaned forward with a serious glint in his usually gay eyes.

"You know," he said, "it's mighty tough for a fellow to make a test with other men who are testing for the same part standing around watching him. My first flop taught me a lesson. Never will I step on a set where anyone is making a test for any kind of a part. It is not fair. The fellow in front of the camera and 'mike' can't do his best, no matter how experienced a man he is. This business is something different again."

Larry's lyrical voice is a revelation in the Davies talkie. Irving G. Thalberg pronounced it one of the finest recording voices on the screen and backed up this

statement with a long-term contract, a break of breaks for Larry.

With no theatrical or screen background whatever, Larry invaded the picture world back in 1921 as a production supervisor for Famous Players.

"After I got out of the Navy after the war I went to work for a bond house in San Francisco," he related. "There was some kind of a financial deal on and the bond house wanted to put their own men with Famous to see how the money was going to be spent. You know, the old racket of the backers wanting to run the business. That's how I came to be a supervisor. I didn't know a thing about the business."

"Oddly enough, I supervised three of Gloria Swanson's pictures, 'To Have and To Hold,' 'Her Gilded Cage,' and 'Beyond the Rocks.' For two years I held my job. Then one of those things happened. We were all canned and when Miss Swanson made 'Coast of Folly' I was an extra in the picture instead of supervisor."

"Of course, I knew Miss Swanson pretty well by that time and the second day we worked she took me to one side and knocked my hat off by telling me I would be her next leading man. I played opposite her in 'The Untamed Lady' and made good. I stayed right on as leading man in 'Stage Struck' and seemed to be sitting on top of the world after that."

Larry's reign as a popular leading man carried him through a number of features, including "Oh, Kay" with Colleen Moore.

But somehow the sledding began to get rough. New favorites shot up from all sides and Larry slipped instead of holding on. Then came the talkies and the movie parade all but passed him by. True, he worked regularly, but he didn't make any headway. They didn't risk him before the microphone. No stage experience. That was the bugaboo when talkies started, you know.

"Broadway Melody" was his first talkie test. Out on the lot they were mighty sorry to see Larry trudge out of the gate when he flopped.

And they were mighty glad to see him come back as Marion Davies' leading man, land a big contract as a result of his fine performance, and jump right into work again as the singing hero in the Duncan sisters' first out-loud opus.

For Hollywood is one place where a come-back is appreciated. They know out there how tough it is when the parade seems to pass on by!

Colman Psycho-Analyzed—Continued from page 21

average man, only more so, the sort of man most women prefer to marry and actually do marry. Women know where they have such men. But Ronald Colman can't be pinned down. You think you have his number, and then he bobs up as something else. The audience public were firmly convinced that Ronald Colman was the romantic lover, and then suddenly he pulled a "Bulldog Drummond."

A Swedish woman and an Englishman are two of the very brightest stars in the movies! Not only is this a sign that the American people seek new patterns of manners and outer characteristics; it is also a sign that the general taste of the American public is steadily rising. The manners that

Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman suggest are of a high standard, and all art, especially acting, compels a certain amount of imitation among the audience. Imitation is not only the sincerest flattery; it is education. The young painter learns by copying Old Masters; youth learns from the examples set before it.

But the rise in artistic taste shows the deeper change in America. Neither Greta Garbo nor Ronald Colman are simple in their appeal. They don't give it all to you in black and white. They stir the imagination and force you to guess and ponder. They bring more of the beauty of great art than the popular audience has had before. They are both true artists.



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She's Not the Type—Continued from page 81

every family.

"I had never even given the talkies a thought. When the part in 'The Silver Cord' was offered me, I accepted it because I loved the rôle and because it would not mean my leaving California. The short engagement was sort of a lark. So you can imagine what a thrill it was to receive that card, saying 'Come to see me tomorrow,' and signed, 'Cecil De Mille.'"

Two days later Kay was signed for the heroine of "Dynamite." After a week's work, she wrote her name on the dotted line of a long-term Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

De Mille had spent weeks searching for just the right girl for "Dynamite," one who could look, act and talk as if to the manner born. More than fifty women of the stage and screen had been tested for the part. Some looked like the boulevard but talked like the other side of the railroad tracks. Others spoke with finishing-school intonation but looked and walked in the manner of the back-halls. Along came Kay. The part fitted her like a custom-made glove.

Hollywood waited and wondered. Then came the opening night. An enthusiastic mob hailed a person and personality heretofore unknown to the screen ranks.

But Kay's personality does not stop with the screen. It carries on in real life. I saw her charm a hard-boiled cameraman, a stony-hearted electrician, and a tired press agent with a smile and a plate of sandwiches.

She was sitting for a series of home portraits, one of the ordeals to which all screen newcomers must submit. To the cameraman, the electrician and the p.a. it was just another sitting, just another actress, just another detail of the day's work. And they were hot and tired.

Then Kay, tired, too, but fascinating in a peacock-green negligee, turned on her smiles and the warmth of her genuine cordiality. "Let's rest a few minutes," she suggested after the twenty-seventh pose.

Miraculously appeared a Japanese house boy, bearing a tray of sandwiches, cakes and such raspberry tarts as I never have seen before nor ever expect to see again. While Kay talked and smiled and played hostess, the cameraman forgot the fading

afternoon light, the electrician forgot his ancient grudge against all cameramen, and the p.a. forgot a desk covered with unwritten stories.

In the midst of the fun, Kay's mother arrived from a shopping trip. She is in California, visiting her daughter. She talked to me while Kay continued the afternoon's work.

"This all seems like a dream to me," Kay's mother smiled, waving a hand which included California and the movies and the whole works. Now I know where Kay acquired that smile. There are only two of its kind in existence.

"When Kay decided to go on the stage her father and I thought we had reached the peak of surprises. But when we received her wire, saying that she was going into movies, we couldn't believe it.

"Kay's desire for a theatrical career began when she was a student at Drew Seminary. Mr. Johnson and I didn't know much about the stage. We had always hoped that Kay would marry one of the boys at home, and settle down to a peaceful life.

"She wanted to go to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, so I went to Mr. Sargent and asked him if he would talk to Kay and discourage her. He talked to her, but, after ten minutes, instead of discouraging her, he turned to me and said, 'Mrs. Johnson, it would be a crime to keep this girl from the emotional outlet of the theater.' In ten more minutes he had argued so eloquently that I was as eager as Kay for her stage career."

Before her course had been completed at the American Academy, Kay was signed for the Chicago company of "R. U. R."

Then came four years of steadily greater rôles. With "Beggar on Horseback," "The Little Accident," and "The Free Soul," Kay found herself one of the most popular young leading women in New York.

She met John Cromwell. A whirlwind courtship. Marriage. California honeymoon. "The Silver Cord." Cecil B. De Mille. "Dynamite." Hollywood!

The film capital is writing a new label. It bears just two words, which may serve both as its stamp of approval and its classification: "Oh, Kay!"

The Duncan Sisters—Continued from page 32

a party to listen to their quips.

They became the highest paid sister act in vaudeville.

They stand at the very top of vaudeville and musical comedy.

And yet none of their successes in the entertainment field have given them as much happiness as their present venture into pictures.

"Home towns are home towns," Vivian Duncan told me. "Once we played on a bill with an Eskimo who lived about two jumps from the Arctic Circle. He got so homesick that he asked for a release from his contract, and went back to where you have to break the ice away from a plate of ham and eggs.

"Rosetta and I have enjoyed vaudeville and musical comedy. We have made many friends all over and we will miss them. But we have a large family of brothers and sisters, and we can't see them very often when we are on the road. If our home town was Kankakee, where there are no

picture studios, perhaps films wouldn't be so enticing. But to be able to work in Hollywood, within reach of the folks, oh, boy!"

They're not strangers to pictures society, these Duncans. They've vacationed in the West every year except one, and always their home has been a rendezvous for cinematic fun-lovers.

They point with pride to the fact that out of but three Hollywood parties that Greta Garbo has attended, theirs was one!

They know their Hollywood; they love it; and now, for the first time in a succession of very busy years, it is at last their permanent address.

"I doubt if we would ever have made another picture if it hadn't been for talkies," stated Rosetta, the clown and mimic of the pair.

"We made a silent one, and we didn't like it. Our whole reputation has been built on our ability to put over songs and gags, and the public missed our noise.

Last winter, however, we were playing in London during the serious illness of the King. For the first time in years business was bad.

"Two incidents happened thereafter at a very psychological time. One was a visit to one of the first American talking pictures, 'Alias Jimmy Valentine.' The other, a call from a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive with a rough outline of this story, 'Cotton and Silk,' which we are now doing.

"It all sounded like a grand opportunity to leave the road behind and live with the folks for a change.

"So when current vaudeville contracts in America were completed, we left the future entirely open. We're in the movies now!"

Certain it is that no one or two persons in any phase of the amusement business have any more fascinating life story than these Duncan sisters!

Two girls gave up movie ambitions to study opera with Madame Yaw, prima donna supreme. One girl, the vivid Rosetta, found funds getting low, so while her sister, Vivian, continued her studies, she took a singing job at Tait's Cafe, in San Francisco. It was pure pot-boiling, for the present clown of clowns was very serious about her operatic career, and she considered her cabaret work but a stepping stone. But an irrepressible store of vitality kept her doing funny, impromptu things during her number.

One night a vaudeville booker saw her. He said he didn't need a 'single,' but that if she would double with her sister, he would give them a contract.

Vivian came up from the Yaw orange ranch at Covina. They tried out at Fresno, California, and were an immediate success. They became such a hit in the East that they didn't play in their home town of Los Angeles until three and one-half years later.

They worked in "Tip Top," in "Hitchy Koo," in the Winter Garden Show, in "Pins and Needles" and "Clowns in Clover" in London. They produced their own show "Topsy and Eva," still a terrific success whenever revived.

They broke records in vaudeville. But their family was in Hollywood. And when a real good chance came to break away from the stage, how quickly they took it!

"Even if we don't like talkies, being out here is a great break," Rosetta told me. "For 'Cotton and Silk' a whole raft of new material has been written for us. We will be away from our regular act for a long time, and when we return to the stage, if we do, we'll be flooded with new ideas.

"There's a lot of inspiration to the studios these days, an inspiration I never found in previous visits. Everybody realizes that they can't be kept going just on the novelty of a vocalized screen. You've got to give the public new stuff, material different from that they've had from any other source. That means that clever creative brains are working harder than ever before. We might have been afraid of pictures in the old days but certainly not now. Everybody's on their toes. We're mighty excited about this new contract, and we think our stuff will get over far better in talkies than on the stage. They're doing so many striking new things that there seems to be no limit to the novelties you can introduce.

"It was a long, long trail we took to get into the movies, but now we're there, boy, how we love it!"

Where Do You Stand?

Psycho-analyze yourself, through the medium of this questionnaire, for a true scientific picture of your type, your talents, your vocation and your shortcomings. Learn the answer to the puzzle of the ages, "What Am I." After you have discovered "Yourself," try it on your friends.

I—THE INTROVERTED SIDE

1. Are you self-conscious?.....
2. Are you shy?.....
3. Do you feel misunderstood by most people?.....
4. Do you usually hate to be conspicuous on the street, at a gathering, even at home?.....
5. Do you day-dream as a steady matter?.....
6. Do you sulk?.....
7. Are you a poor mixer?.....
8. Are you self-centered, introspective?.....
9. Do you go by moods, sometimes prolonged for hours, or even for days?.....
10. Do you like to be alone a good part of the time?.....
11. Do you dislike being affectionate?.....
12. Are you considered "deep" by others?.....
13. Are you strictly monogamous, and this by nature?.....
14. Are you jealous?.....
15. Are you idealistic?.....
16. Are you easily in a tense condition?.....
17. Have you a feeling of inferiority before others (with certain exceptions)?.....
18. Does a quick change in your manner of living disturb you?.....
19. Is it hard for you to go out and sell yourself, i. e., ask for a job, a raise, make a deal, put over an article?.....
20. Are you often "up in the clouds?".....

II—THE EXTRAVERTED SIDE

1. Do you forget yourself when you talk, work or play?.....
2. Is it easy for you to order others around?.....
3. Is life a game to you, to be played through like a sport?.....
4. Are you a good actor in public?.....
5. Are you practical?.....
6. Do you quickly get over a quarrel, disappointment or loss?.....
7. Are you a good mixer?.....
8. Are you naturally active and find a delight in doing things?.....
9. Do you like people—not a few, but many?.....
10. Do you like always to be with others and on the go?.....
11. Are you naturally loving and affectionate?.....
12. Are you a faddist—taking up with all the fads that come along?.....
13. Are you really polygamous or polyandrous?.....
14. Would you be indifferent if the woman or man you love should flirt with others?.....
15. Are you realistic and have much common sense?.....
16. Are you easy-going as a rule?.....
17. Are you good at putting yourself over with others?.....
18. Can you make quick changes in your manner of living without feeling much disturbed?.....
19. Are you a go-getter (by nature, not education)?.....
20. Are your feet solidly on the earth?.....

INSTRUCTIONS:

Write down a 3, 2 or 1 against each question; for example:

Q. Do you forget yourself when you talk, work or play?

If you put down 3, it means **very much**. If you put down 2, it means **much**.

If you put down 1, it means **a little**. If you put down 0, it means **not at all**.

One thing to remember is that only extreme honesty will help. If you are a will-o-the-wisp and answer that you are a deep one, the whole game will go out of gear.

This is the same questionnaire used by Mr. James Oppenheim, eminent psycho-analyst and psychologist in his psycho-analysis of Ronald Colman, which appears in this issue of SCREENLAND.

If you wish to know all about psycho-analysis, how to analyze yourself and your friends accurately, let me send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a copy of Mr. Oppenheim's remarkable book,

BEHIND YOUR FRONT

which contains chapters on "The Four Kinds of People," "Startling Contrasts," "The Twisted Type," "Are Women Men," "Vocations and The Types," etc., as well as other questionnaires, charts and illustrations—a complete course in psycho-analysis for the layman.

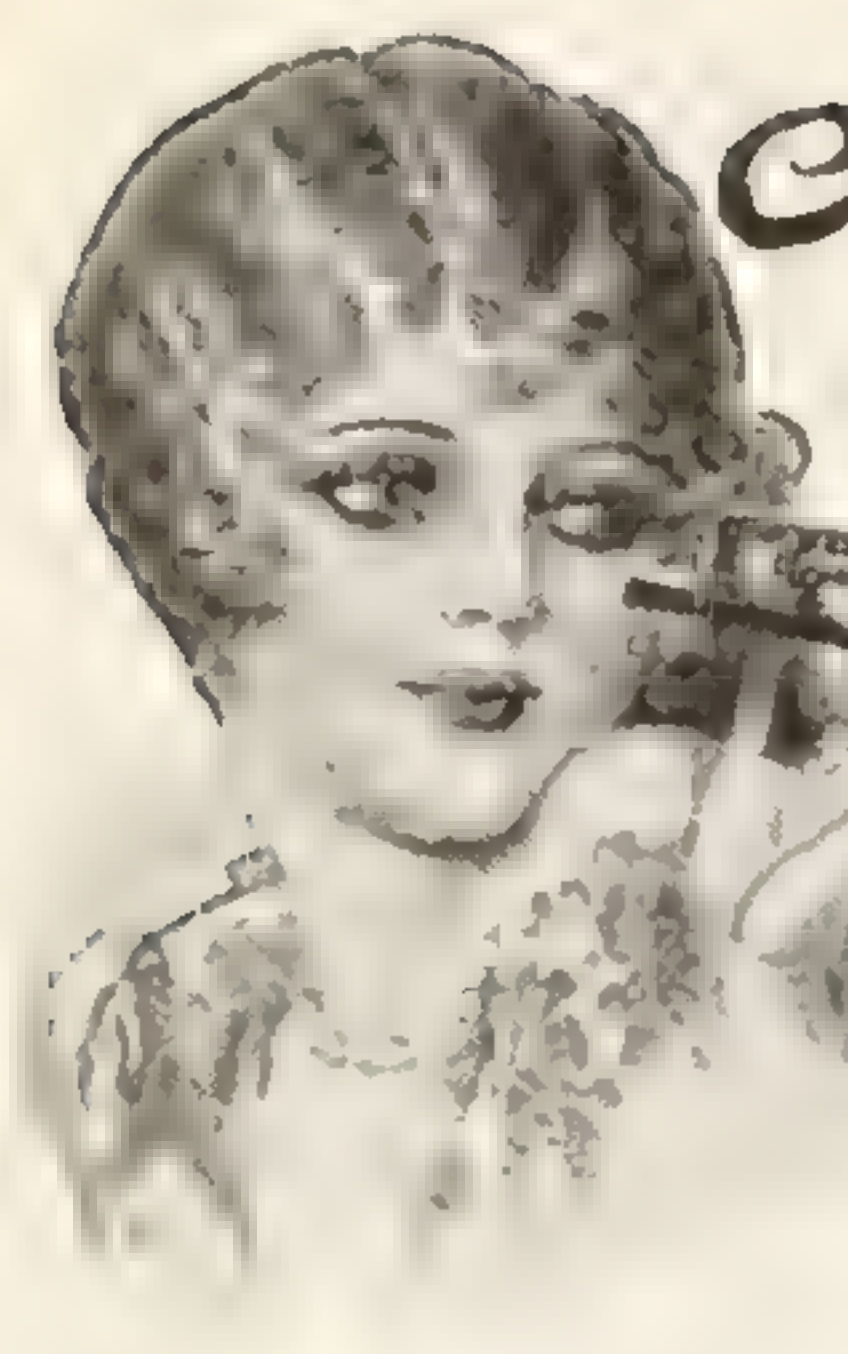
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On Location with "Sweetie"

Continued from page 61

"Oh, I knew they'd have you two necking before the wind-up of the picture!" Helen Kane chaffed Nancy.

"Don't you think it's time for tea?" asked Nancy.

"How do you manage that on a polo field?" I asked.

"Oh, we have a very wonderful property boy. Tea is served every day at the studio and out here—well, they can just attach a wire to one of these units and the rest is simple."

I keep forgetting that you can do anything in the movies.

"Have a lick," Nancy offered Helen a bite from a huge chocolate. "Be careful, because it came from France."

"Glad you told me—I never can eat those trickly things without getting it all over me. Wait till I'm through my heavy scene," Helen laughed.

"That's fine, children; now we'll do it once again," cried Frank Tuttle. "And some one watch that baby, please!" He referred to a three-year-old lass who seemed to slip from everyone's fingers and come dangerously near the camera line during the moments of shooting, thereby adding another grey hair to the supply Mr. Tuttle will have if he stays in pictures long enough.

"Keep together on your yells and act as if you were really interested in this game," Mr. Tuttle warned. "When you see your man muff the ball, all of you let out shouts of disappointment. Just get in the spirit of the thing and you'll be all right. Ready to sink!" he called to the sound department, which means ready to synchronize. Everyone quieted down and the motors started to grind.

"We're sunk!" said the Voice of the Sound.

"Turn them over!" and the scene was started.

Six hundred girls and boys snapped into action, putting all the enthusiasm their young bodies and voices were capable of giving. Tense with excitement they yelled in chorus: "Hold that line! Hold that line! Hold that li—Aw-aw-Aw!" And trailed off in disgruntled guffaws as the ball was muffed. Then something else happened, things straightened out and the game was won!

Deafening cheers from the throats of six hundred youngsters shook the skies. Helen Kane and I were particularly interested in a rather stout girl with a luxuriant crop of beautiful red hair who certainly gave her all to the scene. She acted as if it were a life and death matter; danced up and down, wrung her hands, stamped her feet, megaphoned her cheers with her hands, and when it was all over and the game won, threw both arms high in the air in a gesture of pure joy that should have won plenty of approval from her director. She had personality plus, believe me. She acted every minute, never let down. I don't know her name, but she was the life of the party. You'll see her if you look closely.

She's right on the front line of the bleachers opposite Nancy Carroll.

"Gosh," said Jack Oakie, wiping his perspiring brow as he threw himself on the grass at Helen Kane's feet. "That cheer-leading business is too much for a guy out of his teens. I feel like a great grandfather alongside those youngsters. And am I winded! Well, don't be funny. How about a little lovin'?" he kidded, grinning wickedly at Helen Kane.

"Too hot," Helen kidded back, shaking a fist at him.

"Once more!" megaphoned Frank Tuttle. No matter how good it is, it always has to be done once more. "And this time we'll take the ground squad."

A tall slender boy with a shock of red, curly hair, unrolled himself on the grass where he had been taking a siesta in the sun. "Well, here's where I hog the picture," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. He was Jack Chapin, brother-in-law of William Wellman, director of "Wings." Jack's job was to stand by to take the place of a disabled man on the team. There were three or four of them on the bench with their coach, played by Wallace MacDonald. Wallace was drifting about with a perfectly disreputable Mexican sombrero on his head, which he insisted upon wearing every minute the camera wasn't grinding. He's rather glad to be before the camera again. You know he took a shot at directing and he may go back to it, but he thinks he likes acting better.

"All set?" cried Joseph De Pew, a dark, slender boy who was the cheer leader. "Practice up on this now," and he turned himself into a veritable jumping-jack.

After the huddle Jack Chapin picked out his same spot in the sun and threw himself upon it. "Did you make the grade?" I asked.

"Yep," he grinned. I put that scene over for them!"

William Austin wasn't called upon the whole day, so he had a fine time letting the purling zephyrs breeze through his locks, as George Marion Jr. might say. And I didn't see Stuart Erwin doing much, either, although he had to be there, in case they got to his scene. "Just when the fishing is so good, too," he remarked, gazing with longing looks toward the sea.

Stuart was all hot and bothered about his hair, which is a medium brown. It had to be very light for "Sweetie," for some reason or other. "Well, you'll have to bleach it," he was told.

What! Bleach my hair! Come to, come to. Start your verse over again and get it right this time."

"No foolin'. You'll have to bleach it." Thereupon started a long, scientific explanation of why Stuart's hair had to be very blond to get the right light. And—Stuart bleached his hair.

You'll get a kick out of "Sweetie." Clever dialog, good story, swell music, pretty girls, and—Stanley Smith. Hollywood girls have fallen for him right and left, and so may you.

Going Hollywood—Continued from page 19

talented as my tailor in London!

In short, as the phrase is, I like the place and I like the people. I could go on explaining why, until I talked myself

into a long gray beard.

But it is difficult for me to write my opinion of Hollywood without making it sound like a railroad ad.

Dancing Girls of Hollywood

Continued from page 63

the director, dance producer and cameraman have discovered the proper angles in screen presentation, we will startle the world with our shows. There will be no limit to the musical screen's possibilities, outside of the reality of flesh and blood, and we'll offset this by sheer beauty, cleverness and intimacy. Outside of the big centers of population in the United States, the theatergoers have never seen real musical shows presented by first class companies. How can they help enjoying these beautiful musical shows, with the pick of the world in girls, and the country's most popular artists to entertain them?"

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In Larry Ceballos' 'teens he was one of the finest stage dancers in the world. He featured many Broadway shows with his sister Rosalia, notably Al Jolson's first show, the Shubert's first Passing Show, and the Weber and Fields all-star Jubilee. He staged revues in London for five years, including five for Charlot. Before coming to Hollywood three years ago, he staged five consecutive Greenwich Village Follies and J. P. McEvoy's "Americana." Despite his youth, he has long been recognized as one of the leading dance producers on the stage because of his originality.

We call him the youthful daddy of dance production in Hollywood because he pioneered these new picture revues and musical shows two years ago when the Warner Brothers first started Vitaphone. Ceballos is one of the very few who had the vision, and faith to keep on experimenting until he clicked. Now look at him!

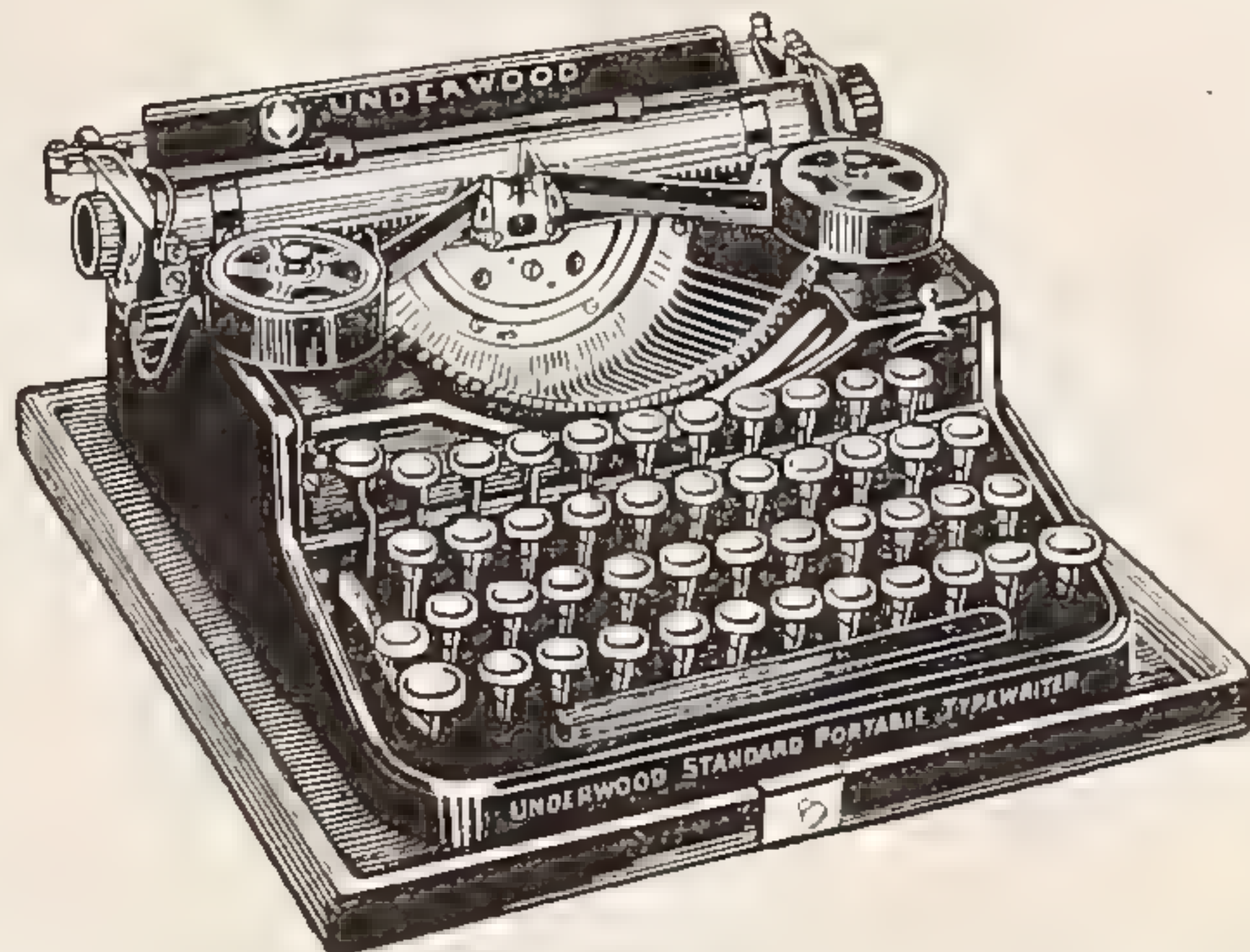
On second thought, although I like him I'd rather look at his four hundred beautiful girls!



Joan Feers is a newcomer recruited from the stage. She makes her debut in "Applause."

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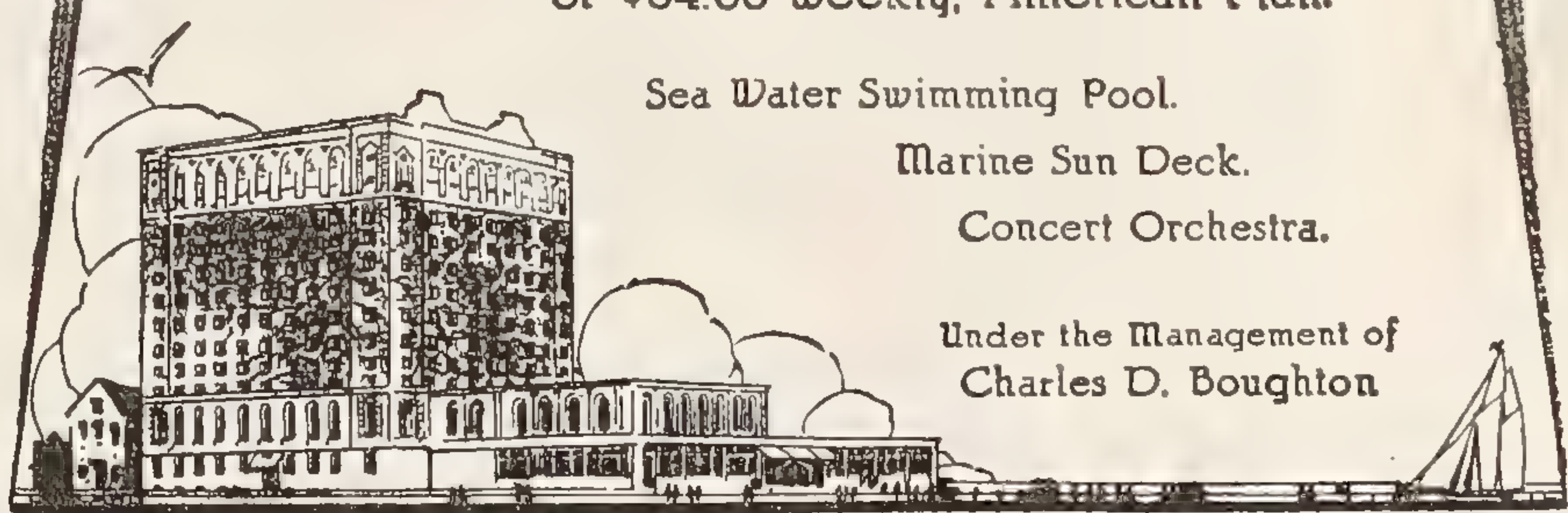
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The Theme Song's the Thing

Continued from page 51

say nothing of Charles Wakefield Cadman, Sigmund Romburg and Arthur Hammerstein II, the composer and librettist; and many other talented boys who were taking their master's degree in music 'long about the time Aimee MacPherson was converting her first sinner.

"Another thing," continues Mr. Morris, "which the average young composer fails to take into consideration is this: Every single song writer in our organization must be versatile. He must be capable of composing quickly and competently all sorts of generically different numbers in order to fit the various types of pictures. There are comedies, dramas, farces and serious love stories which have to be keyed up with music.

"Now how could the average young composer who has only a song or two to his credit, hope to be versatile enough to turn out professional copy on love ballads, waltz songs, comic songs, as well as all kinds of dance music ranging from melodies suitable for tap-dancing and break-downs all the way up to exquisite ballets?

"However, I don't want to discourage you folks. As I've said before, there is a way. There's always a way for everything. Even if you can't make a dent in song-writing through the film producer, there is a possible opening by which it is possible for a beginner to break into one of the most difficult of professional games."

But before Mr. Morris tells us about this, let's go back and find out the how and why of this theme business.

Few people recall that the theme song reverts to the first days of the screen when D. W. Griffith made "The Birth of a Nation." The first theme song of all was *Perfect Love*. Griffith had this song incorporated with southern melodies and Civil War songs into a musical score which accompanied his great picture, so that the audience could carry away with them a concrete picture of the film—in song.

The next theme song was *Mickey*, composed for a Mabel Normand picture. Then the idea wilted and died—until three years ago.

Along in 1926, when Fox was making "What Price Glory," a clever executive on the Fox lot conceived a brilliant idea. He figured out that if he had a song composed for "What Price Glory," incorporated in its strains the theme of the picture, he could get different store-keepers to display the music in their show windows. Thus giving the picture itself, as well as the song, a big plug, as they call it, in every sizable town all over the country.

Erno Rappe, together with Lew Pollock, composed *Charmaine*, and it mopped up all publishing records for 1926. Naturally there followed an immediate avalanche of song. Along came *Ramona*, from the movie of the same name; *Angela Mia*, composed for "Street Angel," which became so popular that people started calling the picture "Angela Mia!" Soon we had *Laugh Clown Laugh*, from the film of the same name; and *I Loved you Then as I Love You Now*, from "Our Dancing Daughters."

But the high spot of the entire song industry was reached when Warners perfected the Vitaphone and Al Jolson sang first *Mammy* and *Mother of Mine* in "The Jazz Singer"; and finally *Sonny Boy* from "The Singing Fool"—which touched the

top of the mast in publishing records, being the biggest seller of 1928.

This was the signal for the western hemisphere to get those theme song blues! You couldn't stick your foot out of your own doorstep that you didn't tramp on a song hit popularized by some big feature picture. We had Nancy Carroll singing *A Precious Little Thing Called Love*, in "The Shopworn Angel"; Maurice Chevalier giving us *Louise* and *On Top of The World Alone*, in "Innocents of Paris"; Hal Skelly humming *True Blue Lou* in "Dance of Life"; Buddy Rogers in "Close Harmony" popularized *I Want to Go Places and Do Things*; and Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw in "Cocoanuts" beautifully put over *When My Dreams Come True*.

Nor was that all. Dick Barthelmess in "Drag" sat down at the piano, struck a few keys, and *The Song of The Nile* swept the country. Alice White sang *Wishing and Waiting For Some One* in "Broadway Babies" and now every baby is crooning it. Jack Mulhall contributed *If You Were Mine*, in his picture "Twin Beds." Colleen Moore started a riot with *Smiling Irish Eyes* and *A Wee Bit of Love in My Heart*, from "Smiling Irish Eyes." In "The Great Divide," Ian Keith gave us that really lovely *At The End of The Long, Long Trail*.

When "Broadway Melody" struck Broadway, the town turned somersaults. Everybody for months whistled, hummed, sang or warbled *You Were Meant for Me*, *Wedding of The Painted Doll* and *Broadway Melody*, the hits of this film.

Along came "The Hollywood Revue" and folks started in on *Singing in The Rain* and *Your Mother and Mine*.

The "Fox Movietone Follies" gave us *Breakaway* and *That's You, Baby*. Next we had *Am I Blue* sung by Ethel Waters in "On With the Show," lastly, "Gold Diggers of Broadway" developed at least two lovely hits, *Tiptoe Through the Tulips* and *Painting The Clouds With Sunshine*.

The wholesale popularizing of these numbers through the metier of the movies started getting the producer excited. For at the time *Sonny Boy* created the song sensation of the year, it was the producer's pictures which were popularizing the songs. But his pockets weren't getting any of the proceeds.

It was at this juncture that the moving picture industry stepped out and bought a few publishing companies. So now every time a copy of sheet music is sold, through the medium of the films, the producer pockets a percentage of the gold.

Among the first to step forward were Warner Brothers. They bought out Witmark, Inc., one of the best-known musical publishing companies. They bought it outright, with its subsidiaries, at the tidy little price of five millions.

William Fox has an agreement with De Sylva, Henderson and Brown, by which the musical publishers supply the writers and own all copyrights to ditties used in pictures made by Fox. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has tied up with the Jack Robbins Music Company, and other movie firms have formed similar affiliations.

Immediately a rash broke out among film stars. Not measles or mumps. But something far more serious!

Stars who had never warbled before commenced to turn into song-birds. Sally

O'Neil, Betty Compson and Myrna Loy were among the first. Colleen Moore discovered she had a voice and made good use of it. Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll both realized they had a larynx, one each, of course, and started it to vibrating. Alice White made a couple of passes and brought out perfect soubrette tones. Carmel Myers, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Bernice Claire, Noah Beery, Leatrice Joy, Corinne Griffith, and many others followed. But perhaps the two most sensational voices developed by the talking pictures are those of Gloria Swanson, who is turning London upside down with her singing in "The Trespasser"; and Bebe Daniels, whose vocal work in "Rio Rita" is predicted to be a hit of the coming season.

To meet this onslaught of song, naturally Tin-Pan alley has transferred its habitat wholesale from Eastern Broadway to the Western Boulevards. The song-writing boys who used to sweat for an idea now have ideas handed to them on a silver platter. Yes sir, the producer knows what he wants, and he can not only spell it, he can even whistle it. And when Mr. Producer gets an idea in his mind, he pushes his little buzzer, the fair-haired boys bob in, and word is given to jazz it up—which they do with a vengeance. Running the scale all the way from the low bass of a salary and royalties of two hundred dollars a week, along into the treble of five hundred dollars a week. And then clear up to the high 'C' of eminent composers like Romburg, who I understand is drawing down hundreds of thousands in royalties and other commissions for his original operettas—four of which are being produced on the Warner lot today.

It makes your mouth water when you think of these boys who used to be cooped up in a little room along Tin-Pan Alley, lucky if their upright pianos had all the ivory keys on them, now out in California with stucco bungalows to live in, concert grands to play on, the blue Pacific to swim in, and all of Hollywood in which to make whoopee!

But wait a minute. All is not lost! There's always a way for the rest of us, as Mr. Morris has told you. His last words and best advice to you is this:

"If you are sure you have something; if you are sure this something is fast and hot enough to make a movie producer rise up and offer you a seat, (and you must remember that a song must have IT before it can succeed) try to locate in or near your town a branch manager of one of the big music publishing houses. Each publishing company has from six to fourteen branches in the key cities. So surely near your home you can locate one the managers. When you find him, stick your stuff under his nose. If it's good—well, you know, this is America—where every man gets a chance!"

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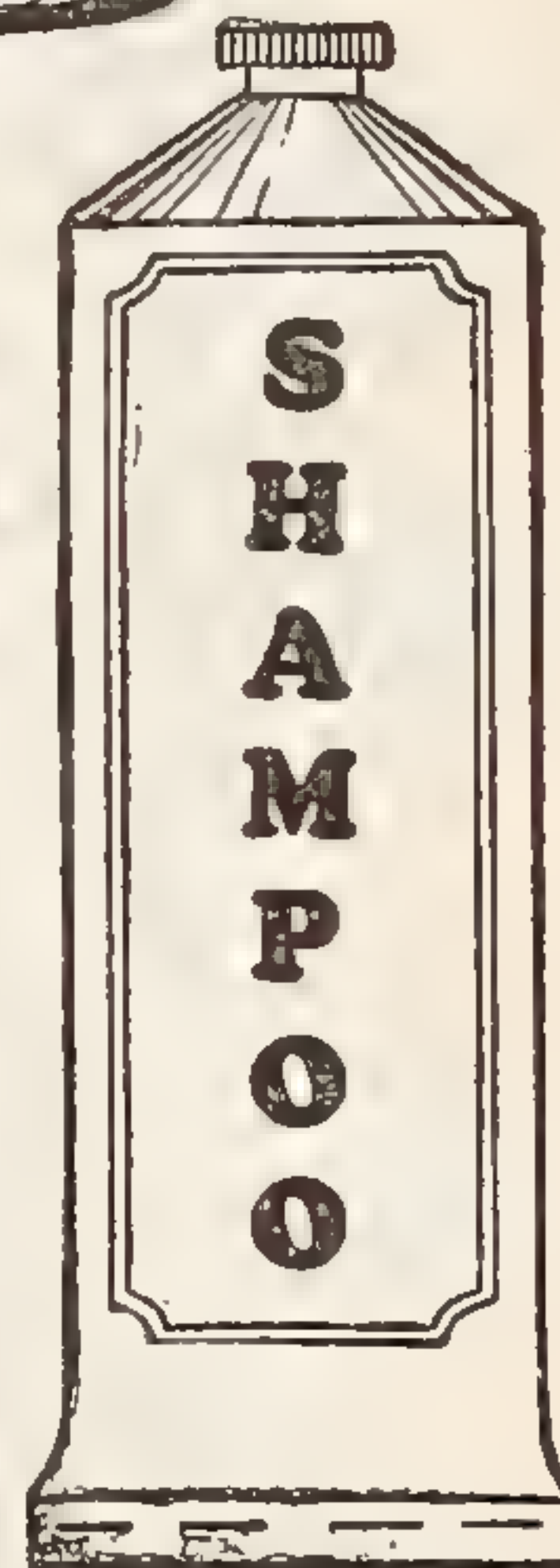
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Sister Act!—Continued from page 57

like Moran and Mack. Having known the interviewer for years and years and years, they professed to believe I was there for the express purpose of taking them off to the beach (we belong to the same Santa Monica Swimming Club) far away from the studio humidity. With considerable difficulty I suppressed them long enough to break the news, whereupon they entertained Ceballos and me with biographical snatches of their lives and careers set to their own improvised song and dance, ending all with a typical clowning step. How can one interview one seriously when one has known one so well?

"All right, I'll write my own," I threatened. "Only one thing I want to get straight. Didn't you both play as children together with Bill Hart in 'The Squaw Man'?"

"Certainly not," retorted Shirley grandly. "Vi was only my understudy. There was only one little girl and I was it. Vi played it when I didn't feel well."

"Oh, yeah!" came the prompt Dana-esque retort. "Don't forget 'The Poor Little Rich Girl'. I started in that big hit and only sisterly devotion got Shirley the job as my understudy."

"Time, time!" we yelled, after the best prize-ring manner. "We've looked over your measurements and you're evenly matched, so let's put the battle in the sister act."

Clowning, of course. As a matter of fact, Shirley and Vi understudied each other for several seasons as stage children for the reason that they were inseparable. Their mother thought more of their happiness together, than she did of making twice as much money for their services.

Children of the stage, Shirley and Viola Dana were born for talking-singing-dancing pictures. Vi was a success as headliner in her own comedy-drama sketch in vaudeville, while Shirley has been clicking in the talkies. Now Vi is back in Hollywood to stay permanently, and indications are that the sisters are due to duplicate their former movie popularity.

By an odd coincidence both Shirley and Vi became popular picture favorites at an age when they were scarcely out of the short dresses and in their very early 'teens. Like Lillian and Dorothy Gish their childhood stage training enabled them to attain stardom in the movies almost overnight.

Their talents and beauty were welcome in pictures, but not their name, Flugrath. As Vi had been christened with the name Viola, it was a simple matter for Eleanor Gates, author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," to select the euphonious and distinctive surname of Dana. But in poor Shirley's case it was serious indeed. Her name was Leonie. And Leonie Flugrath was much too much for the electric lights. Shirley had been selected to play the lead in a series of seven five-reel features entitled "The Seven Deadly Sins." This series was produced at the old Edison studio and released by that company. It took the united efforts of the studio staff and the Flugrath family council to hit upon the name Shirley Mason.

Perhaps the zenith of the girls' respective movie careers was reached at the same time, but under different banners. For several years Viola Dana was a popular comedienne in her comedies. The more serious little Shirley went in for drama, but eventually she found herself starring in too many gaga stories in which she always played the

sugary heroine. She rebelled, and followed the successful footsteps of sister Vi into the free-lance field.

Somehow, one expects Vi and Shirley to be as free and independent in shaping their careers as they are by nature. Right-o! They have been selecting their own rôles ever since, playing with every big league company in Hollywood and doing nicely, thank you. Now that the talking-singing-dancing pictures have opened up a brand-new field for clever performers, Shirley and Vi will undoubtedly continue to write their own tickets. Particularly after "The Show of Shows" is released.

As strangely as their careers have been interwoven, so too have the lives of Vi and Shirley been touched with similar tragedies. Each lost her first husband by sudden death. Some fans may remember John Collins, a handsome young Irish director at Metro. He was Viola Dana's first husband, and he succumbed to influenza in 1918. The grim reaper called away Shirley's first husband, Bernard Durning, a fine broth of an Irish boy who was just getting well started on a directorial career with the William Fox company in 1923. Both lads were very popular in Hollywood.

They lost their mother, Mrs. Mary Flugrath, who had devotedly mothered them over the rocky roads of their early girlhoods on the stage and screen, in 1922. Much of the 'mother knows best' type of stories have been written anent ambitious professional mothers, but it remains for some one to write a story about the Mrs. Flugraths and Mrs. Gishs who devoted everything to their girls' advancement, meantime keeping modestly and shyly in the background.

Today, we find the erstwhile gay little Vi a bit saddened with the ashes of her romance with Maurice 'Lefty' Flynn, the stalwart Yale football hero, who enjoyed a brief starring career in pictures. Vi and Lefty were happily married for four years, but they finally came to a parting of ways in 1928. Lefty is now an athletic director for a string of resort hotels in Hawaii.

Shirley is happily married to Sidney Landfield, an exceptionally clever scenario writer who is under contract to the Fox company.

But, to return to the 'sister act' on "The Show of Shows" rehearsal stage, I walked out on them when I discovered I'd have to make up an interview from auld lang syne. "Bye, bye, we'll see you later at the beach," rang in my burning ears. How embarrassing to be suspected of being a playboy!

A half hour later found me in Hollywood's favorite luncheon spot, the Brown Derby, presided over by the one and only Wilson Mizner, sharpest of wits. Hardly had I taken the first tasty bite of cold Columbia river salmon, when in walked the sisters. Ah, here was my chance to get the interview. I invited, they joined me.

"What a break," they confided in unison, "to run into you here. Now we can go to the swimming club together."

"Nothing doing," I retorted. "I have to work. And besides, you're rehearsing."

"Rehearsing? Be yourself. We're so good we picked up the dance routine in fifteen minutes. We're through until they start shooting. Ask Larry. Here he comes."

Along came Ceballos. "Snappy work, girls," he agreed. "Sure wish I could go to the beach with you," he said, enviously.

Vi and Shirley have the finest genuine tans in all Hollywood. They live at the beach when not working.

Well, anyway, when luncheon was over, Shirley and Vi and I decided to take the afternoon off, go for the popular dip in the Pacific and get a little more tan. It was awfully hot in Hollywood, and besides, I decided, this would be a grand way to get the interview.

Well, when we arrived at the beach club we ran into a lot of boys and girls we know, and somehow we never did get around to the interview. So this isn't one!

Going Hollywood

Continued from page 18

they have looked at so much and heard so little; they *must* have something at once. They discard and discard and then, tired and worried, they take the next thing that is presented glowingly. It might well be that they would take the story returned to you and since unsaleable.

And suppose you sell it for a good price? Sheer luck, not worth. Would you not ask yourself why you worked so hard to produce worth? Why do you rewrite and reconstruct and revise? Why not do this easier work and trust to luck? Why not gamble?

This is the heady draught Hollywood offers all those who come; author, actor, director, producer. You may work never so well; you may produce a lovely story or a beautiful performance or a charming picture, and it may fail utterly with your editor or your director or the box-office. You may do something neither lovely nor beautiful nor charming, but with one fortunate scene in it, or one gay song, or one idea, and it may click. Here in Hollywood they gamble on that click. It is worth far more to them than beauty and charm; it is worth money and something more important than money; it is worth success. It is a fugitive thing of chance. You can not do it again because you have done it once. You cannot imitate somebody else who has clicked and hope to click yourself.

Yet if you stay here long enough, you work and hope and pray for that fugitive chance thing; not for worth. You gamble on getting it even when you try to pluck it from loveliness or charm. Should you get it you are acclaimed so that you cannot help but put enormous value on all this praise.

A heady drink, this; an intoxicant of the highest order. You could get to craving it as men do morphine because it makes life so gay and large. The bright eyes of the gambler, who has staked so much he dare not leave, are everywhere in Hollywood. The marvelous alertness and the swift intelligence of the man who must seize his chance, almost before it comes, are everywhere. Never was there so fascinating an assemblage of people; never so exciting an experience as being in demand in the studios. But too heady a drink for me. Four weeks of it for the stimulation of it; five weeks for the sharpening of wit and the quickening of brain it gives. Six weeks is the limit.

A portrait of Clara Bow by Charles Sheldon will be the insert in the January issue.

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Ten Years from Today—What?

Continued from page 53

programs on radio are diversified today," he says, "while the longer plays will be reproduced in the theater."

"The theater," opines Browning, "may be an affair with four walls, each of which is a screen, with the talking apparatus behind each, so that speech and sound may be localized, as this localization problem seems to be one of the things the technicians are worrying the most over today."

Economics, says George Hill, who directed "The Flying Fleet," "Tell It To The Marines" and other productions, will probably serve as a brake on radical changes in theater construction in the next ten years.

"After all," he says, "the millions tied up in theater investments could not be absolutely thrown away in so brief a time. Ten years ago the theaters were not so different from now—we have bigger and more elaborate ones, but that is all. They are still housed in standard buildings, and the initial investment in such buildings will make it very difficult to make them over. One cannot spend great sums of money without reasonable return on the investment, so I think that radical changes in the theater will come quite slowly."

"There will be new types of theaters, considered more or less as novelties, in the big cities, but it will be a long time before the theater in the smaller town radically changes its form. New wiring systems and other improvements can be installed, but the basic structures will not be changed until those whose capital is invested in them can see a way clear to do it."

"Why should we have a screen theater at all?" asks Clarence Brown, who before becoming a director was a mechanical engineer. "As a matter of fact, a screen is entirely unnecessary."

Brown believes that eventually the theater will have pictures projected from many points, these all impinging in a set of images focused on one point.

"The air itself will be the screen and phantoms will be reflected by conflicting light rays, right in the air," he believes. "Hence will come three dimensional photography, or stereoscopic vision, with sound from loud speakers concealed, perhaps, just under the stage on which these light phantom figures are projected. Ghost illusions of the stage suggest a way, perhaps. They will have height, breadth and thickness, these camera ghosts."

The filming will be in a far different sort of studios, Brown conjectures. The actors will work in the center of a ring of cameras and microphones, being filmed at once from all points of the compass. Naturally, too, the projection will be from a ring of projectors, putting together these views from all angles into a single view which reproduces the player—all sides of him as photographed.

Far-fetched? No, says Brown. "They'd have called us crazy if we'd talked about television a few years ago!" he adds.

Maybe there will be no films—but mechanical actors energized by electricity and controlled by a television controller. One director adds whimsically, that "we have quite a few mechanical actors on the screen today as it is!"

But it's not such a joke, at that, when one considers 'Eric.'

'Eric' is the name given the iron and steel robot invented by Captain William

H. Richards of London. This mechanical man walks, talks, answers any questions put to him, can use arms and legs and do what he's told, within certain limits, and move his eyes and mouth. Captain Richards says he could easily make one to register expressions.

The London Times describes 'Eric Robot' as "Made of aluminum, copper, steel, wires and dynamos and moved by electricity. While he requires only 12 volts to walk, he requires 3500 to speak."

The robot tells his age, counts to ten, answers questions and performs other amazing feats.

In a drama, a series of these man-machines, with faces carefully moulded of plastic materials, could be costumed, moved from director's switchboard, manipulated by technicians and speak lines, enact dramas, and do everything stage actors might do. Who knows?

The time-honored stage and orchestra pit of yore, it is generally agreed, will disappear in the theater of tomorrow. Harry Beaumont, who directed "The Broadway Melody," and J. J. Robbins, music publisher who published the music of this play, both assert that much of the value of music is lost in an orchestra pit. Some device for bringing the orchestra right out over the heads of the spectators in a theater is needed. Perhaps a cluster of loud speakers, perfectly adjusted, will be used, the orchestra hidden behind the scenes. In Belasco's stage drama "Mima," a fantastic story of the infernal regions, this device is already in use in a form. The orchestra is hidden in the flies of the theater and loud speakers in the wings hurl the music out at the audience.

"But Robbins contends," says Beaumont, "that either the loud speaker in the center of the theater will be used, or the orchestra moved out over the audience on some kind of a derrick arrangement."

This, of course, applies to the orchestra in prologues and stage presentations—or perhaps a 'robot drama.' In the case of a talking picture naturally the music will come from the same speaker behind the screen that furnishes the voices of the players.

"There will undoubtedly be a new form of loud speaker for the talking screen," says Douglas Shearer, sound engineer at the studios, and a brother of the famous Norma. "The present system of using a huge horn or exponential speaker is the best we know today, but something else will be developed of course."

"Perhaps it will be a talking screen. A German concern is now making a loud speaker composed of a stretched membrane of rubber with carbon granules cemented to it, and cohesion of these sets up a vibration, under electrical impulses, that makes the whole screen vibrate and issue sound. Now, a huge screen treated this way would talk without the use of a horn, if the proper energizing medium was designed. Such a great talking screen without horns would perhaps solve many of the problems of sound we now face."

King Vidor inclines to the fact that new methods in drama rather than its reproduction in the theater are the most important changes to be brought about in the next ten years. He admits that many important changes in mechanical handling are inevitable, but hesitates to predict what

these may be.

"I'm interested in making good pictures, and hate to bother with the mechanical details which technicians are better equipped to handle," says Vidor. "But there is no doubt that there will be radical changes in the technique of telling the screen story."

Lionel Barrymore, director of "Madame X" and other outstanding features, says that fantastic mechanical devices for bizarre presentations may be novelties, as in the case of "Mima," the Belasco production in which a soul in Hell is seen being run through a sort of mechanical 'analyzer.'

"But after all, heart-interest and drama depend on a direct telling of the story," he

adds. "The most direct way to reach the consciousness of the audience will always be the most effective way. I think it will mean that perfect color photography (which we are on the track of) plus perfect reproduction of sound, localized, and with stereoscopic photography, will bring us as close to nature as we can be on the screen. The effects will depend on the ingenuity of those designing them and they will, in the ideal picture, never be crammed in, but only used to make the telling of the story more effective. The stage has become more direct in the past ten years. So will the screen. But, I believe it will be not in a fantastic, but a logical way."

Portrait of a Gentleman—Continued from page 55

screen way. He says his face is not handsome at all. But he has that calm, take-me-or-leave-me look. He has a definite chin and a decisive mouth. His nose is straight and his face is almost square. Clive Brook has a direct look which is capable of seeing into anyone and reading personality and thoughts. And his calm appearance never reveals what he knows.

Every line in Clive Brook's face shows the determination of his positive character. He could have been a success at any occupation, but nothing has ever entered his mind except acting. His ambition always has been to attain happiness and success, which he knows to be a rare combination. He has set happiness before success. He knows sensational success kills happiness and therefore he has climbed slowly and carefully to his position, protecting his happiness.

Clive Brook's clothes are a large part of his personality. Perhaps you've never noticed them. He has them made with that result in mind. It is his modesty again. He also understands an audience's attention should be focused on his face and particularly his eyes. He dresses accordingly. All his suits are made by his tailor in Los Angeles. They are never 'fad' clothes. They are plain and perfectly fitted. His shirts and ties are made in England especially for him. He wears just one type collar, designed for him. His shoes are made and imported from England. He has odd experiences with his hats. He probably buys a dozen a year he never wears. That is because of fast-talking salesmen. Many times he goes into stores hoping to try some new style of hats. He always buys one and never wears it. His own hats are made in England and are worn as no other person in Hollywood wears his. They are tipped down over the right eye in typical English style.

In England, Clive Brook might be the Chester Conklin of the party. English people say he has a sparkling sense of humor. But Americans do not always understand English humor just as wisecracks are foreign to England. Brook underestimates his values, while Americans exaggerate events for humor.

High on the list of those actors who give hours of thought to a part long after the lines have been memorized, is Clive Brook. He acquaints himself with the personalities of his characters, knows just what they would do under certain circumstances, and why. He analyzes the reason for every action in the story. The result is his realistic performances.

When talking pictures came to Hollywood, Brook learned that he had been gradually losing the reproduction qualities

of his voice. For silent films he hardly opened his mouth to speak titles in order that audience attention would go to his eyes. Now, Brook's problem is still to have the attention at the eyes by little lip action and still produce a clear voice. He is successful.

The greatest interest of Brook's life is centered in his two children, Faith and Clive, Jr., who are eight and two-and-a-half years old. They speak with English accents, are very tanned, and have light wavy hair and blue eyes. They also are very modest. Very seldom do they go to any of the motion picture children's parties in Hollywood. They spend most of the year at the Brook beach home with their parents and a governess. Their carefully selected clothes give them the appearance of dolls. A well-managed routine is set for them by their mother. If they ever want to be associated with the stage or screen, it is perfectly all right with their father.

The children recently accompanied Brook and his wife to England on their first trip home since they came to America. London literally turned inside out for their world-famous son. He visited his aged parents in a suburb of London, was guest of honor at openings, had banners and bands to meet him at the station and hundreds of interviews. He says it will probably be three or four years before he is able to return to his home again.

During his years in America, Brook has gained many ideas about the screen. He thinks Charlie Chaplin is the greatest screen actor. He likes talking pictures and thinks that they will lengthen a screen actor's life to that of the successful stage star. He is sure that beauty has never meant so little to Hollywood as since the advent of improved camera and electrical effects, and that brains and voices are the greatest assets. He marvels at how Clara Bow can jump from a laughing comedy scene into a tragic one, in which real tears will gush from her eyes. He says Baclanova is a dynamic, amazing creature and one of the greatest artists in America. He predicts a great future for Mary Brian.

But although he has been in Hollywood five years, Brook never has anything to say about himself. Nevertheless, he has been featured in just as many productions as one possibly could in that length of time. He gradually and quietly elevated himself until he is now on the brink of stardom. His popularity and fan mail have followed him up. He will probably be on the screen many years. People don't tire of his type. He's modest. He has a great accent. He's always himself. And that's a lot.

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Hollywood Gets Married!

Continued from page 59

We all stood as the ceremony proceeded, and then filed out of the church after it was over, heading for the Miller home, where a reception was to be held.

Going out the door, we said hello to William Seiter and Laura La Plante, and we asked Seiter how it was he wasn't ushering. He said that it was his private opinion that the wedding was a flop because he hadn't.

The crowd was already ahead of us when we arrived at the beautiful big old Miller home in Beverly Hills. Pat and Tay were receiving in the living room, and Patsy became rattled and wished the bridegroom many happy returns, but I told her she had her parties mixed.

"Oh, I'll see that doesn't happen!" smiled Patsy Ruth.

Every one was very gay, but we all knew that those who loved Pat were thinking of the dear lady who used to preside with such charm and sympathy over all her children's doings.

"She would have loved it so!" whispered Patsy the Party Hound.

We found Jimmy Gleason sitting on a sofa, chatting with Harold Lloyd, and they asked Patsy and me to sit down beside them. Harold told Jimmy he thought that he gave a swell performance as an usher, but he would have liked him better if he had played it straight, without the new mustache which Jimmy is sporting now.

Jimmy said yes, the rôle was all right, but when he came to read it, there were no lines, only business, and he was used to lines.

Joe Jackson came along and told Jimmy what a good usher he was, whereupon Jimmy got very perky indeed and exclaimed, "See, everybody thinks I'm a great usher!"

Upon which, Russell Gleason, deciding his dad was getting too conceited, told him he was all right, only too fancy with the white gloves and all.

But Jimmy simply wouldn't be squelched, said that he and Harold had thought of putting on the 'fright wig,' you know, the wig comedians wear, usually red, which stand up straight, with its wearer able to snap it up and down by its rubber—and big shoes, so as to do a real act, when they greeted the guests.

Joe Jackson told us he had just come down from Noah Beery's Fishing Club, where the fish in the pools were so tame that you had to get behind a tree to bait your hook to keep the fish from coming right up and eating the bait out of your hand!

Matty Kemp had brought Alberta Vaughn, and we saw Carl Laemmle, Jr., Harry Green, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lubitsch, and a lot of others.

Clara Bow was there, too, with Harry Richman, but Clara and Harry dashed away early, as they had another engagement. All the girls at the wedding were dying for an introduction to Harry, who is bronzed by the sun and has brown, awfully curly hair. Clara is the quietest and most discreet of mortals at a party, and was as demure as could be.

Pauline Starke came with Jack White. Pauline is looking unusually lovely these days.

The wedding breakfast was served on little tables on the back lawn, under the trees, and we sat down at the table with

Joseph Cawthorne and his cute wife, who used to be the famous Queenie Vassar, and who is as full of brightness and sparkle as ever; and with Will Kernell, Queenie's son, and his pretty wife.

Helen Ferguson was rushing about. She said that she was getting food for the bride.

"She was so excited this morning she couldn't eat any breakfast, of course," explained Helen.

There was a commotion and Lois Wilson came running into the garden. The bride and groom were leaving.

"And there isn't a bit of rice in the house!" wailed Helen.

"Well, I saw some toasted corn-flakes when I peeked into the kitchen," put in Joe Cawthorne. "Won't those do?"

Nobody could find any old shoes in that prosperous Miller house, either. But Lila Lee sacrificially threw her slipper. However, Patsy Ruth tossed it back like a thrifty soul.

Then as Patsy Ruth and Tay dashed away, Pat threw her bouquet.

And it was caught by two girls!

Lois Wilson and Dorothy Hughes, Pat's cousin, were the two.

"Now what does that mean?" demanded Lois. But nobody could tell her, and each of the girls kept half the bouquet.

When we said goodbye to Mr. Miller, he said sadly, "Well, I told Pat I couldn't do things the way her mother would have done them. So I just let the guests make the party go. And they did, didn't they?"

We told him we felt that he would miss Pat terribly, but he said that Pat and her husband are going to live with him in the old home.

"I just want them, with all my heart, to stay as long as they like," he said.

Then he brightened and with the sparkle of his Irish humor said:

"Winston and I are going to take Pat's honeymoon journey! You see Pat and her husband are both working, and can get away only for a day or two, up to Arrowhead Hot Springs, and I'm going to take Winston back to Princeton University."

But well we knew that Pat's dad wanted to get away to have time for readjustment to the new order of things in his household, and also, with a delicate sense of fitness, to be away so that Pat and Tay could enjoy alone their honeymoon in the house.

"You know," philosophized Patsy, as we went our way homeward, "I just think that union will last. Both of them belong to families that believe that marriages mean something, for one thing. But more than that, both have brains and character. And you know that love isn't just a matter of feeling—it's character too."

"I'll meet you at the next wedding!" is getting to be the regular Hollywood formula for goodbye in Hollywood.

And indeed the very next time Patsy and I saw each other was at Mary Eaton's wedding. She married Millard Webb, the director, you know.

It was a perfectly sweltering day, and Patsy exclaimed, as we waited for the ceremony, "Why, I wouldn't marry even Rudy Vallee today!"

Katherine McGuire and her husband, George Landy, sat behind us, with Pat Dowling and his wife. The crowd wasn't

as large as we had expected, due largely to the heat and the fact that many of the expected guests had gone off to the beaches or had remained in their swimming pools for a cooling off.

Marshall Neilan, Ann Pennington and Pauline Garon sat in front of us, and of course the incorrigible Micky Neilan had to keep us laughing.

We waited and waited for the bridal party, and Micky exclaimed:

"Well, there's one thing about a hanging—it's always on time!"

But when the bride and groom did arrive, they were smiling joyously, so that Micky whispered, "I'll bet if you gave the bride a hand, she'd go into her dance!" Then as she made her responses, Micky went on, "She reads lines well. I think she'll get the part of the wife."

The wedding ceremony was quickly over, and then we all went over to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for the reception and wedding breakfast.

We wished the bride and groom happiness, and then helped ourselves to the breakfast, which was set out, buffet style, at one side of the Gold Room, where the reception was held.

We met William Seiter, and he declared that, after all, he was getting a lot of good out of his dress suit—that he had been a wedding usher five times in three years!

We met Georges Carpentier, Rob Wagner, Laura La Plante, Pauline Starke and Jack White, Tom Moore, Francis O'Brien, Bennie Zeidman, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin, David Butler, Johnny Darrow, Mal St. Clair, Eddie Burns, and Emilio Gonzales.

Johnny Darrow is working in "Hell's Angels," which, you know, has been more than two years in the making.

"It will be shown along with the rest of the revivals," remarked Johnny whimsically.

Just all the younger Eatons, male and female, had been bridesmaids and ushers for Mary Eaton and Mr. Webb, and we learned that Charlie Eaton is much interested in Florence Allen.

Down in a little retiring room, we found Mary Eaton, come to arrange her hair. Her little step-daughter, Millard Webb's little girl, was there. The little girl threw her arms around Mary, apparently entirely devoted to her step-mamma.

"MERVYN LEROY has a way of inviting you to his house as if you were his first cousin—the sort of cousin you like, you know—I mean he does it with such friendly and informal cordiality that you feel doubly welcome. And he's asking us to come over tonight!" Patsy told me.

Edna Murphy and Mervyn both received us in that charming way of theirs, after we had climbed the innumerable steps to their house.

"I think Edna must attract romantic youth," confided Patsy, as we laid aside our wraps after climbing one more staircase to Edna's room. "I caught a glimpse of all the engaged and near-engaged couples in Hollywood as I came in."

Sure enough, in the big living room we found Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, James Hall and Merna Kennedy, Matty Kemp and Sally Eilers, not to mention Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, who lately returned from their somewhat commercial honeymoon tour of the Orpheum circuit.

Esther Ralston was there with George Webb, her husband. She told us that she

was tired from sitting up late the night before, sewing for her little step-daughter. We told her she shouldn't destroy step-mother traditions that way.

"Oh, well, I love my little step-daughter and I love to sew," declared Esther.

The little girl's name is Blanche, she is very beautiful, and we wondered whether she was going into pictures.

"Well, she has remarked nonchalantly a couple of times that she would like to," twinkled Esther, "but only, she said, as a star, of course!"

We met José Crespo, the Spanish star, who was chatting with Jimmy Hall, telling Jimmy that he had just that day received a letter from a beautiful young Spanish girl of his acquaintance, dwelling in Madrid, beseeching him to get a picture of Jimmy for her, but please not to tell her mother she was asking for it, because a Spanish girl of good family isn't supposed to do such things.

Of course that aroused Jimmy's interest at once, and he promised the picture.

Entertainment as Mervyn Leroy's is never compulsory nor is it made-to-order. If anybody has an impulse to clown, he clowns, that's all.

And we had a lot of fun watching Billy Bakewell, Arthur Lake and Buster West, kidding around.

"We want some really professional comedy," announced Billy solemnly—and next moment down on the floor went Arthur and Billy, handles of forks in their mouths, tossing an apple back and forth in an effort and a quite successful one to catch it on the forks.

But right into their act burst Gus Edwards, seized with the idea of doing a Floradora Sextette burlesque, so that Billy, Arthur and Buster all had to join in with Sue Carol, Sally Eilers and Edna as the girls.

Lew Silvers arrived in the midst of the fun, stopped everything, called on Arthur Lake and introduced him as one of the Great Lakes! After which Arthur performed a funny Spring Song burlesque dance.

Little Armida, the Mexican beauty, sang, and there were other amusing doings, but it was all the more fun because it was all so spontaneous, and there was no important 'shushing' if you happened to turn to whisper to your neighbor.

Supper was served, buffet fashion, and just as we had seated ourselves, into the room came Arthur and Buster, carrying a big plate containing a whole chicken, which they placed on the floor in perfectly matter-of-fact fashion as if they didn't know anybody was watching, and then, lying down beside it, began to eat with their fingers, apparently entirely unconscious of the shocked looks turned upon them.

Then Billy Bakewell found a comedy prop, a sort of synthetic flute, a toy left over from some party, which he pretended to play, laying it aside to burlesque a grand opera lady singing the flute song; to which he added the funniest burlesque of John Barrymore I have ever seen.

"Some people say," remarked Patsy, as we watched Merna Kennedy and Jimmy Hall sitting on a divan with their arms around each other, "that Merna and Jimmy are already married. Merna was showing a ring at the Roosevelt Hotel where the two were at dinner the other night, a ring that looked just like a wedding ring. And she told me just now that she and Jimmy had been house-hunting."

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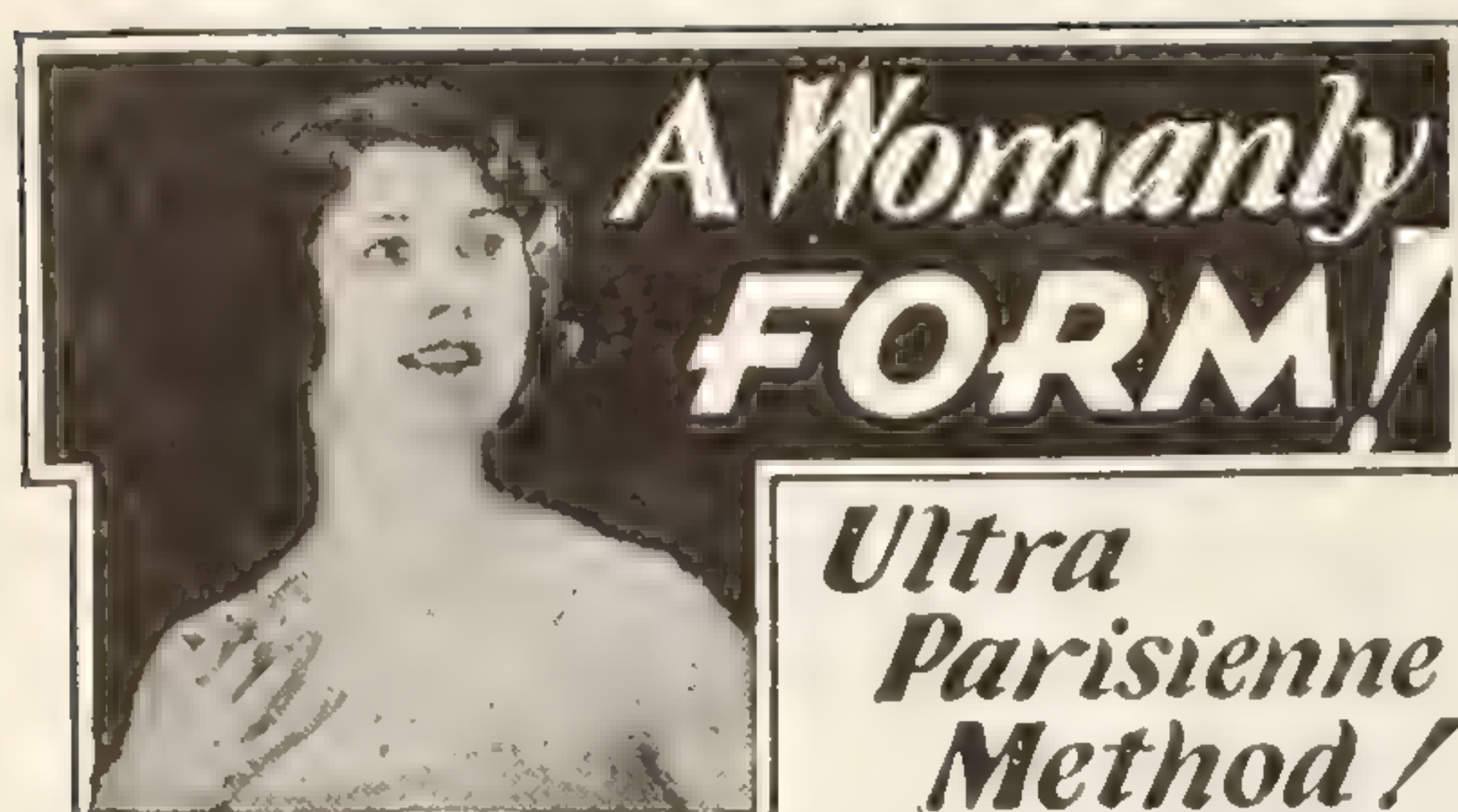
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Come Into the Kitchen with Irene Bordoni

Continued from page 93

Miss Bordoni, "and it is in this quality of imagination that I find your American cooks to be lacking. Seventy-five percent of the gastronomic value of a dish depends upon the piquancy of the sauce with which it is dressed. Try the recipes I am giving you for sauces. They may not turn out as well as you expect the first time, but gradually you will gain finesse in their preparation.

"Salad dressings also are of vital importance," continued Miss Bordoni, "and I have found no people in the world to compare with the French in the mixing of a dressing with an individual tang. In America, mayonnaise is much in favor and I have found it both piquant and delicious. The Americans have, too, their ready-made French dressings which are, I understand, becoming more and more popular. They are also learning—thanks to the French influence, shall I say?—to mix very creditable dressings. Often the French seasoning is a little too hot for the American taste, but it is possible to diminish the quantity of pepper without sacrificing the essential flavor. In considering my own personal taste, I rate the cooking of the countries with which I am familiar as follows: French, Hungarian, American, German, Italian, Swedish and Spanish."

As a special favor Miss Bordoni gave her method of preparing her favorite dish, Capon Parisian, with the vegetables she serves with it.

Miss Bordoni's first step in preparing this delicious dish is to buy a capon weighing about eight pounds. She sees that it is thoroughly cleaned, and then she rubs it very lightly with garlic, afterward piercing the fowl here and there and inserting tiny pieces of garlic for flavor. The capon is then put on ice till morning.

Next day, before roasting, Mlle. Bordoni lightly rubs the chicken with the finest French olive oil, using a piece of tissue paper. The chicken is then placed in a pan containing water and three onions sliced, and so to the oven!

While it is being roasted, she gives it constant attention to prevent it from burning, but she is also preparing the various dishes to go with it. Heads of mushrooms and asparagus tips are boiled; small potatoes are thoroughly cleaned and parboiled, the tops cut off, the inside scooped out and mixed with a little butter, milk and yolk of egg, after which the stuffing is put back into the potato jackets and a dash of red pepper is added.

Then comes the turn of the tomatoes. These also receive artistic Gallic additions to the insides that Nature gave them, namely, bread crumbs, a small onion chopped fine and a slight touch of garlic.

The roasting of the chicken generally takes about forty-five minutes. During the last five minutes in the oven, Mlle. Bordoni puts all the vegetables in with it so that they will be warm when served, and will have something of the chicken flavor.

In serving, the capon is placed in the center of the platter, with the other delicacies—asparagus tips, mushrooms, potatoes and tomatoes—ranged in separate dishes around it. The gravy is served separately.

The recipes for sauces mentioned by Miss Bordoni earlier in this article follow; also a recipe for the French delicacy, fried frog legs.

BEARNAISE SAUCE: — Served with

broiled lamb chops or steaks.

Put three ounces of fine creamed butter in a saucer, cutting the butter in small pieces. In a small enameled saucepan, put three tablespoons of tarragon vinegar, a few crushed white pepper-corns and a finely chopped shallot; reduce one-half over a moderate fire and strain. In lieu of tarragon vinegar, white wine vinegar may be used with a dozen tarragon leaves added.

Set the saucepan over hot water, having the water just hot enough to melt butter. Turn in an egg-yolk, a small piece of butter and a quarter teaspoon of vinegar, and stir until thickened. Continue the stirring while adding alternately and slowly a piece of the creamed butter and a drop of vinegar, never adding the butter before the preceding piece is incorporated in the sauce. When the butter is all incorporated and the sauce thickened, add the remaining vinegar, constantly stirring, a few grains of salt, and Cayenne to suit the taste. Serve at once in a warm bowl.

GENEVOISE SAUCE: — Served with boiled fillet of fish.

Slice thin, one onion, one carrot, three shallots; cook these in two tablespoons of melted butter over a moderate fire, three minutes, stirring as they cook. Add the carcasses and trimmings of fish cut in pieces, and a slice of garlic; cook till the vegetables are amber-colored. Now add one-third cup of Burgundy or sherry, and one and one-third cups of brown sauce, and stir until boiling. Remove to slow fire and cook, bubbling at one point, till it masks a spoon, skimming often. Strain into another saucepan, through a fine sieve; reheat and set in a pan of hot water, and beat into the sauce one ounce of anchovy butter cut in bits. Season to taste, adding a few grains of Cayenne.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE (French process):—Used for boiled fish, asparagus, cauliflower, etc.

Put in a small saucepan, eight ounces or one cup of best butter, two tablespoons vinegar, add a few crushed pepper-corns, boil until reduced one-half, then allow to cool. With a small wire egg-beater, crush the yolks of four eggs while adding three ounces of butter cut into small pieces, a few grains of Cayenne, and a dash of salt. Set the pan over a very slow fire and beat constantly until the butter is melted, then rub through a fine sieve into another saucepan. Set this saucepan in a second pan of hot water over a slow fire. The water should be just hot enough to melt the butter, and never be allowed to boil, must not be permitted to get too hot. Beating constantly, add slowly bit by bit, five ounces of butter, adding one bit of butter only after preceding bit is nearly incorporated into the sauce; continue beating until all is incorporated into the thick mixture. If the sauce shows signs of curdling, add at once one-quarter teaspoon of cold water into which has been dropped three drops of lemon juice.

FRIED FROG LEGS:—

Skin the hind legs, and let stand two hours in cold water. Drain, and wipe between towels. Put into a bowl, dredge over a little salt, a little pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice. Add a few thin slices of onion and a few sprigs of parsley. Let stand two hours turning occasionally, then drain, and wipe between towels. Roll in flour and fry as usual to a crisp, delicate

golden color, in hot, deep fat. Garnish with fried parsley. Serve at once.
FRUIT MOUSSE:—

To one and one-half cups of fine fruit pulp, add three-quarters of a cup of pulverized sugar. Stir until the sugar is melted. Avoid heating it too much as the cooking of fruit destroys its fresh fruit flavor. Remove and chill. Strawberries and peaches may be colored with a little carmine and flavored with a tablespoon or more of lemon juice. Green gage plums are flavored and colored with a teaspoon each of vanilla and

green coloring. When the fruits are very juicy, soak for twenty minutes a level teaspoon of gelatine in about a quarter cup of the fruit juice, then set in hot water until dissolved. Strain and mix in warm fruit juice and pulp. Beat one pint of chilled cream to a stiff-dry froth, and fold it over and over in the chilled sweetened fruit pulp. With this, fill a melon mold to overflowing, set over top a wet blank paper, cover, rub some fat around the edge where the lid fits on, cover tightly, and pack in salt and ice for three hours.

Louise Dresser—Continued from page 95

Her wise counsels saved many an ambitious young girl from being wrecked on the reefs along Broadway. Understanding youngsters as she did, she never made the mistake of saying 'you mustn't do that.' Instead, she would say 'you wouldn't like that, Louise,' and I would understand. Clean-minded, tolerant and generous in her own life, she imbued those who came under her kindly influence with these virtues. She detested vulgarity, sham, commonness and intolerance. Lillian Russell was a great soul."

Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, live in a large, old-fashioned house which nestles snugly against one of the foothills of Glendale, a pretty little suburb of the movie capital. Somehow, this is what one would expect of Louise Dresser. Nothing showy or pretentious, but homey. It's old California. Towering trees, gorgeous flowers in countless profusion, spacious gardens and a tennis court.

In her Glendale neighborhood, Louise Dresser is just one of the neighbors. Any day that she isn't at the studio, she may be seen industriously digging in her garden, tending her flowers, watering the lawn or visiting with the neighbors. When school is out there's sure to be three or four kids hanging around. 'Aunt Louise' can do more with the kids than the parents themselves although she hasn't any children of her own. Louise Dresser is a born actress, but to her neighbors she's a born housewife and mother.

Much of Louise Dresser's life may be found on certain walls of her old-fashioned home. Here one may find much of the history of Broadway in the old street's halcyon stage days, nine years of which Louise Dresser enjoyed.

There's a priceless one of Louise when she was *Nellie, the beautiful cloak model* twenty years ago, with her sweetheart in the act, Douglas Fairbanks. Alongside, is one of the virile Doug of today in his swash-buckling garb. And when one glimpses the photograph of a handsome young man in the dashing costume of "The Chocolate Soldier" of operetta fame, one doesn't wonder that Louise Dresser married him. Jack Gardner was the beau of Broadway then, and they have been happily married ever since. Twenty-one years!

Incidentally, certain quaint old photos of Louise herself prove what so many old troupers along the Hollywood rialto stoutly maintain—that she was one of the love-

liest visions that Broadway ever knew. If Jack Gardner was the beau of Broadway, Louise Dresser was most certainly the belle.

Most SCREENLAND readers are probably familiar with Louise Dresser's strange career. How the Hoosier schoolgirl fought her way to stage success beginning in small traveling musical shows; how she first met the famous ballad writer, Paul Dresser, who bestowed his name upon her because her father, William Kerlin, had befriended him, and who started her up the ladder to fame. Theatergoers of yesterday will never forget Louise Dresser singing *My Gal Sal* or *On the Banks of the Wabash*.

"Pictures on the wall have gone out of style, I know," admitted Louise, "but in some ways I'm an old-fashioned woman. I prefer to keep my happy memories in front of me where I can feast upon them any time I like. Such memories supply fresh inspirations."

At the time of this interview I found Miss Dresser rehearsing the rôle of an Alsatian mother in a talking picture directed by William De Mille. Despite the California heat Miss Dresser had plunged into the exhausting rehearsals with all the enthusiasm and vitality of her nature.

"The part is so appealing in its womanly, motherly strength that I've completely forgotten about being a bit fed up with mother rôles," admitted Louise. This 'mother love business' is becoming somewhat overdone in my case. Here I am maintaining that forty-seven is right in the prime of a woman's life, only to have another mother rôle selected for me. In this case it's worth while, but I'm looking forward anxiously to an opportunity to portray the real middle-aged woman of today. I know so many who are ideal American women. True, they are mothers, with all the motherly virtues of self-sacrifice and love of family, but they are also individuals, women with vitality, brains, invincible spirit. Women who still get a kick out of life. Yes, middle-aged women who are so *real* that they still have what our modern generation loves to call *sex appeal*."

Forty-seven, and she glories in it! She is looking forward to her future with all the eagerness of a sixteen-year-old girl. If she was a beautiful girl, she is an even more lovely woman. If anyone has overlooked the fact that middle-aged women have IT, take a good look at the photographs of the Lillian Russell of yesterday and the Louise Dresser of today.

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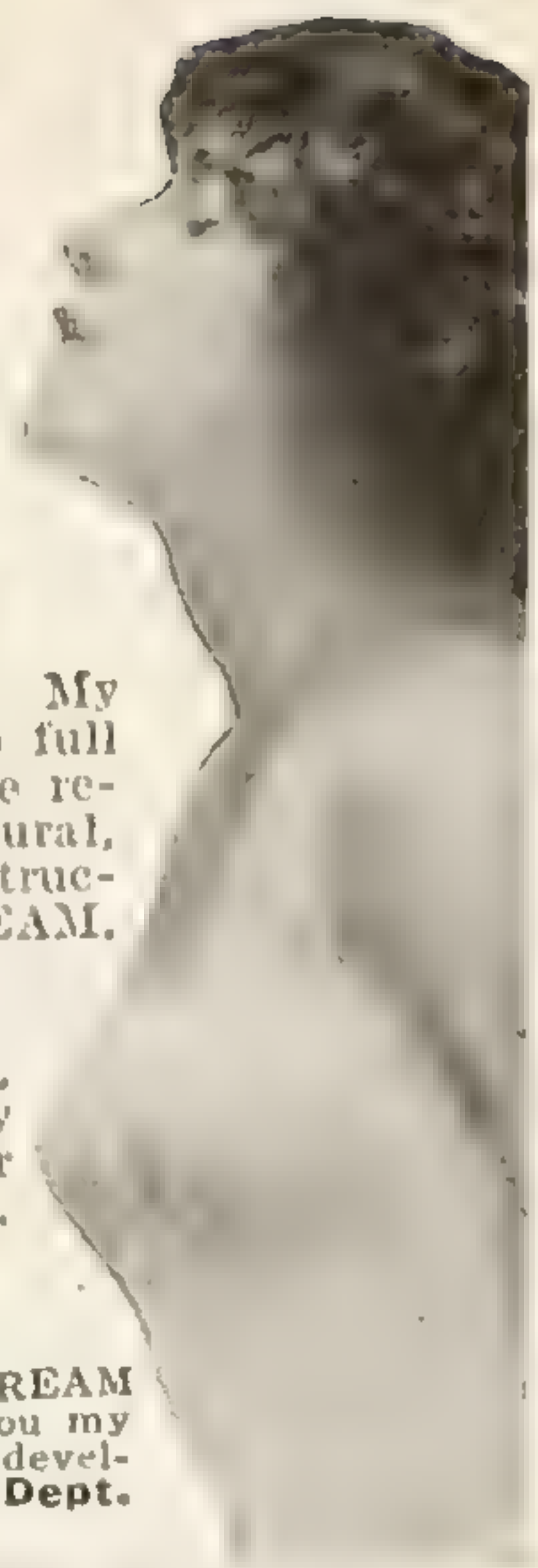
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How the Stars Solve Their Problems

Continued from page 31

Gary," I said. "Have you tried it out?"

He didn't misunderstand and replied without resentment.

"Otherwise I would not be so sure of its power. It may seem a small thing; but it is the small things that, if we overlook them, are most dangerous to our characters and to our future. A few years ago I was trying to decide what I would do in life. I had tried a little art, a little advertising and a little real-estate, all with some success. But I decided it was time for me to get set in something. I was getting old," he said impressively. I checked up and found that he must have been, at that time, all of twenty-one!

"I happened to be in California at the time," Gary went on, "And things weren't going so well. A friend asked me why I didn't try pictures. 'There's a barrel of money in them,' he said.

"At first I wouldn't consider them. I could just hear the razzing I'd get from the boys at home when they heard I was trying to be a moving picture actor. But that 'barrel of money' sentence stuck in my mind. People can't get far when they are financially hampered. The thing to do, I told myself, was to get materially free. After a good deal of thought on my part and encouragement from my friend I decided to give pictures one year's trial. If at the end of the year I hadn't arrived somewhere, I would go to New York and take up the advertising game. Oh, I was very determined to 'get somewhere,' 'make a name for myself' and all the rest of it! And I'd have gone to New York, too, just as sure as the world, if within a year I hadn't found a foothold here. It was just in the eleventh month that I got the contract in 'The Winning of Barbara Worth.'

"But behind it lay ten very lean months." Gary took a few bites of the delicious trout we were eating at Madame Helene's as though to assure himself that the lean months were really over.

"Going the rounds of the studios was the hardest thing about the job. I hated that. I hate selling anything, and trying to sell myself is hardest of all. But it was all in the game and had to be done. I had given myself a year.

"After I had gone the rounds of the studios I looked for other work to keep me in funds. I had put off wiring home for money until there was hardly enough to pay for the wire. I didn't want to wire home, was the reason I procrastinated about it.

"When people drift along, content with the day as they find it, they are apt to forget that they have anything to fight. But when a man gets down to his last four dollars he knows, suddenly, that he has something to snap out of. I didn't wire home. I knew this was my battle. Help from any source outside my own efforts would weaken me.

"Those years there was hardly anything out here a man could do and get a salary for it outside of pictures. I began to look about for cheap eating-places. I found one that served a dinner for fifty cents. The next day I found one for thirty-five, then twenty-five. Everything: soup, meat, potatoes, a vegetable, dessert and coffee.

"I spent my last fifteen cents for a loaf of bread. It lasted three days. Then I got a job clerking in a drug store. But a full-time job made it impossible to keep

at the studios for work. And that was the important thing. I had given myself a year to make good in pictures. I never let myself forget that. If in a year I didn't make good I was to go to New York and play the advertising game. That was my formula. So I would run out at noon and cover the nearby studios. And when I was given some extra work I gave up my job.

"I jogged along like that, filling out weeks when there was no picture work by clerking here and there; and when my year was almost up I won my battle."

"And now what have you to fight?" I asked.

"Myself mostly," said Gary thoughtfully. "When anyone gets on, particularly I think in this business, he is a prey to fortune hunters of every sort. If you are not alert every minute you begin to believe all those yarns about how marvelous you are.

"Flattery is a very insidious and dangerous thing if you take it passively. So is a life free from material cares after a hard battle to win this freedom. I still get a thrill when I go into a store and see something I like and find that the price is fifty dollars. 'Can't afford it,' I say to myself. Then I remember that I am working for Paramount. 'Send it home,' I say to the clerk.

"Salesmen have tried to make me dead certain that everything they have to sell from collar buttons to grand pianos are of vital importance to my comfort and my success in life. They got away with plenty at first until I found myself buried, tied hand and foot, by all the junk 'vitally important to my welfare.' Then I woke up.

"And then there is the danger from the fortune hunters of the opposite sex. All men and all women in public life are terribly open to this danger. At first you think the world is filled with only one type of women. It makes you bitter. One is wise to fight through this idea because it isn't true."

Corinne Griffith thinks the greatest thing to overcome in anything is fear. She, too, decided that her worst battle was with herself during the time she was trying to gain a foothold in her work.

When she went to the casting offices there were all kinds and types of people, washed and unwashed. It offended her to have to stand sometimes for an hour with all the seats occupied by men. She began to wonder what it would be like to live forever in a world like this, in too close proximity to the unwashed of many lands including one's own. They drowned out all the others when she stood in mob scenes or in courtrooms. In ball-rooms it was different. But in the casting offices one never knew.

"I was often ashamed to be seen in some of the places and usually wore a veil. Then I decided that I was looking at the thing from a wrong angle. I was losing my perspective and letting minor things blot out my horizon. All that shrinking and shame was nothing but false pride, I realized; and I knew that if I didn't rise above it I would never get anywhere."

But you see how wise Corinne was to realize that it was just her own fear and false pride that was the matter, and not that she was unlucky or that no one would give her a chance.

"I was determined to find my place," she

continued. "We all have one, and I knew that if I looked dilligently enough it would be there large as life. But one must keep one's mind on the job. No one ever baked a cake by going to a matinée.

"Now, when things go wrong in the studio, I try to realize that it is my false concept of what is actually taking place. Rumors are often false. Believing them can cause no end of damage.

"If I feel that a rise in salary is due me because of added expenses connected mainly with my work, I try to know deep within myself that I am worth it; and that if I am it is only fair that I should have it. That is fair to both sides. Sometimes an employer doesn't realize that he is taking more than his share of the profits. If you ask for a rise with the right motive, knowing that you are not imposing, you will have no trouble. But you have to be square with yourself first. You have to be sincere in your demand.

"Sometimes I am told that people are double-crossing me in the studio. I never allow myself to believe this. If I did I'd be lost in a maze of politics. The easiest way to get the best of any problem is not to give it power in your mind. Stick to your constructive thoughts and they will win out for you through anything."

"It is like this," Mary Pickford once said to me. "If an architect has a building to plan, does he worry about who is going to dig the foundation, who is going to find the lumber, where the money for all these things is to come from, and so on and so on? Of course he doesn't. If he did he would never set pencil to paper. He does his bit, which is drafting the plan of the building, and then he turns his plan over to those who take care of the rest of the business.

"That's what I do when I have a problem to settle. I try to be sure what part of it is my job, and then I go right at it and work until it is settled."

I suppose most of you think that Rudy Vallee with his eight thousand dollars a week and his Radio Pictures contract hasn't a care in the world. And if he has, he shouldn't have the face to mention it. I must admit that eight thousand dollars a week would give the cares of most of us the air. Or we think it would. The funny part about it is, that when we overcome one difficulty another seems to take its place.

Rudy's chief problem now is to keep his voice from tiring. That may sound foolish, but when you realize that fatigue is a singer's worst enemy, and that if he lost his voice his job would wobble, you can begin to understand Rudy's problem. In his sunny dressing-room at the studio he told me that he had come to Hollywood for a rest!

And then he outlined his New York program, which, to put it mildly, did seem a bit strenuous. Hollywood actors often

have put in twenty hours at the studio, and while it tires them out they have not usually the terrible strain of performance that Rudy was called upon to give.

"Our regular hours were from noon to three o'clock in the morning. On the mornings we recorded it became nineteen hours of work. It meant getting most of us out of bed at eight-thirty, depending upon what part of the city we lived in, to get to the studio." Rudy was referring to the phonograph recording, not radio or motion picture.

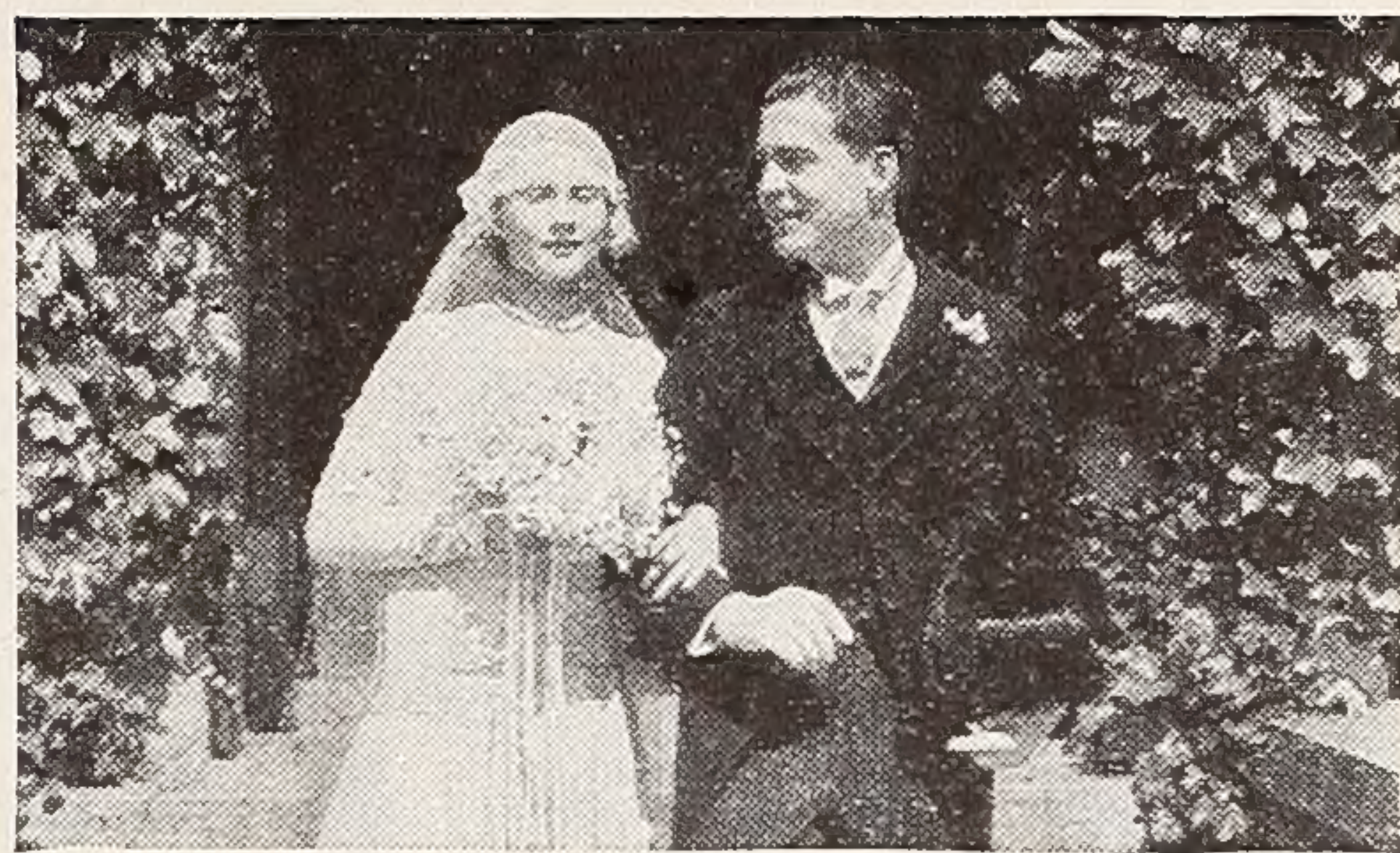
"It may not sound much," Rudy went on, "to say that we gave five shows a day at the Paramount Theater and covered two night clubs after that, at which time our programs were broadcasted. But I want to tell you that to be keyed up five times a day to concert pitch, mentally and physically, with your clothes pressed for each performance—well, it gives you not one moment to relax. There is all that time between shows but you can't do anything—I mean you can't go anywhere. There is nothing to do but stay on the job. Then on the mornings we had the records to make, we never knew whether we could go through with it or not. Sometimes my voice just wouldn't function if I had been very fatigued the day before, and all those boys would lose their rest for nothing. Then we had the noon show at Paramount to get to. It just got to be a headache to make that noon show, what with traffic and one thing and another.

"On the mornings my voice went back on me would be the worry of whether it would be all right for the Paramount show. It could be quite a nightmare if I let it get me. But that is a thing I have learned not to do. Don't fear things. If you do you are sunk. Don't recognize them or give them power. Keep your mind as unruffled as possible and think only of the tasks at hand, not of the things that may try to keep you from doing them.

"My boys would urge me on a particularly strenuous day not to give so many encores. But I knew those people had come to hear the songs they asked for and I wasn't going to disappoint them. I knew that by keeping calm and not getting excited or thinking that I was overdoing, I would conserve the strength I needed.

"Sounds as if I had been convalescing from something, doesn't it?" he asked with his sunny smile. "It sounds more important than it is, really, just to mention it. Yet of course if I did lose my voice it would be a calamity for us because we should have to cancel our engagement.

"I thought coming to Hollywood would give us just the rest we needed and it has. The unions prevent us from being too active, starting night clubs and so on, as we have been asked to do, and there is a lot of red tape connected with our appearance even at the hotels. But it's a good thing, because we certainly need a rest."



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| ☐ Contractor and Builder | ☐ Foreman Plumber |
| ☐ Structural Draftsman | ☐ Heating and Ventilation |
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| ☐ Electrical Engineer | ☐ Steam Engineer |
| ☐ Electrical Contractor | ☐ Marine Engineer |
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The Price of Stardom—Continued from page 25

sandwiches sent down to the stage," was the solacing promise of the lady of leisure.

And there we ate, our trays on the arms of our chairs, Renée mumbling her lines to herself, between munches of chicken sandwich.

At eleven I said good-night to her at the gates of the studio.

"For heaven's sake, go home and go to bed," I grandmothered.

She waved her script at me through the window of her car.

"I'll take this with me when I go," she giggled, "tomorrow's words have yet to be learned."

You can call it play if you so desire. You can speak enviously of beds of roses and soft cushions. That one day opened my eyes.

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She can show the little bee, who improves each shining hour, a few tricks in busy-ness.



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Ideals—and Other Things

WE often feel we would like to publish all of the correspondence that comes to **Screenland** from its readers.

It would be a conclusive demonstration of the truth of our editor's oft-repeated assertion that screen-play audiences and screen magazine readers constitute the intelligent and substantial portion of the American public. This constant stream of letters likewise pleases **Screenland** because our readers know that this publication reflects their own higher order of intelligence, and leads us to believe that **Screenland** is their favorite magazine devoted to the screen and all of its doings.

Occasionally some of our readers fall into a strain of comparison. They tell us that they enjoy **Screenland** more than they do **Photoplay**. Now and then some write that they prefer **Photoplay** to **Screenland**.

In the spirit of approaching Thanksgiving and Christmas, let us venture this timely observation: Let our readers not fret their hearts out as to which of these two leading magazines is superior to the other. We too have a profound admiration for our esteemed contemporary, just as we confidently feel that it holds us in equally high regard. Each in its own way, **Screenland** and **Photoplay**, serves its separate function in fostering a lively interest in the world's foremost form of entertainment. Each should try, we believe, to measure up to the high ideals of the other, all to the pleasure and profit of the great and growing circulation which both are enjoying.

BELIEVING that our readers are always interested in the personalities of those whose genius contribute to the making of **Screenland**, **America's Smart Screen Magazine**, we present this month among our pages an interesting portrait of Rolf Armstrong, now recognized as America's



Peter A. Juley and Son

Rosa Reilly, one of the most popular members of SCREENLAND's staff. From a portrait by C. D. Batchelor.

premier portrait painter, whose **Screenland** covers have been pronounced by art lovers as both strikingly beautiful and beautifully striking.

With like expression of appreciation we introduce in portrait Rosa Reilly, a member of **Screenland's** staff of writers, whose monthly articles are constantly winning plaudits from our readers.

After all, however, we continue to remain sensibly keen to the reactions of our ever-increasing audience. Each word of praise finds its responsive chord in our editorial policy. Every constructive criticism spurs us on toward our fixed goal—that of making each succeeding issue more entertaining, more attractive, more interesting than the one before; truly to deserve the name we have chosen:

SCREENLAND

America's
Smart
Screen
Magazine

THE PUBLISHERS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCES THE SENSATIONAL SMASH HITS OF THE SEASON



CECIL B. DeMILLE, director of a hundred hits, has made in *Dynamite* what will be considered his greatest screen achievement. A thrilling drama which explodes the hypocrisy of the modern Babel called Society. *Dynamite* digs through the outer veneer of sham, pretense and glitter—and gets down to the bed-rock of human emotions. Charles Bickford, Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson give the best performance of their careers. All-talking. Also silent version.



WHAT a cast! More stars than there are in heaven! A glittering, gorgeous, spectacular revue—the kind you would pay \$6.60 for on Broadway. Marion Davies, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton, Bessie Love, Charles King, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler, Jack Benny, Gus Edwards, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike), Anita Page, Polly Moran, Gwen Lee, Brox Sisters, Albertina Rasch, Ballad, Natacha Nattova & Co., The Rounders, and a chorus of 200. A remarkable all-singing, all-talking, all-dancing picture. *The hit picture with the song hits!*



HERE is the picture that Broadway went wild about — *Hallelujah*, the greatest drama of its kind ever produced. Directed by KING VIDOR, who made *The Big Parade*—this stirring drama of the Southland immortalizes the soul of the colored race. Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, and Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, lead an all-Negro cast in this remarkable production. One of the classics of the screen that will never die. Don't miss it! Hear Irving Berlin's "Waiting at the End of the Road."

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"





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“YOUR EYES ARE.....HALF YOUR BEAUTY”